Collier's

September 9, 1950

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MUST WE REARM JA

By John Denson

Sept. 9, 1950

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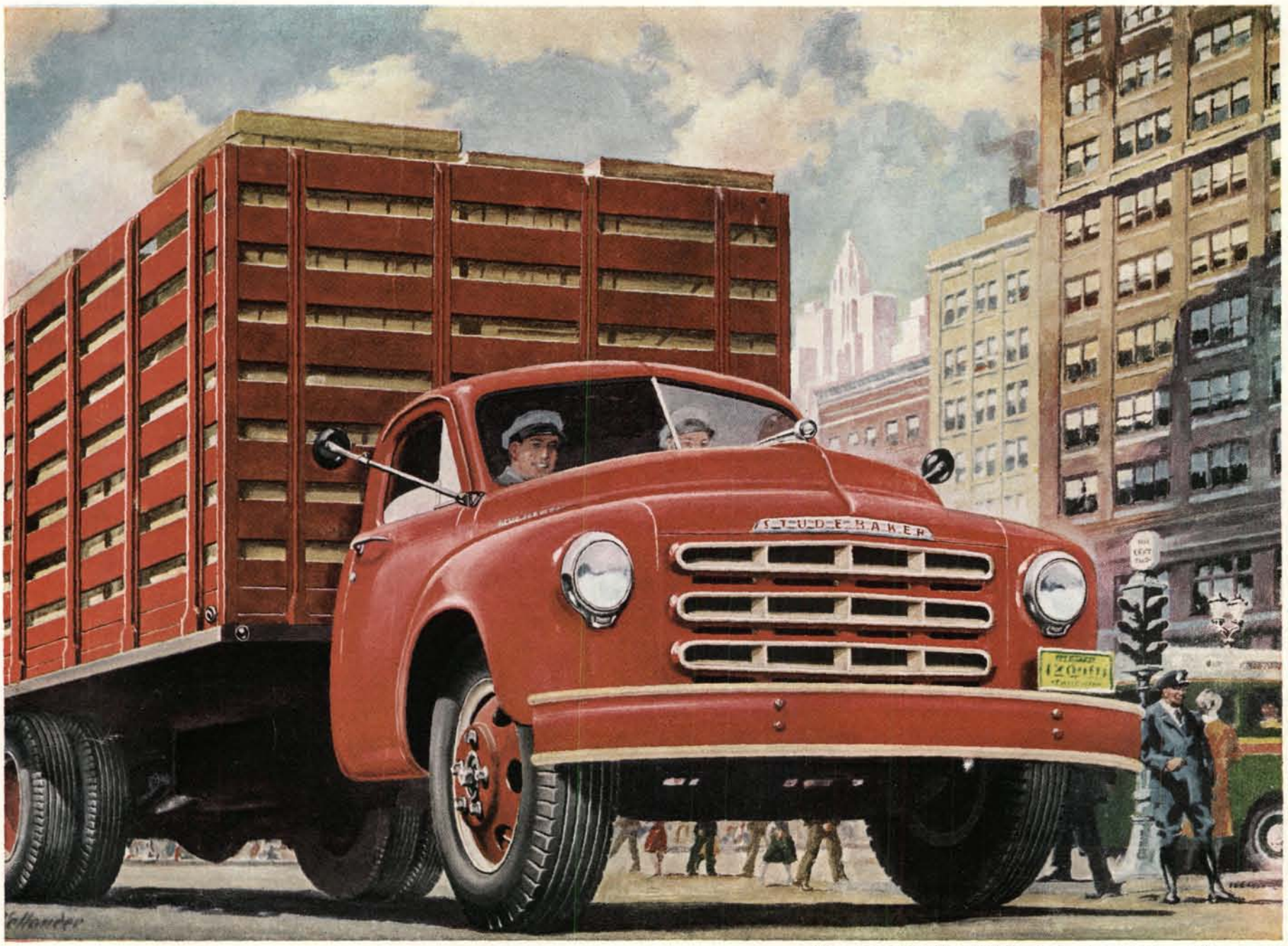

2-ton shown with 15-foot high rack body—also available on 1½-ton chassis

New kind of truck sets new records in thrift!

ALL over the nation you hear fine reports on Studebaker trucks as low-cost performers.

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Not only do Studebaker trucks excel impressively in mile for mile comparisons of gasoline consumption—they also stand far out ahead in a long list of other important savings.

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First trucks with automatic overdrive! This advanced transmission, available at extra cost in ½ ton and ¾ ton Studebaker trucks, saves extra gas and checks engine wear, greatly lengthens the truck's life.

World's finest truck cab! Interior of ½ ton model shown with steering post gear shift. Enclosed steps. Wide visibility. Foot-regulated floor ventilators. Window wings. Rotary door latches—"hold-open" door stops.

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Built by father-and-son teams and other conscientious craftsmen, all the Studebaker trucks stand up amazingly, stay remarkably free from the need for serious repairs.

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NOW MORE THAN 200,000 BELL TELEPHONE EMPLOYEES

ARE AMONG THE 970,000 OWNERS OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

About one family in every fifty in the United States now owns A. T. & T. stock. No other stock is so widely owned by so many people.

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The Cover

Charlotte Joan Sternberg chose one facet of the New York State Fair at Syracuse for this painting of a colorful event which this year will be attended from September 2d through the 9th by half a million persons. More than 100,000 individuals will have exhibits in the 18 departments, ranging from the colossal cattle show to the display of produce and poultry, in competition for premium awards totaling $105,000. Also, harness racing for an $85,000 purse, a 100-mile auto race and a rodeo will crowd onto the week's agenda.

Week's Mail

Father Jerome

EDITOR: May I congratulate you on the excellent story by Bill Davidson, Great Heart of Cat Island, July 22d. It should help people to understand more clearly the purposeful life of a religious hermit.

The author omitted the fact that a Catholic priest is under a vow of obedience and cannot "head" for some island, as one is led to believe in this article, without considerable deliberation of his superiors.

EILEEN MCMAHON, Irvington, N. J.

. . . I'll always remember Bill Davidson's account of wonderful Father Jerome of Cat Island, and I'll always be grateful to Collier's for printing this article, illustrating it so beautifully, and featuring it so prominently.

EDWARD J. ANDERSEN, Golden, Colo.

. . . If everyone could spend even one hour with Father Jerome I'm certain this world would not be in the shape it is in. Would that the "biggies" in Washington had one tenth of his stamina.

MRS. HARRY A. PEDERSEN, Jasper, Minn.

. . . It was good to read your story of Father Jerome. In this day and age when so many people think only of storing up material things, this great man stores unperishable gold in the vaults of heaven.

MRS. T. WHELAN, Kearny, N. J.

. . . Great Heart of Cat Island was interesting, inspiring and timely. If people heeded this good living there would be more peace, understanding and happiness in this world which needs it badly.

MRS. JOHN QUINN, New York, N. Y.

. . . Thank you so much for your very interesting article about Father Jerome.

A couple of years ago I visited the Bahamas myself. I had an opportunity to admire some of the construction of that famous architect. I heard how he is leading a life of great mortification, sleeping on stone, etc.

REVEREND J. PRUNSKIS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I do not wish to imply that there is any deliberate intent in Bill Davidson's article, to misrepresent or belittle the Anglican Church, of which Father Jerome was originally a member and priest. But there is such misrepresentation, if not belittlement, and I wish to enter my protest.

First, the Roman Catholic Church is referred to throughout as "the Catholic Church." Where does this leave the non-Roman and Catholic bodies in Christendom? Many of us resent this widespread, but theologically incorrect surrender to the Roman claim of exclusive Catholicity.

Second, it is said that Father Jerome is now a "Catholic priest" and was formerly a "Protestant minister." The distinction is invidious and false, for he was originally a Catholic priest of the Anglican obedience.

I cannot believe that the Anglican Bishop Hornby used the words attributed to him when Father Jerome announced his intention to go over to Rome: "I'll pay your salary until you are actually accepted into the Catholic Church." He may have said "Roman Church."

No instructed Anglican thus identifies Catholicism with Romanism.

THE REVEREND C. E. SIMCOX, Manchester Center, Vt.

Thanks from the Dickmons

EDITOR: Would it be possible for you to put a little piece in your magazine telling all the people who have written to us how very much it was appreciated by us? We can never thank them enough for their *very kind* letters and help.

We never, never knew that there were such wonderful people still living in this wonderful country of ours.

We've tried to answer them all personally but just can't seem to get finished and a few had no names and quite a few no addresses.

All of you and your magazine have been good to us and we sure appreciate that too.

The letters from all the kind people have kept our chins up and we want them to know.

BETTY AND JOE DICKMON, Library, Pa.

Joe Dickmon's story, John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work, appeared in the July 8th Collier's.

Time to Unite

EDITOR: I am moved to profanity by the protest of Hermann A. Wenige, Jeffersonville, Ind. (Week's Mail, July 22d) anent your slogan Wear V.F.W. "Buddy" Poppy on Memorial Day.

As a member of the American Legion and a newspaperman of more than 25 years' experience, I have been plagued over the years by the jealousy between the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. I, too, have been caught between the cross fire of these two veteran organizations, and frankly I have wondered whether the two are interested more in helping veterans or in boosting their respective egos.

Theoretically, the basic idea behind any veterans' group is to help the needy veteran. Isn't it time that the two organizations unite in one purpose—to help the cause of veterans of any war?

FRED E. DARKE, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Bigger & Better

EDITOR: Having been one of those privileged to be associated with Mr. W. C. Harris in the organizing of campaigns to raise funds for the Hospital for Sick Children, I am writing to extend congratulations to you upon the very excellent article, 'The Sick Kids'—A Share and a Prayer (July 22d).

Toronto, and in fact the whole Dominion of Canada, has reason to be proud of the new hospital and those of us who have a continuing interest in its affairs are confident that its usefulness to the community will increase in direct proportion to the enlarged facilities that will shortly be available.

JAMES W. COCHRANE, Toronto, Ont., Canada

. . . So Dr. Banting was Panting? ('The Sick Kids,' p. 25.)

MRS. T. W. KEMMERER, Jackson, Miss.

No, he was Sir Frederick Grant Banting, Canadian physician, scientist, and codiscoverer of the hormone insulin. Sorry.

Congo Ballet

EDITOR: In The Magnificent Watusi: Emperors of the Congo, July 22d, author Richard Carlson states over a photograph of a group of dancers that when the Watusi feel like dancing, they let some one else do it, namely their slaves the Buhutus.

In Commander Attilio Gatti's book, The Great Mother Forest, the author repeatedly refers to his observations, with illustrating

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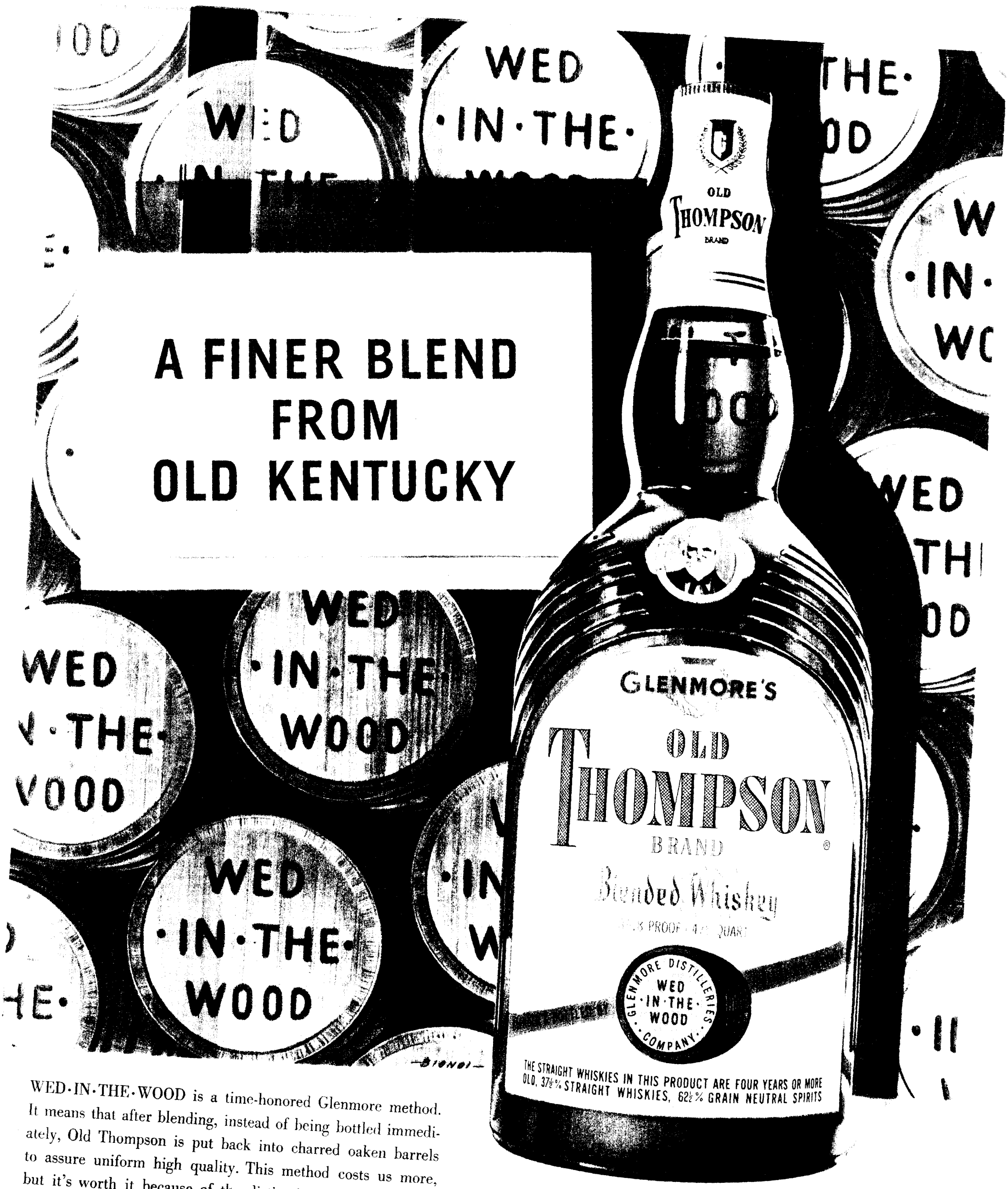

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You'll be happier longer with G.E.'s big-as-life, true-to-life pictures!
You can put your confidence in—
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photographs, of Watusi warriors dancing and of Watusi maidens dancing in the king's court.

CHARLES MCCORMACK, Springfield, Mass.

Don't Ask

EDITOR: In your editorial, Undercover Survey, July 22d, please, in spite of your curiosity, do not write to Washington to find out who picks out the pajamas for the other one sixth of American men.

Don't you realize that this question opens the way for another $100,000 survey? Please have compassion on the taxpayer, and delay this expenditure as long as possible.

For only 50 cents and two days I can come up with an answer to this question which I am sure will be just as accurate as any Washington can give.

How? By putting a chart on the wall with a lot of figures on it, blindfolding my eyes, and throwing a dart at the target. Then taking the figure hit, adding 4, subtracting 10, dividing by 7 and multiplying by "x."

LUTHER A. PATTEE, Hanover, Mass.

"Things to Come" Are Here

EDITOR: Futorian Manufacturing Company has gone your editorial one better (Shape of Things to Come, July 22d). Your "upholstered version of the one-arm lunchroom seat" prediction has been amplified into a 68-inch sofa with balloon tire casters to meet "things to come."

MILTON S. GARFIELD, Chicago, Ill.

Return Engagement

EDITOR: In reference to your Week's Mail, July 29th: Farewell to Arms, the motion picture, was produced by Paramount Pictures, not Warner Brothers. Please advise if I am correct.

PHILIP MCELWAIN, Auburn, Wash.

You are correct. The picture was made and released by Paramount in 1932, and re-released by Warner Brothers in 1949.

Boos & Ballplayers

EDITOR: I have just read the editorial A 'Right' That's Wrong (July 29th). Good for you for not panning Mr. Ted Williams.

The way some fans (mostly the older jealous generation) ride the players is disgusting, particularly down here in the Texas League, where AA ball is played, and the majority of the participants are rookies who are in there on every play.

But to the rotund, beer-drinking, hard-of-hearing, poor-sighted "good-old-days" boys, one would think the players to be the scum of the earth incapable of responding to the chides and derisions hurled at them.

AILEEN MORGAN, Fort Worth, Texas

. . . I would like to comment on your recent editorial, A 'Right' That's Wrong.

First of all I want to agree wholeheartedly with your opinion. I'm not condoning Ted for his actions on May 11th. But his wrong isn't all his fault. I have attended games at Fenway Park and can honestly say that some fans are abusive beyond human endurance.

I as a fan believe the fans should be allowed to hoot and boo at the games. And I do think that it is unfair of them to direct this booing at any one individual player, because of his ancestry, his character or his religion.

RUTH M. WALSH, New London, Conn.

. . . That fans may profanely or violently abuse players and umpires is no more the law of the ball park than is the refusal of hoodlums in custody to "violate" the law of the underworld. Both actions stem from cowardice.

GEORGE R. STEARNS, Portland, Ore.

Still Measuring

EDITOR: A letter in Week's Mail (July 8th) from Clark Glenn, former councilman of Carnegie, Pennsylvania, asks James M. Kahn how he measured the distance at 20 miles from Carnegie to Pittsburgh. Mr. Glenn should have been sure he's right in saying it's 6½ before accusing Mr. Kahn of making a boner.

I passed Carnegie two or three times a week while railroading from Dennison, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And if they haven't moved Carnegie Depot since 1886, it's still 8½ miles to Pittsburgh. Wanta bet?

I am eighty-six and haven't done any railroading for 60 years.

HARRY BROWN, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wrong Mound

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of July 22d, John P. Conlon of Newark, Ohio, proposes that a memorial be erected at Pearl Harbor. However, he makes an analogy to a mound built by the Greeks to commemorate the defeat of Leonidas and 300 Spartans at the battle of Thermopylae. Mr. Conlon has his history confused.

The memorial mound is located on the Plains of Marathon. It is to glorify the 192 Greeks who died on this location, where the Athenians under the leadership of Miltiades defeated Darius, the Persian invader in 490 B.C.

BALDWIN KLOER, Terre Haute, Ind.

Worried People

EDITOR: Congratulations on your fine article Our Busiest Emotion (July 29th). Its straightforward, common-sense approach to what is truly one of modern man's biggest problems will surely help many to face up to their anxieties.

Those who instinctively mistrust the usual discussion of human psychological difficulties cannot help but accept the obvious truths that Mr. Campbell states so simply and logically. Let's have more articles of this type and caliber.

NANCY A. CLARKE, Hornell, N. Y.

. . . Your photographer Milton Greene, in his illustration of Our Busiest Emotion, is to be congratulated. The subjects in the photo also.

Our four-and-a-half-year-old girl, looking through your magazine, asked, "Why are these people so worried, Mommy?"

How's that for presenting an emotion photographically with no doubt as to what it is?

MRS. H. D. WALTON, San Leandro, Cal.

Seniors' Uniforms

EDITOR: The University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee (in reference to Mr. Arthur Chitty's letter in Week's Mail, July 29th), is not the only school of higher learning in which academic gowns are "everyday attire."

All members of the senior class of D'Youville College for Women, Buffalo, New York, must wear the college gown to all classes throughout the year.

FAITH E. FRANCIS, Buffalo, N. Y.

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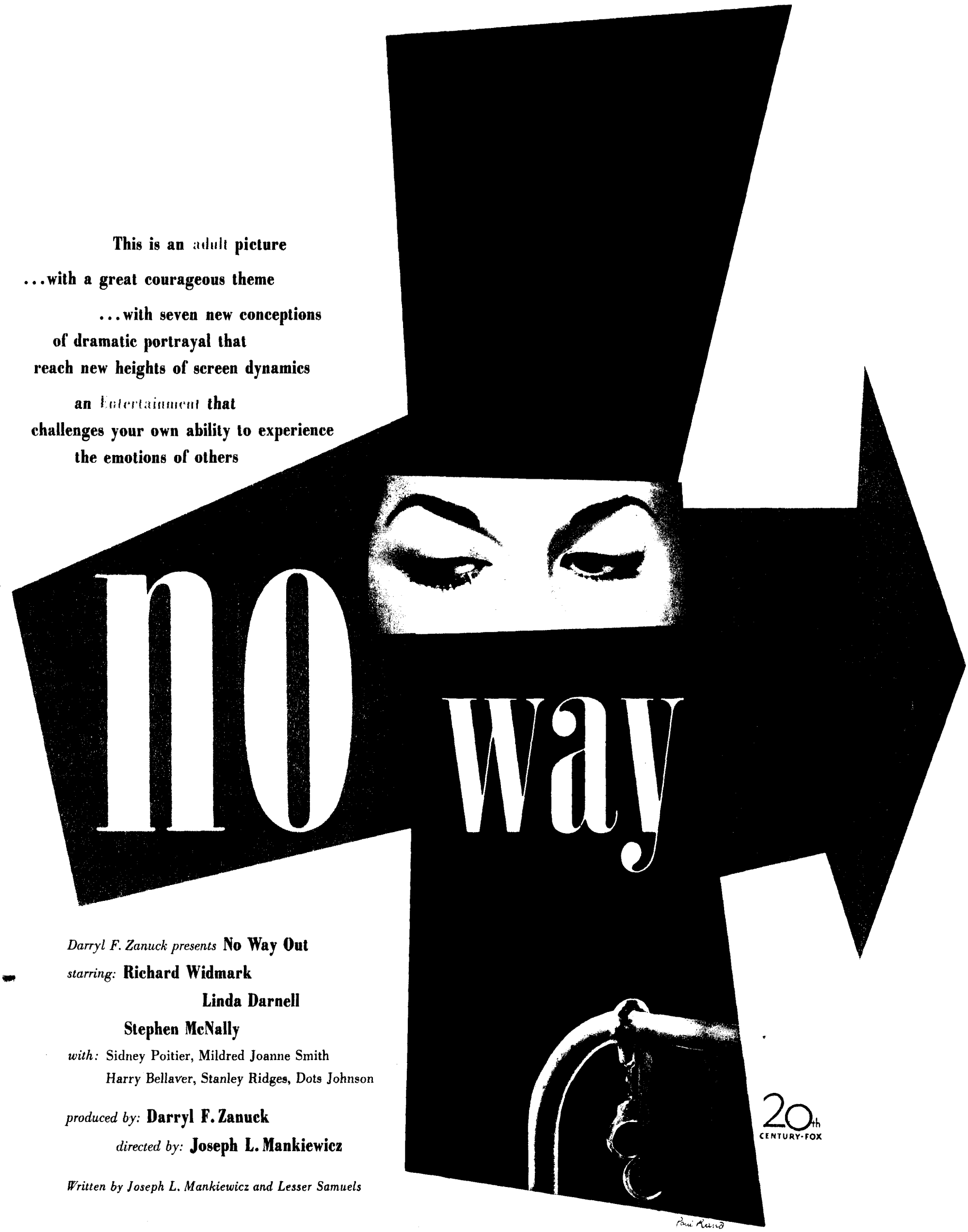

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an *Entertainment* **that challenges your own ability to experience the emotions of others**

Darryl F. Zanuck presents **No Way Out**

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produced by: **Darryl F. Zanuck**

directed by: **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels

20th CENTURY-FOX

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"MAYBE HE WON two 'love' sets—but there's no 'lovelight' in my eyes for him with that Dry Scalp! His hair looks so messy and wild . . . and it probably sheds loose dandruff, too. I'd better give him some good advice about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . and right now!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

SEE FOR YOURSELF! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp quickly, easily! Just a few drops a day relieve dryness . . . unsightly loose dandruff . . . by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Gives your hair that neat, natural, handsome look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's economical . . . a little goes a long way.

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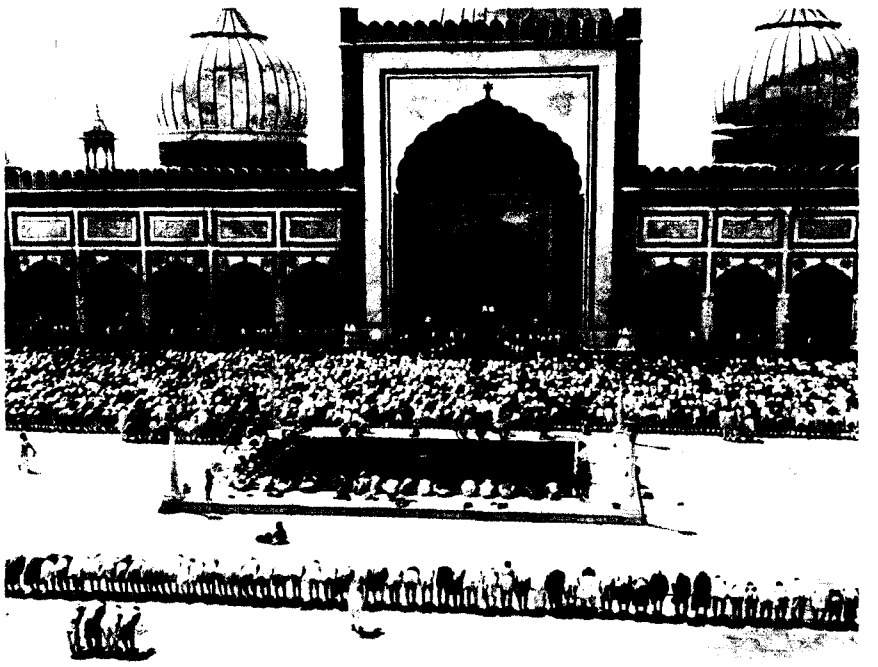

Moslems believe a prayer in this mosque is worth 25 said elsewhere

The Jami Musjid or Great Mosque in Old Delhi, India, is the most sacred place of worship in the Moslem world and a prayer said there is considered equal to 25 uttered in any other mosque. By the same token, Mecca is the holiest Moslem city on earth and every true Mohammedan is expected to visit it at least once in his lifetime. However, one may fulfill this duty by making a certain number of pilgrimages to a less sacred community such as Kairouan in Tunisia. Seven journeys to this fourth holiest city are equal to one to Mecca.

* * * * * * * * *

The natives of Bubaque Island off Portuguese Guinea have a wooden replica of an ox's head installed on the prow of each war canoe. When the captain of a boat orders his crew of 20 men to row at top speed, he helps them by "driving" the ox—with the reins in one hand and a whip in the other.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the world's largest collections of dwarfed trees is owned by Keibun Tanaka, the foremost Japanese cultivator of these stunted plants, who has 5,000 of them on his estate near Tokyo. They range in height from one to three feet, in age from 25 to 600 years, and in value from $100 to $4,000. To dwarf a tree, the horticulturist plants it as a sapling in a bowl and, thereafter, gives it so little food and water that it usually requires a century to grow a few inches.

* * * * * * * * *

Without doubt, America's most famous "ghost" was an unknown woman who began her baffling capers in the home of John Bell in Adams, Tennessee, shortly before dawn on a May morning in 1818. Although she raised havoc in this community of 100 inhabitants, spasmodically for 10 years, she was not caught nor even seen and no one recognized her voice. Yet the mysterious lady had evidently long resided in the village because, at nightly gatherings at Bell's house, she would divulge secrets of families and scold and criticize various individuals for their past and present behavior. At these meetings, the Bell Witch, as she came to be known, would also answer the questions of the hundreds of reporters, scientists and others who visited her from all parts of the country. Finally in 1828, the malicious ghost disappeared and was never heard of again; but the fear that she might return lasted for decades. In fact, 45 years later in another section of Tennessee, two men on trial for murder claimed the farmer they had killed was a reincarnation of the Bell Witch and were acquitted by the jury.

* * * * * * * * *

An old and widespread custom in China is to have a portrait painted of a beloved relative within a few hours after death by an artist who comes to the house. Irrespective of its financial circumstances or earlier pictures of the deceased it may own, the family orders this last portrait by which they hope the departed will always be remembered. Therefore, the subject is depicted as he appeared just before he died—with the corpse serving as the model.

* * * * * * * * *

An Englishman moved to Australia in 1859 and took along 12 pairs of rabbits whose descendants, within 20 years, had overrun the country and were devastating vast areas of fertile land. Since that time, a dozen methods have been used to exterminate them or to check their growth, but the rabbits are more numerous today than ever before. However, they have been controlled, to a certain extent, by fences of wire netting which enclose farms and ranches. As these barriers are also built around large infested sections, they extend through woods, across plains and far out into the desert. About 500,000 miles of the fences have been erected and 300,000 miles more are still needed.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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Model 36R45

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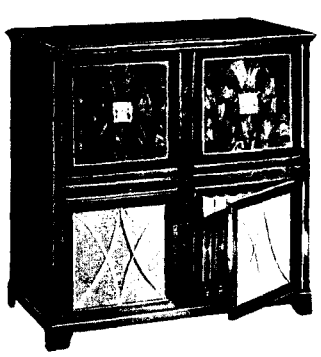

It's the greatest value ever from the world's largest manufacturer of television combinations . . . this new 1951 Admiral with sensational features engineered to outperform any set, anywhere, any time. Now . . . enjoy television pictures clear as the movies on a big 16" rectangular picture tube. Easy to tune as a radio. Complete with Roto-Scope antenna . . . most efficient of all built-in antennas because it's directional. New 1951 super-powered Dynamagic radio provides outstanding reception on *both FM and AM*. New 1951 triple-play automatic phonograph plays all records (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm). Exquisite 18th Century cabinet complete with record storage compartment. See! Hear! Compare!

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only one like it
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TAILORED BY DAROFF
All the world's a stage! You're fitted to play a more important part in it with an added dash of "Botany" Brand 500 dressing. Cast in the supporting role—this spirited sharkskin of rich two-ply 100% virgin worsted, plus the exquisite authority of Daroff's fine tailoring—makes a very handsome impression. Where else on earth can you find such a world of wonderful talent in one suit —wondrously priced at $60. Choose a complete "Botany" Brand 500 wardrobe...including sharkskins, window pane overplaids, plaid Mid-Tone shades and multi-colored stripes...at a fine store near you.
FABRIC BY BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.
TAILORED BY DAROFF, PHILADELPHIA
Listen to the Botany Song Shop starring Ginny Simms, starting Sunday evening, September 17th, ABC Network. See your local paper for station and time.
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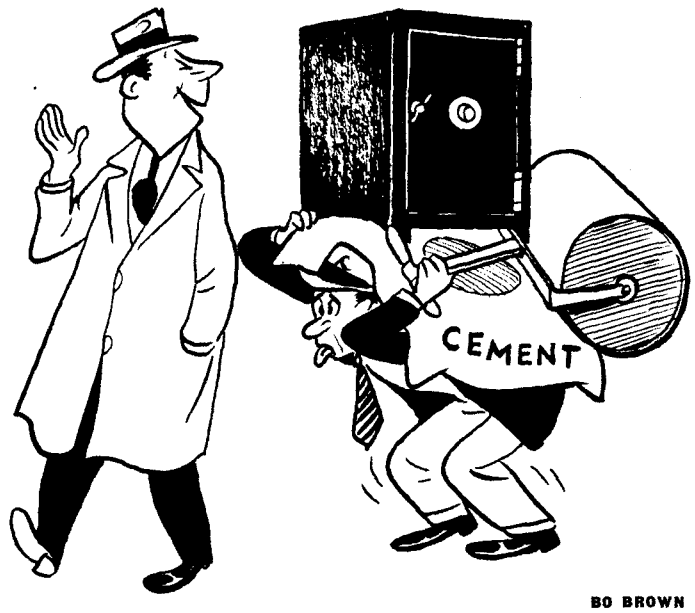
The Fabric is the soul of the Suit
Look for this label
BOTANY 500
TAILORED BY DAROFF

WE BEG TO ADVISE

By CARL H. WINSTON



BO BROWN

He'll tell you to take it easy but he really doesn't care

THE skies were giving vent to a 16-gun cloudburst the other afternoon when I was preparing to leave the office for the day. My wife telephoned. "Come right home," she said, "but be careful. Don't get wet."

Now, if my wife were the only person who talked like that, I'd charge it up to just another of her peculiarities. But I've been making a study of the type of free advice that's being tossed about these days and that's a representative sample of the kind of stuff you hear on every hand.

I don't see much of a future for a nation whose idea of smart coaching is to warn a guy against accepting any mahogany five-cent pieces, or admonishing him over the radio a hundred times a day to enjoy himself, because he doesn't know what time it is.

I've collected some specimens that may be considered typical of how average citizens are advising other average citizens. Here's the sort of pearls that are being cast:

"Don't catch cold." This one seems to be particularly feminine in character. Women generally make that remark immediately after someone, like a husband, has sneezed, wheezed or coughed. In effect, this is as useful as telling a guy who has just fallen out of a 14-story window to avoid making any sudden stops.

"If I were you, I'd . . ." Pay no attention to advice beginning with those words. In the first place, the speaker is not you and there seems little likelihood of his becoming you in the foreseeable future. He realizes this and feels free to experiment with your life.

"Take it easy." A completely insincere phrase tossed off at the end of a chat on a train or street corner by a chap who has never learned how to say, "Good-by."

"Don't get excited." People who enjoy using this admonition have an uncanny knack of injecting it, like a hypodermic needle, right into your quivering consciousness at the precise psychological point when it proves most infuriating. As, for instance, a second after you have impaled your hand on a six-inch spike on your desk while driving home a point to your secretary, who has just explained that the reason she hadn't bothered to tell you about your garage burning down was because you had let the insurance lapse. The classic response, of course, is to shriek, "Who's excited?" a moment before you shove your cigar into your mouth—lighted end first.

"Take care of yourself." Unless this advice is given by one whom you owe money, have no part of it. Like "Watch your step," or "Take it easy," it's a handy instrument for those who have nothing else to say. As often as not, you will be requested to "take care of yourself" by a chap with whom you have been out on the town until 4:00 A.M.

"Keep a stiff upper lip." The speaker either wants you to look ridiculous or is hinting that you ought to grow a mustache. It has been proved beyond the possibility of refutation that men with limp upper lips get along as well as ones with stiff ones. And don't look half as silly.

"Don't lose that . . ." Warnings that begin in this fashion constitute splendid advice for the vast majority of people who set out with the deliberate intention of mislaying their most prized possessions. The rest of us—a mere handful, to be sure—often lose things in spite of ourselves.

"Have fun." A pet mot of the chi-chi set which deems it too middle-class to say, "Enjoy yourself." Redundant, because they only say it to people who are going out for the express purpose of having fun.

"Be careful." This might be termed the blanket, or over-all type of advice, which covers about everything. It's very gratifying to the adviser, because no matter what happens to you, he can always say, "I warned you. Maybe next time you'll be more careful."

"Don't drop that," and "Don't fall down." These admonitions go as far back as the history of man—or rather of woman. As advice it is sound and ethical; as a deterrent it is wholly inadequate. In fact, it is well known that such counsel, instead of forestalling an accident, actually precipitates it. Next time you hear someone say, "Don't fall down," or "Don't drop that," count up to ten and you'll hear a crash. THE END

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The bigger the picture...
the more you need

RCA VICTOR MILLION PROOF quality...

The only television proven in over a million homes

Over a million American families shopped, compared, chose RCA Victor television. That's strong proof of quality—*Million* Proof!

And the larger the screen, the more important to you is "picture quality." Unless a set is built to the highest standards, its faults are magnified as the screen is enlarged.

Only RCA Victor has the experience gained by producing *over a million* television sets. This experience—you'll agree—has developed the finest "picture quality" in history. It's Million Proof RCA Victor television . . . with new, extra-powerful circuits for best possible reception, *anywhere*.

The Northampton, shown here, is superb—from the pictures on its huge, 19-inch tube to the last detail of its exquisite Regency cabinet. Has built-in antenna, also phono-jack for attaching a 45 rpm record changer.

See Million Proof television at your dealer's now—performance is higher, *prices lower* than ever. You'll be satisfied with no other television for *your* home.

Only *when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.*

RCA VICTOR
Northampton
19-inch television! One of 15 Million Proof television sets
Model 9T70 $425

Price shown is suggested list price subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in the far West and South.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . .
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . .
FIRST IN TELEVISION . . .

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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DUAL-TRACTION STOPS *when children don't!*

WHEN A SUDDEN CRISIS looms ahead . . . to stop in a split-second is the most important thing in a lifetime.

That's why the thinking motorist, conscious of driving hazards today, protects himself against them. And there is no better protection than an investment in the General Silent-Safety Tire with Dual-Traction. Its continuous ribs of live rubber grip the road surface and hold your car in a straight line, even on wet pavements.

What does the small difference in price matter, compared with the difference in protection when it may save a life?

THE GENERAL TIRE

AFTER ALL,
IT'S HUMAN MILEAGE THAT COUNTS

© 1950 THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

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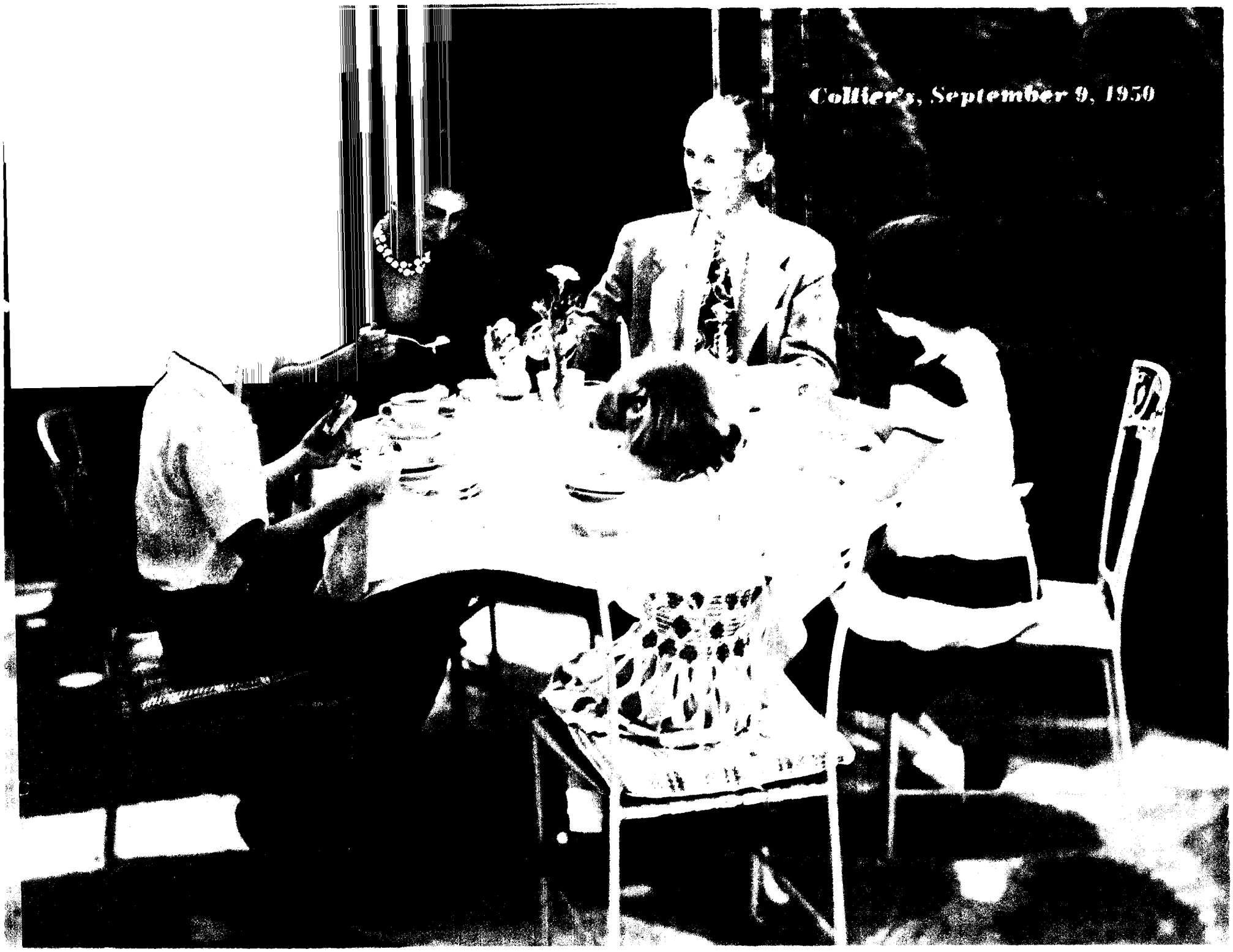

Local 9's president, Paul P. Milling, at lunch with his wife and their three children, Billy, Patricia and Kathleen

Miracle of

By COLLIE SMALL

Union members at Wanamaker's department store in New York figure what's good for management is good for labor, so they have been taking newspaper ads to praise the company and promote business

A FEW months ago, while the usual number of tempers were being tried and the usual number of heads were being banged together in the name of labor-management relations, an uncommonly venturesome union official named Paul P. Milling led his union down a strange and seldom-traveled street.

The tune he piped sounded suspiciously like Panacea Forever. To both labor and management he promised untold happiness and prosperity if they would only follow him. Yet he professed no love and hinted no charity, and there was an aggressive thrust to his chin. The cautious officials of Wanamaker's department store in New York, having met Paul Milling before on the field of battle and having found him uncompromisingly militant, were to be forgiven if they regarded the procession warily. Nevertheless, they were curious and they followed at a discreet distance.

A short time later, the miracle which Milling had promised burst over Wanamaker's like a great star shell. Executives of the store danced in their offices upstairs and the 1,900 members of Milling's union sang in the aisles downstairs. There has seldom, if ever, been anything like it. Business was up and so were salaries, and the credit belonged almost exclusively to Local 9, Retail Clerks International Association, A.F. of L., Wanamaker Chapter, Paul P. Milling, President.

Although the union in this case did nothing more remarkable than take ads in various newspapers, exhorting people to shop at Wanamaker's, it was actually a spectacular maneuver and it was the sort of thing for which Milling and Local 9 are rapidly becoming famous. This thin, nervous, sharp-featured union leader has dedicated himself to teaching management and his union how to live together.

He is at various times truculent and demanding,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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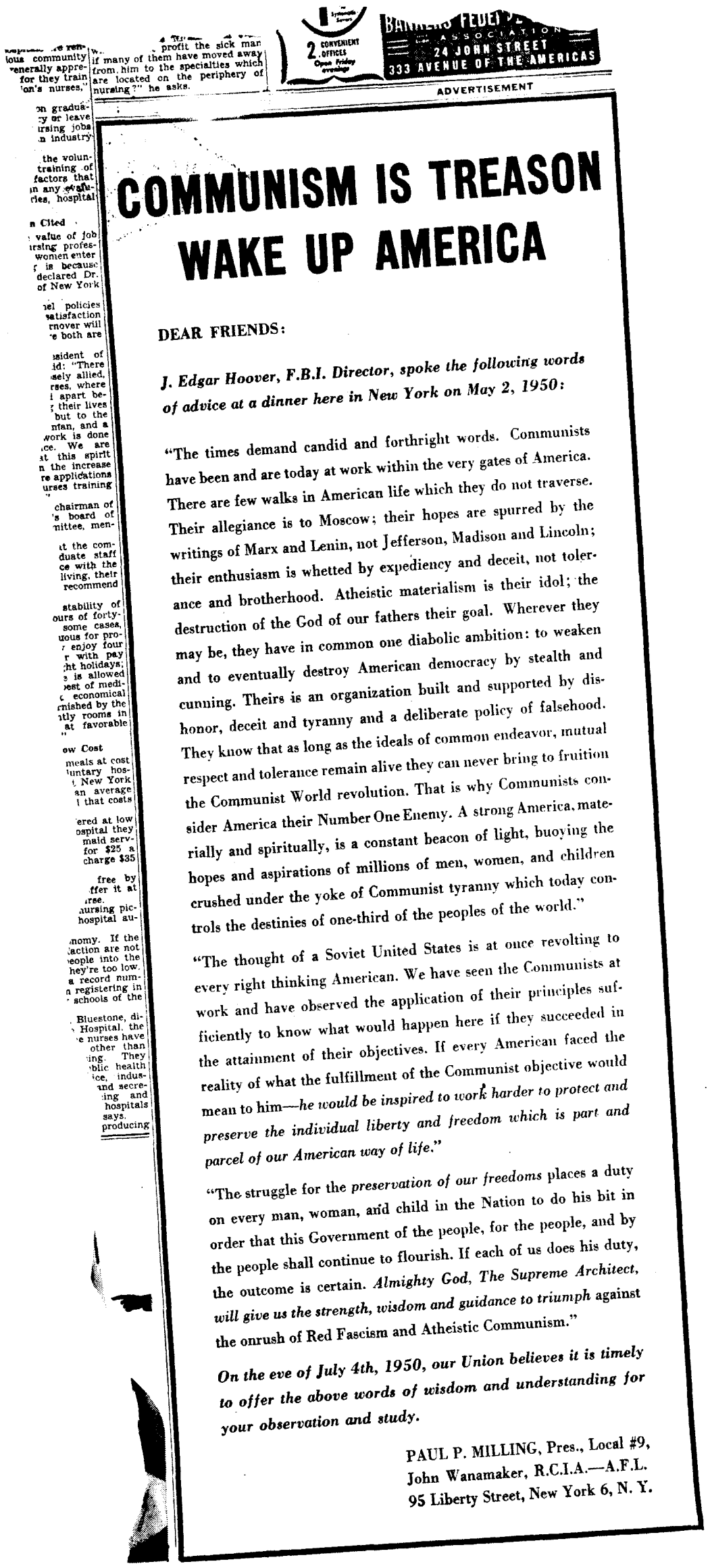

profit the sick man if many of them have moved away from him to the specialties which are located on the periphery of nursing?" he asks.

2 CONVENIENT OFFICES Open Friday evenings

BANKERS FEDERAL ASSOCIATION
24 JOHN STREET
333 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

ADVERTISEMENT

COMMUNISM IS TREASON
WAKE UP AMERICA

DEAR FRIENDS:

J. Edgar Hoover, F.B.I. Director, spoke the following words of advice at a dinner here in New York on May 2, 1950:

"The times demand candid and forthright words. Communists have been and are today at work within the very gates of America. There are few walks in American life which they do not traverse. Their allegiance is to Moscow; their hopes are spurred by the writings of Marx and Lenin, not Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln; their enthusiasm is whetted by expediency and deceit, not tolerance and brotherhood. Atheistic materialism is their idol; the destruction of the God of our fathers their goal. Wherever they may be, they have in common one diabolic ambition: to weaken and to eventually destroy American democracy by stealth and cunning. Theirs is an organization built and supported by dishonor, deceit and tyranny and a deliberate policy of falsehood. They know that as long as the ideals of common endeavor, mutual respect and tolerance remain alive they can never bring to fruition the Communist World revolution. That is why Communists consider America their Number One Enemy. A strong America, materially and spiritually, is a constant beacon of light, buoying the hopes and aspirations of millions of men, women, and children crushed under the yoke of Communist tyranny which today controls the destinies of one-third of the peoples of the world."

"The thought of a Soviet United States is at once revolting to every right thinking American. We have seen the Communists at work and have observed the application of their principles sufficiently to know what would happen here if they succeeded in the attainment of their objectives. If every American faced the reality of what the fulfillment of the Communist objective would mean to him—*he would be inspired to work harder to protect and preserve the individual liberty and freedom which is part and parcel of our American way of life.*"

"The struggle for the *preservation of our freedoms* places a duty on every man, woman, and child in the Nation to do his bit in order that this Government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall continue to flourish. If each of us does his duty, the outcome is certain. *Almighty God, The Supreme Architect, will give us the strength, wisdom and guidance to triumph* against the onrush of Red Fascism and Atheistic Communism."

On the eve of July 4th, 1950, our Union believes it is timely to offer the above words of wisdom and understanding for your observation and study.

PAUL P. MILLING, Pres., Local #9,
John Wanamaker, R.C.I.A.—A.F.L.
95 Liberty Street, New York 6, N. Y.

This advertisement, reprinting a J. Edgar Hoover speech as a public service, appeared on the eve of July Fourth

and he has in the space of five years exacted more from Wanamaker's than almost any other union can claim in similar encounters with employers; but labor and management actually appear to be in love at John Wanamaker's four New York stores. Milling disclaims that the relationship is a romantic one, and he goes to considerable lengths to protest that John Wanamaker and the union are not sweethearts, but he does concede that the situation is an extraordinary one. And as is often the case with miracles, Milling produced the miracle of Local 9 simply by pursuing the obvious.

Milling's theory is a simple one. As a devout trade-unionist he believes that management's natural inclination is to resist union demands and that labor's natural inclination is to press them. Yet he believes even more strongly that labor cannot prosper unless management prospers. He therefore was disconcerted no end in the spring of 1949 by various gloomy predictions that business was heading for a recession. If that were true, then the 1,900 members of his union were also heading for a recession, and Milling proposed to do something about it.

Characteristically, as befits a man with a voracious appetite for the truth, he began scratching around for literature on the subject of a recession. In his cluttered office on the fifth floor of an ancient building at 95 Liberty Street, in New York's downtown business district, he pored over assorted graphs, charts, the Congressional Record, the Federal Reserve Bank's Monthly Review of Credit and Business Conditions and various other specialized publications. Eventually he arrived at his conclusion: Business was suffering from a lack of confidence in itself.

There was no time to lose and Milling wheeled into action. In a stern letter to Wanamaker executives, he pointed out that department stores all over the country were flirting with ruin by doing less advertising in a year when goods were plentiful than they had done, for example, in 1945, a year when goods were scarce. Because stores feared a slump, they were reducing their stocks while people were clamoring to buy. This, Milling said, amounted to negligence. Echoing a question posed a few weeks earlier by Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, he cried, "Where is the old-time American confidence?"

Request for Lay-Offs Was Refused

Unfortunately, Milling's voice did not carry as far as he had hoped. Several weeks went by. Then, suddenly, in August, he became thoroughly aroused to danger when Wanamaker's, reflecting the general tendency to retrench, asked Local 9 to consent to certain dismissals. As president of the union, Milling declined to consider the requests for lay-offs unless the circumstances were "beyond the store's control," a point he stubbornly refused to concede. Finally, when the store still showed no inclination to advance in the face of the anticipated slump, Milling took matters into his own hands.

The first move of Local 9 was to vote an initial expenditure of $8,000 in union funds to promote Wanamaker's in newspaper advertisements. An additional $1,000 was allocated for a direct-mail campaign and plans were made for a student essay contest on labor-management relations, the prizes to include merchandise from Wanamaker's and also several Sperry aerial gunnery computers which Milling, in a moment of unchecked enthusiasm, had bought as war surplus and which he intended vaguely for use in school laboratories. To stir up teen-age interest, the union prepared a booklet-questionnaire entitled How Do You Rate on a Date? and was immediately swamped for copies by teen-agers who had been wondering the same thing.

Union members made up the mailing list with names of friends and relatives who were not regular shoppers at Wanamaker's. Each of the 20,000 letters which were sent out contained an application form for a charge account and an invitation to "visit that grand old store with one of the finest names in retailing—John Wanamaker. You want our service. You want our quality. We want your patronage. Let's get together!" Within two months, 4,300 new charge accounts had been opened and business in general was booming.

When the newspaper ads appeared with the union's invitation to shop at Wanamaker's, even

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Milling was not prepared for the response. The New York Daily News ran an editorial commending Local 9 for its farsightedness and was overwhelmed with 25 sacks of mail. Milling himself received hundreds of encouraging letters, including one from a man in Pennsylvania who, 13 years before, had bought some furniture from Milling when Milling was a Wanamaker salesman. Local 9 promptly decided to spend nearly $18,000 more in advertising.

The union campaign resulted in precisely what Milling had hoped for: more business for Wanamaker's and fatter pay envelopes for the members of the union. His conviction that business had nothing to fear except its own faintheartedness was borne out when various other department stores conceded they had shared in what one Eastern executive termed "a nation-wide mistake."

Union Couldn't Finance a Strike

Yet Milling's campaign had not been undertaken without considerable risk. Before he was through, Local 9 had agreed to spend some $27,000 and the union treasury had been depleted, or was about to be depleted, by almost 80 per cent. Had Local 9 for some unforeseen reason suddenly been forced to strike, it could never have financed it and Milling would have been the goat. As it was, of course, he was the hero, a distinction which was laid upon him more or less officially late last year at Valley Forge when General Eisenhower, on behalf of Freedoms Foundation, Inc., awarded him a medal for distinguished service as a labor leader and a check for $2,000 which Milling, in the name of the union, distributed among various worthy groups.

Milling's eternal vigilance on behalf of the members of Local 9 has naturally been rewarded with the support and devotion of the flock. In the five years which have elapsed since Local 9 was organized, he has not been opposed in union elections, quite possibly because weekly wages at Wanamaker's are a minimum of $18 higher than they were five years ago and because the social gains which have accrued to the union through Milling's efforts are downright staggering in their scope.

Milling himself feels he has a fundamental grasp of the meaning of democracy and he has often lamented the lack of opposition he encounters. When a disgruntled member suggested that he intended to support another candidate at the last election, Milling encouraged the defection. Unfortunately, however, the man failed to produce his candidate. When Milling threatened to nominate the man himself for union president, the latter beat a worried retreat and Milling, as usual, was elected unanimously.

The relationship which has been established between Milling and the management of Wanamaker's is probably unique. There has never been a strike nor a need to resort either to mediation or arbitration, though naturally there have been some spirited clashes. "The negotiations," Milling says in reference to the contract talks, which are reopened annually, "are based on the spirit of militant unionism and a spirit of fair co-operation. We have no sweetheart deals and we're not going to have any. Our success is due to an intelligent general membership and a militant group of officers."

Milling, being a gentlemanly union president, describes each demand he makes as a "request." This is a disarming designation, considering the cuts and bruises which Wanamaker's has suffered at the conference table. The last time Milling presented a "request," it cost the store over $300,000 in wage increases retroactive to February, 1949. As the situation now stands, salaries at Wanamaker's, as a percentage to sales, are among the highest, if not actually the highest, of any department store in the country. The average weekly "weighted" salary is $57 a week with the minimum set at $35. Five years ago the minimum was a little over $16.

In 1948, Milling thought he detected criticism of his union by Communist elements, who had accused Wanamaker's of paying substandard wages, and he forthwith produced some rather remarkable statistics. Compared with 14 other stores in New York and Brooklyn, Wanamaker salaries went like this: In blankets and spreads, the average weekly commission for salesmen at Wanamaker's was $115.50 compared to $47.67 in the other stores; in china and glassware, it was $76.25 to $52.63; in radios, phonographs and television, *(Continued on page 50)*

officials. If such ... should prove acute, it is expected that either management or the employee organization will take appropriate steps to relieve the supervisor of one of his two responsibilities."

...shop tradition.

*Mail orders prompt...

6 EAST 46TH ST., N. Y. 41 WEST 43RD ST., N. Y.
*855 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, N. J.

ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

Local No. 9 John Wanamaker
R.C.I.A.—A.F. of L.
95 Liberty Street, New York 6, N.Y.

Dear Friends:

We, the members of Local #9, cordially invite you to visit that Grand Old Store with one of the finest names in retailing —"JOHN WANAMAKER."

You will see how the teamwork of Labor and Management, working together, produces the best results for our customers.

You will receive service with a smile and WANAMAKER QUALITY that makes it worth while.

We invite you to see how we respect the words of wisdom expressed in writings of the founder, JOHN WANAMAKER, when he said.

"Let those who follow me build with the plumb of honor, the level of truth and the square of integrity, courtesy, education and mutuality."

You want our service! You want our quality! We want your patronage! Let's get together.

Gratefully yours,

PAUL P. MILLING, PRESIDENT
LOCAL #9, JOHN WANAMAKER
R.C.I.A.—A. F. of L.

P.S. Gentlemen:

Wana mak er happy? Of course you do—and you will—when you *buy Wanamaker quality,* at reasonable prices. Visit us today—it will pay.

We invite you to visit any of our four New York stores today and make a purchase or open an account. Do it now. Thank you.

Typical ad in the series paid for by the union reflects members' pride in the company and faith in its merchandise

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The Woman Who NAGGED

By DIANA SHEEHAN

Rosalind was small and pretty. Mike was big and self-confident and gay. It should have been the perfect marriage. And yet, subtly and little by little, something dreadful was happening to it

ONCE there was a woman named Rosalind O'Mara, a woman who nagged. Now if you picture this woman with an ugly face and a witch's scowl, you will be very wrong indeed. She had black hair, which she wore in a short bob, and snapping black eyes. Her extremely high color embarrassed her, for she felt that no matter how sophisticated she tried to look, her rosy cheeks, wild with health, gave her the air of a teen-ager. Actually, she was twenty-three.

Rosalind's husband, Mike, was six feet, three inches tall, with a firm physique, a strong, humorous face and, when Rosalind first knew him, the most wonderful Irish laugh, a deep guffaw, so noisy and full of vitality that it was always heard across the room and sometimes even around the block. He was a nice guy, Mike O'Mara, and because he was so nice, he wanted his home to be peaceful, first of all.

To their suburban community of Fairfax, the O'Maras were the ideal couple. Mike had a good job; he was advertising manager of a large aircraft factory on the outskirts of town. Their baby was charming, a one-year-old named Muff. Their house was modern and livable; they had painted the walls themselves in bright, surprising colors. Rosalind knew how to cook with herbs and she was renowned for her onion soup. The O'Maras paid their bills and clipped their lawn and were generally thought perfectly charming.

If you had asked Rosalind before they were married what drew her to Mike, she would have been quick to answer. It was the fun they had doing crazy things together and the way he told the story about the hole in one. The way he alone called her Rosie. The strength in his arms when he put them around her and the giddy feeling that went with a kiss. The masterful manner in which he took command when her knee, which had had an irritating habit of slipping out of joint ever since she'd fallen playing forward on the high-school basketball team, went out.

And yet, the hole-in-one story was perhaps the first inching into nagging. The turn of the screw came later. A taste for nagging is not born. It is acquired, like a taste for the subtle flavor of avocado or oysters.

Rosalind's first nag was slipped in so unobtrusively that neither she nor Mike knew just what had happened. But there it was, done, on the record, never to be erased.

It was six months after they were married, when Rosalind had already discovered that life was no picnic. She had learned that there were many dishes to be washed in the pretty new kitchen and much ironing to be done, even for two. She had discovered that every night, without exception, Mike blew his nose before he stepped into bed. And this irritated her. She suspected she was pregnant. The thought of long months of sickness culminating in hours of agony made her feel a stinging touch of resentment toward Mike.

THEY were sitting on the porch after one of her casserole dinners, talking in the twilight to their best friends, Irene and Hamilton Lauderdale.

Ham Lauderdale beamed. "I had a birdie on the sixth hole this afternoon," he said. "You remember, dear"—he turned to his wife—"that's the one with the little pool. A real trap."

"Did you!" Reeny exclaimed with warm enthusiasm. "I always think that's the toughest hole on the course."

"Nice going," Mike said. "Did I ever tell you about my hole in one?"

Rosalind felt a funny squirmy feeling inside. She had heard him tell the story to the Lauderdales last week. But the others looked at Mike expectantly.

"It's enough to kill you," Mike said, screwing up his face in frustration at the memory of it. "I was playing at Ferndale." He looked at Rosalind. "You know, the course back home. I was in poor form that day for some reason or other, and it was getting my goat. I was playing with N.G. You remember N.G., honey?"

The squirmy feeling inside Rosalind became a real snake choking her throat. He had *told* the Lauderdales all this last week, and what did they *care* when they'd never seen the man in all their lives!

"He's a big banker back home," Mike explained expansively to the Lauderdales. "We call him Not Good—he's an *(Continued on page 54)*

Rosalind stiffened. Gently, she tried to push Mike away. "Don't, Mike," she said softly

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

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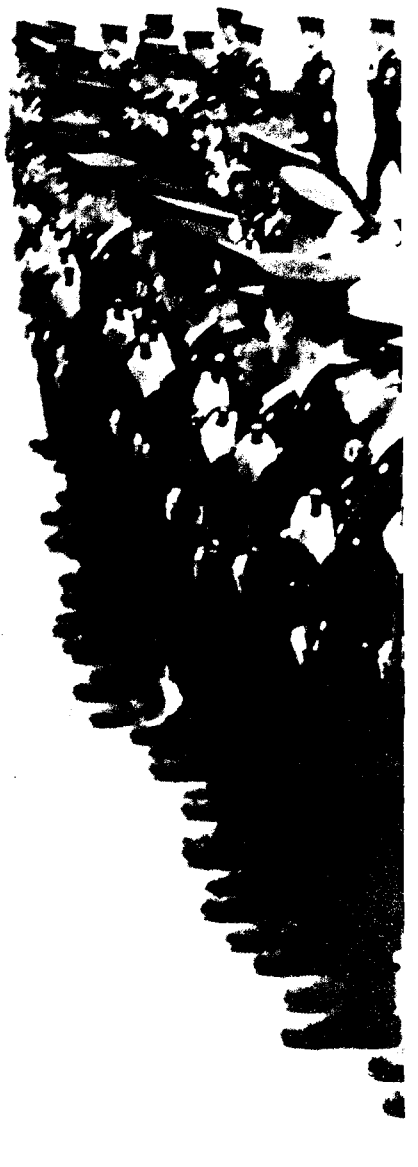
MUST WE REARM JAPAN?



By JOHN DENSON
Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT

Tokyo

OUT of war in Korea and the threat of greater conflict in Asia has come a firm determination which bears heavily upon the security of 80,000,000 Japanese and the future of democracy in the Pacific: If Japan is attacked, the long-disarmed Japanese will be given the opportunity and the weapons to defend themselves. Any attack on Japan's soil, even if the blow is intended for American military bases in the islands, will be considered an attack not alone on the United States, but also on the Japanese nation.

That much is clear. Just how and to what extent Japan eventually may be rearmed for its own defense, are large and fateful questions for which there are now no ready and complete answers.

The answers lie partly with the violent men in the Kremlin, partly with the United Nations and the democratic powers which have struggled for five years to create a new and peaceful Japan and, finally, with the Japanese people themselves.

In the headlong rush of events caused by Soviet Russia's aggression over most of the face of the earth, the answers could come suddenly—and all at once.

The problem of arms for Japan has been one of the most delicate to confront General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander for the Allied powers in the Far East and now United Nations Commander, since the Korean war broke out. He has been sensitive to the agitation, both in Japan and the United States, for a Japanese army to support the comparatively small American and United Nations forces in the Orient.

General MacArthur is quite aware of the dangers inherent in any remilitarizing, however limited, of the young Japanese democracy, and of the impact upon peoples throughout the East who felt the cruel hand of Japanese imperialists not many years ago. The issue, of course, must be resolved by the powers involved if Japan is attacked. But General MacArthur's mind is fully made up on at least one important point:

Whatever the means at his command, he does not propose to see Japan and the Japanese people violated by Communism, from within or without.

The general, confident that the new Japan is within the democratic orbit, feels that the Japanese nation is now strong enough to withstand the stresses and strains brought on by open conflict. This he attributes to the philosophy of American occupation: one of restoring individual responsibility through moral and political means rather than by the use of force.

As this is written, General MacArthur is already at work on a program to insure, to a large degree, the internal security of Japan. He has authorized a national police reserve of 75,000 men to be trained and equipped to cope with any situation that might get beyond the capabilities of the regular Japanese police force of 125,000 men scattered over the four main Nippon islands. General MacArthur's order was interpreted in some quarters as the first step toward formation of a Japanese army. Actually, the general proceeded precisely along the lines of policies established long ago by the Far Eastern Commission (the Allied powers) which sits in Washington and issues directives for the occupation command. The commission said expressly that Japan "may have adequate civilian police forces." In view of the present crisis, the MacArthur authorization of only 75,000 additional police is both cautious and conservative.

The difficulties in the way of effectively rearming Japan, if it comes about, seem almost insurmountable, yet there are some American military observers who insist that it can and must be done immediately. These advocates believe that an efficient Japanese army—for whatever mission is necessary—can be organized and trained in from three to six months. They are thinking in terms of large numbers of troops, a reservoir of fighting men, to weigh against the massive manpower the Communists have accumulated in the Orient—the millions of Chinese, Mongols, Manchurians and Soviet Siberians pressed against the democratic flanks in the Far East and under orders from Moscow.

Perhaps these military observers are overly optimistic, but the manpower potential of Japan is obvious. Japanese estimate that from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 of their countrymen would respond quickly to any call to arms. There are several million repatriates among the Japanese, many of them ex-soldiers, who were trapped in Communist-conquered areas of Asia when Japan was defeated. They know Russian brutality firsthand. A well-informed Japanese told this correspondent that most of these repatriates say, "Let's go again."

It is probably correct to say that there would be no great difficulty in recruiting Japanese soldiers in sufficient numbers to create at least some balance between the forces of Soviet Russia and its Oriental satellites, and those representing the anti-Red world. The problem of training might be harder to overcome because it involves the availability of leaders. All professional army officers of Japan have been "purged," that is, denied rights, political and economic, to prevent the growth of another militarist class. Technically, these professionals can never again serve under arms. Equipping a Japanese army is a job that could be done only by the United States. Even if Japan reconverted its industry to armament, there is little its factories could do without sources for raw materials.

But speculation about the problems and potential of a rearmed Japan gets ahead of the decision as to whether Japanese neutrality—and the long-standing terms of Japan's surrender five years ago—must be abandoned.

At the beginning of the occupation in 1945, it was assumed by all sincere peace-seeking powers that Japan would develop a sound democracy, politically and economically, and that, eventually, American occupation forces would leave with this assurance: that the new Japan could carry on without threat from the outside and without aggressive intentions of its own.

All that is what General MacArthur has been striving for; it is what responsible Japanese leaders have been looking to. They have had to assume further, of course, that an independent Japan would live in a tranquil community of nations where moral force prevailed.

This correspondent observed to a Japanese editor that the United States and United Nations were trying to maintain such moral force everywhere.

The editor replied: "Yes, and that is your weakness."

What the editor, a thoroughgoing realist, meant was that military force is all that counts now. He said:

"A Japanese army is absolutely necessary. We must get started on one right away." *(Continued on page 69)*

General MacArthur has authorized an increase of 75,000 men in the regular Japanese police force of 125,000. They will get pistols and carbines, and maybe machine guns later

BLACK STAR

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INSIDE HOOPENDYKE

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Charlie Hoopendyke wanted to marry Linda, and he wanted to be a big-business tycoon. After the crazy doings at the company picnic, he couldn't see much future for himself—either as a husband or a financier

WHEN I woke up the morning of the picnic and saw the sun it didn't surprise me. I had the world by the tail. It had been fate that had sent me to the Morgenthaler Chemical Company two weeks after I graduated from college. They manufactured heavy chemicals and it was the last place in the world where you would ever expect to meet a girl like Linda, especially the way it smelled. After I met Linda I didn't even smell the smell any more.

It happened on my first day. I was a little nervous, because my boss, Mr. MacFarland the sales manager, kind of growls when he talks and when he wants something he wants it right away.

He called me into his office right after I'd arranged the pencils and paper clips on my desk. "FileonBriggsandSnyder," he growled out of the side of his mouth. It was kind of cryptic but I took it to mean he wanted it.

I dashed over to the filing cases, opened the A-F drawer and started through the B's. It wasn't there. No file on Briggs & Snyder. I stood there appalled. Could I go back and say I couldn't find it? It was my very first assignment on my first day in the business world! Is that a way to get elected to the board of directors?

The way Mr. MacFarland talks out of the side of his mouth, kind of growling, I thought maybe I didn't hear him right. Maybe he didn't say Briggs & Snyder, maybe he said Griggs & Snyder.

I went through the G drawer. Gregg Brothers but no Griggs. I'm sweating blood. What else could it be? Higgs? Miggs? Suddenly I hear Mr. MacFarland talking on the telephone.

"I sent some chucklehead for it," he growls. "Probably he stopped off for a cup of coffee."

I'm dying. Then a soft voice asks, "Do you feel all right?"

There's this girl standing there. Not very big, with brown hair in bangs and wide blue eyes. Right away I stop smelling Morgenthaler.

"File on Briggs & Snyder," I croak. "It's missing."

"I was just checking it," she says. "Here," and she put it in my hands. "I'm the file clerk."

"File on Briggs & Snyder, Mr. MacFarland," I said, dashing madly into his office.

I came out again and went over to the girl. "Thanks for saving my life," I said. "I'm Charlie Hoopendyke."

She giggled—people usually do. "Mr. Hoopendyke of Morgenthaler," she said. "How do you do? I'm Linda Smith."

Right then and there I made a switch. Up until that exact moment, two weeks and one day after graduation, I had planned to be a business tycoon, using Morgenthaler as an opening wedge. I could see myself in years to come, lean and ruthless, a lone wolf pulling the strings, controlling dynasties, testifying before Congressional committees.

Looking at Linda, I changed my mind. Money isn't everything, I told myself. Let someone else be the empire builder. I'd stay here at Morgenthaler and settle for the presidency and fifty grand a year, a home in the suburbs and Linda.

I was staring at her when I heard noises in the distance.

"Hoopendyke," growled Mr. MacFarland and I dashed off. . . .

A month later I wasn't so nervous, especially since Linda had let me take her to the movies twice. She'd grown up in town and gone into the company from high school. She helped me in my early days with the company and that is a nice thing for a woman to do: to assist a man at the start of his career. I regarded it as the foundation stone of our romance but I hadn't mentioned that to Linda. I was waiting for the right opportunity.

We came home from the movies on our second date and I was telling Linda how ambitious I was, and she said, "Maybe you lose something, too, when you go to the top in business. The money would be fine, but maybe there are other things in life that you miss along the way."

We were sitting on the top step of her front porch. "Linda," I said, "not only are you good-looking, you also have brains."

After all by then I'd been at Morgenthaler a month; I was an experienced businessman. I had to admit it was just possible I might never get to be president of Morgenthaler. It could happen. I thought maybe I'd settle for a vice-presidency and twenty-five thousand a year. A guy could do all right on twenty-five grand, particularly with a girl like Linda by his side.

This fellow picked Linda up in his arms and kissed her

It was the next day I heard about Jackson. One of the salesmen saw me talking to Linda during lunch hour when she was eating a peanut-butter sandwich and still managing to look cute. He collared me afterward.

"I hear she went out with you," he said. "How come? What about Jackson?"

"Jackson?" I said. "Who's Jackson? Seems to me I've heard the name but I don't recall him."

The salesman stared at me. "He thinks he's heard the name," he sneered. "Ever since Jackson came with the company, she was his girl. Wouldn't give anyone else a tumble even when they transferred Jackson to Chicago a year ago. A big wheel—writes more business than any other salesman."

Some guy in Chicago. Chicago was a long way off, and when Linda said she'd love to go to the Lyric with me that Friday night, I crossed Jackson off the list. And that Friday night I asked her to go with me to the Morgenthaler picnic; the picnic was a month off.

It was an annual affair out at Pickens Grove, featuring a softball game, entertainment by various talented employees, hot dogs and beer and lemonade, dancing after dark.

Linda said, "It would be fun, Charlie, going with you. We have good times together. I'll have to think about it for a few days."

Jackson, I thought to myself. He might be coming back for the picnic. I was chewing my fingernails that week, but on Thursday, Linda told me she'd go with me.

I walked past her on clouds into Mr. MacFarland's office.

"What are you looking so sappy about?" Mr. MacFarland said.

"Something nice that happened, Mac," I said. It was the first time I'd called him Mac instead of Mr. MacFarland. I waited for him to start barking but he just grinned at me.

"Linda, huh?" he said. "When the cat's away, hey, Hoopendyke? Ever hear of Pete Jackson? Has he come back here since you've been with us?"

"Haven't ever seen him," I said.

He gave me some correspondence to handle and I started for my desk.

Linda said, "What kind of sandwiches shall I make for us for the picnic, Charlie?"

"Peanut butter," I said. I don't know why I said it. I hate peanut butter. It had to be love.

That was how it was. And then two days before the picnic Mr. MacFarland called me into his office. I didn't run, I walked. I didn't stand ramrod straight beside his desk; I flopped in the chair across from it and lit a cigarette.

"What can I do for you, Mac?" I said and blew smoke at him.

He stared at me a moment. "Ever been to Rochester?" he said.

I shook my head.

"You've done all right," he growled at me. "In fact, pretty damn' good. After the first of the year you'll be in Rochester. With Ed Hurley—working with him for a year. Then you'll have a sales territory of your own unless Hurley turns in an adverse report. How's it sound?"

I couldn't say a word. I just sat there. I'd taken a puff on my cigarette and I think the smoke was coming out of my ears.

Mac grinned at me. "This ain't the men's lounge," he said. "Get to work."

I recovered my voice in the outer office and paused at Linda's desk.

"You ever been to Rochester?" I said.

She shook her head.

"It's another thing we have in common," I said. "I've never been there either."

But I was convinced we'd *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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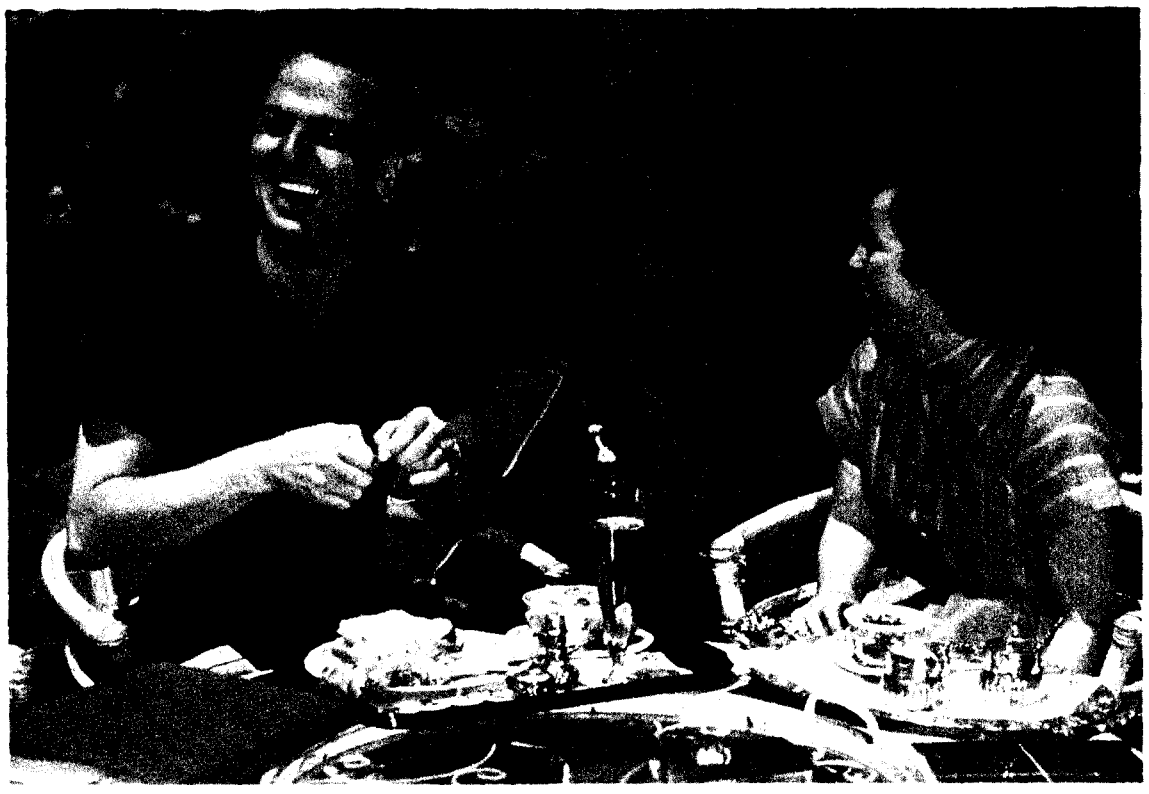

The home life of the Markles betrays Hollywood's reputation for sophisticated gaiety. Both Fletcher and Mercedes work long hours, and lunch together on their terrace is a Sunday event

With 9-year-old son John Lawrence, Mercedes goes hiking along the road near their house

Tough As a Kitten

By GLADWIN HILL

Mercedes McCambridge won an Oscar for her first movie role. An actress in the classic sense, her eyes do everything but whistle Dixie and her voice has an impact rivaling Grable's curves

IN THE midst of filming All the King's Men, which went on to win the Academy Award as the best movie of 1949, there came a tense moment. The script called for John Ireland to fetch Mercedes McCambridge a brisk slap in the face. Everyone on the set was abuzz with ideas as to how the scene might be played. But Robert Rossen, the director, put a finger to his lips and said, "Shhhh. Let's just see how *she* does it."

The camera started grinding. With a final bitter phrase, Ireland hauled off and whacked Mercedes across the cheek. Instead of crumpling delicately into convulsive sobs as slapped movie actresses have been doing for years, the taut little Irish girl from Chicago made cinematic history of a sort by acting human.

"Owwwwww-oooooooh!" she yelled. It was one of the most realistic cries of shock, pain and rage ever registered on film, punctuating an off-beat performance that was to make movie audiences perk up their ears each time Mercedes came on the screen and conveying to them the sense that here, by golly, was an actress who really could act.

This impression was confirmed in the months following the picture's release as Mercedes knocked off one award after another for her portrayal of Sadie Burke, political hatchet-woman.

The Hollywood Foreign Correspondents Association, representing millions of overseas readers, voted her both its annual Golden Globe award for the best supporting performance of the year and a similar trophy as the most promising newcomer in films. In the New York film critics' annual best-actress selection, she lost out to Olivia De Havilland only after four ballots. And she was among the winners of the Associated Press national poll.

This triumphal progress culminated last March when Mercedes won out over Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Waters, Celeste Holm and Elsa Lanchester for the coveted Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences Oscar for the best supporting performance of the year.

It was only the third time in the 22-year history of this award that it had gone to a Hollywood unknown—previous movie debut winners having been such stage stars of note as Helen Hayes and Katina Paxinou. Moreover, Mercedes' coup was underscored by the fact that although she had been heard more or less anonymously by millions as a voice on countless radio shows, this Oscar-winner was her first film role.

After All the King's Men came out, a half-dozen studios offered her long-term contracts that would have assured her upward of $100,000 a year. But —with a defiance of Hollywood orthodoxy which has since become film-town talk—she turned them all down in favor of free-lancing so that she could pick her own parts.

Her second picture, completed just as she took formal possession of the Oscar, is Warner Brothers' tentatively titled Lightning Strikes Twice, in which, as a lonely dude-ranch operator, she co-stars with Richard Todd and Ruth Roman. Recently she finished The Scarf—for release this fall by United Artists—playing a girl who befriends a fugitive from an insane asylum. Among several vehicles ahead, she'd scheduled to play in The Gardenia, a story being written especially for her.

Mercedes' pay jumped from $750 a week for All the King's Men to $2,000 on Lightning Strikes Twice and $7,500 a week for her last picture.

The McCambridge meteor has few of the stock attributes of filmland glamor. Thirty-two years old, small, trim-figured, she has a face which, while pleasing, is so atypic that in her only previous stab at films, she was flatly rejected as movie timber.

During a brief sojourn in Hollywood before the war, an agent got her a test at M-G-M. Expressing alarm at the flare of her nostrils, the test director tried disguising them with something Mercedes recalls as eerily resembling "somebody else's skin," threw up his hands at the result, and pronounced her too unphotogenic even to warrant a voice test.

Mercedes has a high forehead that causes makeup men to reach for hair-piece camouflages. Her dark brown hair, which she trims herself with manicure scissors, is usually tousled. If you saw her hurrying out of an office building at five o'clock, you would, offhand, hardly tab her as the most-dated girl in the Bogle Manufacturing Company.

But she has a dimpled, winning smile, a slightly aquiline nose, dark brown eyes—crinkled at the corners—that can do everything but whistle Dixie, and a voice with an impact rivaling that of Betty Grable's curves.

Both Mercedes' voice and her acting authority stem mainly from 14 years of radio work in Chicago and New York, during which she played everything from grandmothers *(Continued on page 67)*

Mercedes takes some sun on the back lawn of the sumptuous French-provincial home she and husband Fletcher Markle, rent in Bel-Air

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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TENNIS BUM

By MATT BRYANT

Johnny didn't claim to be a nice guy, and most of the time he didn't act like one. He didn't like to be pushed around, either, and he'd fight hard for a chance to even a score

THE maid was chattering about how Mrs. Townsend wasn't expecting him and she didn't have the guest room ready and land sakes, wouldn't Miss Tina be surprised.

He put his suitcase and tennis rackets beside the stairs, turned, and smiled, "Okay, okay, I'm briefed; now run tell the ladies of the manor their prodigal bum has returned. And then you can go and thaw out the fatted calf."

The maid trotted up the stairs and Johnny stood surveying the room. This wasn't the fanciest place he visited as he free-loaded around the amateur tennis circuit year after year but, all things considered, the Townsends came pretty near the top of his list of sponsoring patrons.

He shoved his hands into the pockets of his green corduroy jacket and paced the room slowly. Frankly, he admitted, he was worried. These flesh buyers in the tournament towns wined, dined, and subsidized you only as long as you were winning—and he hadn't gotten farther than the quarter-finals of any tournament this season. In June, in Cleveland, he'd been afraid his host was going to give him the tennis bum's rush, but he drank with the guy, pushed the old charm, and sat around reminding him how he, Jonathan Temple, had had a national ranking just three years ago, right behind Schroeder, Gonzales, Parker and Talbert.

Nobody had pulled the welcome mat out from under him—yet.

Except for four years in the Navy, he'd been riding the circuit ever since '39 and he'd seen too many of the bums turn up wearing the cold look. Your sponsor in one town gets disenchanted, and a chain reaction sets in and doesn't stop until it blows you right out of tennis. Unless you've got a sucker in every tournament town, amateur tennis is just that: amateur. And it costs dough to play games for the fun of it.

Johnny mixed himself a drink at the liquor cabinet and sat down. He took the drink in one gulp and sat looking at the empty glass.

"Hello, Johnny. I see you've made yourself at home."

He looked up. Monica Townsend was standing there, not smiling at all. She was a handsome, ash-blond woman in her forties. "You shouldn't sneak up on a guy without warning, Monica."

"That's a little advice you might take yourself, don't you think?"

Johnny got up and grinned at her. "*Touché*, lady, *touché*." He put the glass on the cabinet. "I washed out in the preliminaries for the Viking Trophy."

"Yes, we noticed."

Johnny smiled, "Well, I thought I'd come over and play games with you and Tina until the Townsend Cup competition starts."

"We're flattered. But don't you think you might have let us know?"

"Frankly, I've been around so long I didn't think it was necessary."

"As a matter of fact, Johnny, you *have* been around a long time—perhaps too long. I didn't ask the tournament committee to let us have you as a house guest this year, And I'm afraid I couldn't even put you up until the guest I've requested arrives. There's just too much preparation to ask the help to do anything extra."

After a couple of minutes of letting it soak in that what he was afraid of had at last happened, Johnny Temple smiled slowly and said quietly, "Well, Monica, I guess that means, 'Get the hell out of here.' "

"It's just that—well, I think a break in the routine will be good for all of us."

Johnny shrugged. He'd been expecting it but he still felt kind of sorry for himself. He guessed it was because that was about all he could do about it. He turned and walked over to the window. "Can I see Tina before I'm tossed out?"

"I'd rather you didn't. As a matter of fact, that was another reason I didn't ask for you this year. I'd rather Tina didn't see so much of—"

Johnny swung around. "Look, Monica, I like Tina. She's bright and cute and fun. She knows all the answers even if she doesn't really know what they mean. I just want to see her."

Monica started for the stairs. "If you insist," she said, and went up. Johnny wondered if, in twenty-five years, Tina would get that cold, steely look. Whether she would or not, the big question now was whether old Temple could get himself a reprieve from the warden's daughter.

When he heard a door open and close upstairs, he got up and went to the foot of the stairs. Tina came running down. She was growing up to be even prettier than Johnny had expected. He stopped her on the stairs, put his arms around her, and pressed his mouth against hers.

She put both her hands on his chest and pushed hard. She twisted out of his arms and ran on down the steps. "That wasn't nice, Johnny."

"Sorry, I was just picking up where we left off last year."

Tina smiled a little. "Well, all right. A nice friendly kiss on the cheek."

"Huh-uh. My game may be going back on me, Tina, but my aim's not that bad."

"Don't talk that way, Johnny."

He walked over toward her, "Say, what's wrong? You ganging up on me?"

She looked down at her toes. "Nothing's wrong. It's just that I don't like to be treated like—well, like some girl you'd picked up."

Johnny laughed. "Sorry, but now come and show me at least you're glad to see me." He put his arms around her and started to pull her against him. It was a dirty trick, a real dirty trick, he thought; but that was the way Tina had always used him.

She backed away quickly, "Mother's right," she said. "You're nothing but a gigolo. I don't know what I ever saw in you." And then she said, as though she had just made it up, "It must have been my youth. Like Mother said, you just rush from one tournament to the next, panting for every girl you see."

Johnny rubbed the back of his neck, "You know, between you and your mother, you're giving me a pretty rough time. How about telling me what this is all about?"

Tina clenched her fists. "You'd really be in a bad way if you lost a leg or an arm and had to start using your head, wouldn't you?"

"Come on, Tina, say it like a road sign."

"It's a matter of grooming," she said. "A girl doesn't look well with run-down heels."

Johnny hitched his belt and walked slowly up to her. "Say it plainer."

"All right. Including entertainment, club membership and donating the trophy, the annual tournament costs Mother better than four thousand dollars. She doesn't feel you're worth the investment. She doesn't want any cracked-up court sweepers spoiling something she looks forward to all year."

Johnny looked down at her. Her eyes showed she was really mad. "What's she want for peanuts, gorgeous—the Duke of Windsor's head on a platter?"

Tina raised her right arm. The sound of her hand on his cheek cracked in his ears. The maid was holding the front door open for him.

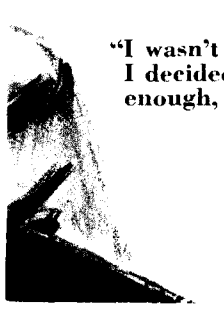
AS HE parked his prewar convertible in the lot beside the clubhouse, Johnny Temple tried to tell himself he shouldn't be surprised—when you build a house of cards you know damn' well there's a joker in it someplace.

From the start, twelve years ago, he'd known what amateur tennis was: people like the Townsends who leased themselves tennis players—good ones—for a week and then tossed them back.

He opened the car door, swung his legs out, and sat looking at the lot filled with bright-colored convertibles and long, black limousines. The rich patrons. Win and you're a nice chap. Lose and they put the guest towels in the linen cabinet.

Johnny slid out of the car and walked over to the clubhouse. He could hear the quick, rhythmic *plop-sock, plop-sock* of tennis balls. Get hot, kiddies, he thought, and you can say you beat Johnny Temple—you know, the guy who was fifth once?

He pushed open the screen door and walked across the porch. Women looked up from their gin fizzes and stared at his trim figure as he went into the lounge. This time he didn't notice. He was going to try not to *(Continued on page 44)*



"I wasn't good enough," Pete said, "and I decided I didn't even *want* to be good enough, if it meant playing for blood"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

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Nightgowns that do double duty as colorful formal gowns go whirling across dance floors on very special dates. Nylon is the light, shining stuff in—

The Gay Nighties

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE, ULRIC MEISEL, JOHN FLOREA, DICK BOYER

FINDING their glamorous new nightgowns beautiful enough to wear outside the boudoir, modern young women are doing just that, dining and dancing in them at some of the finest night clubs and restaurants from coast to coast. A big favorite is the luxite nylon pleated gown shown in a dual role on these pages. This nightgown, in classic Greek style, has a pleated bodice and rounded shoulder frames, French roll piping at the waist and a pleated panel front which fans to soft skirt fullness.

The nightgown, converted to a formal with the addition of an opaque slip, is made in a delicate champagne color called honey mist, and in green, rose flame and sapphire blue. It is dramatic both in color and line. Made of nylon tricot, which is durable and comfortable, the gown is easy to wash, quick to dry and needs no ironing. (The accordion pleats are permanent.) Many times stronger and lighter than other commonly used fabrics, nylon retains its shape and dries rapidly because it is nonporous and therefore does not absorb water in laundering.

Accessory suggestions for the gowns in their dancing role are: for the honey mist, gold chandelier earrings, gold bag and sandals; for the sapphire blue, royal-blue velvet ribbon choker with deep pink camellia, metallic bag and deep-blue shoes; for the green, silver jewelry, including earrings, necklace and bracelet on each wrist, gun-metal sandals and beaded bag; for the rose flame, pearl earrings, rope-pearl necklace, white formal gloves, seed-pearl evening bag and sandals dyed to match.

Rosemary Colligan, New York model, prepares for bed in the nightgown which she finds attractive enough to be used as a formal dancing dress

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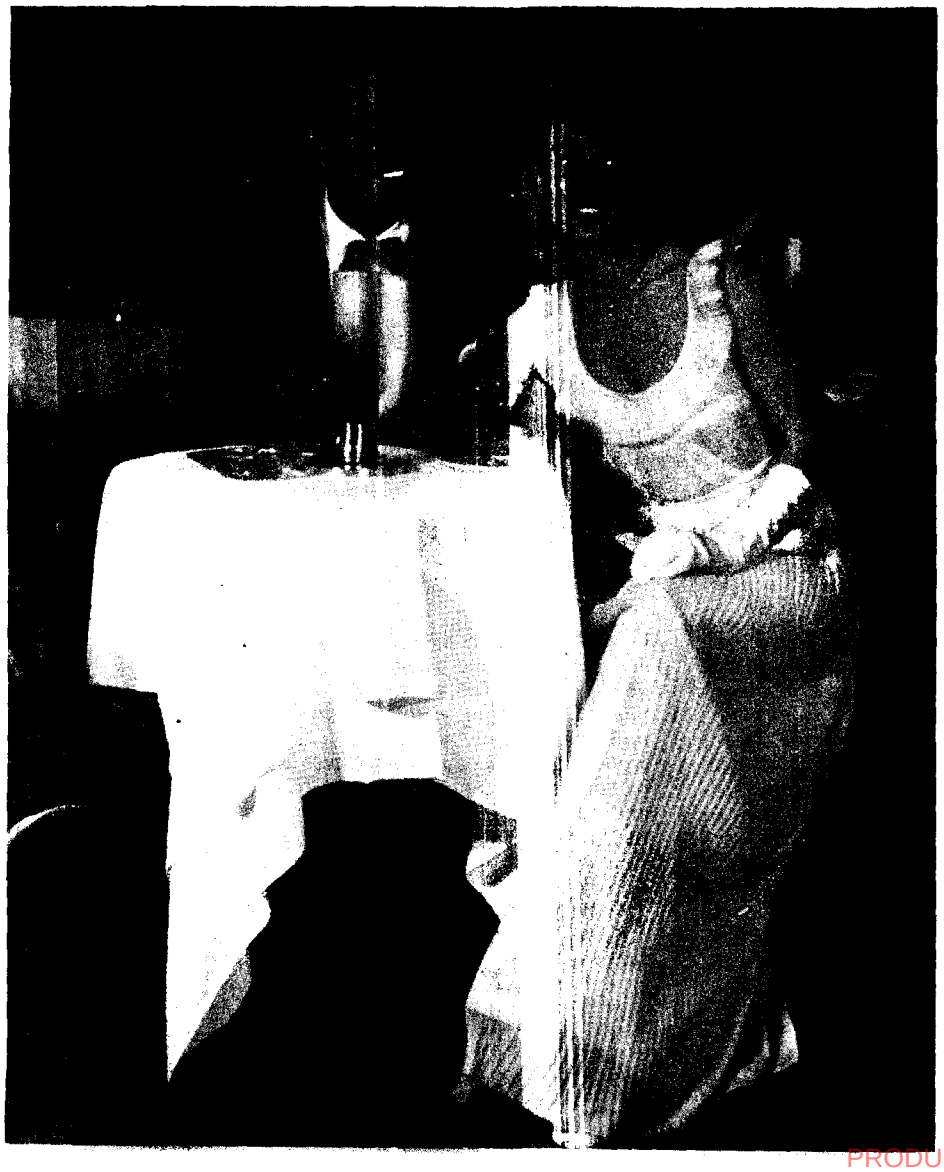
Rosemary and her escort, Erik Blythe, seek a table in the Stork Club, New York City's famous dining salon, from Ed Wynne, the day manager. Rosemary decided her nightgown was just the thing

Beverly [illegible], escorted by Robert Willard, wears her nightgown to Arthur's Restaurant in Dallas, Texas. They pause at the steak counter to talk over the house specialty with chef John Siegrist

June Bright and Lee MacGregor at a table in the Mocambo, top favorite with night clubbers in Hollywood. June got dressed up in her nightgown—with a slip and accessories—for the date



June Lambeau, in her nylon nightdress, and escort Joel Mitchell do a little table-hopping in Chicago's Pump Room to say hello to Rae Habue, stylist, and Ned Woodbury, advertising executive

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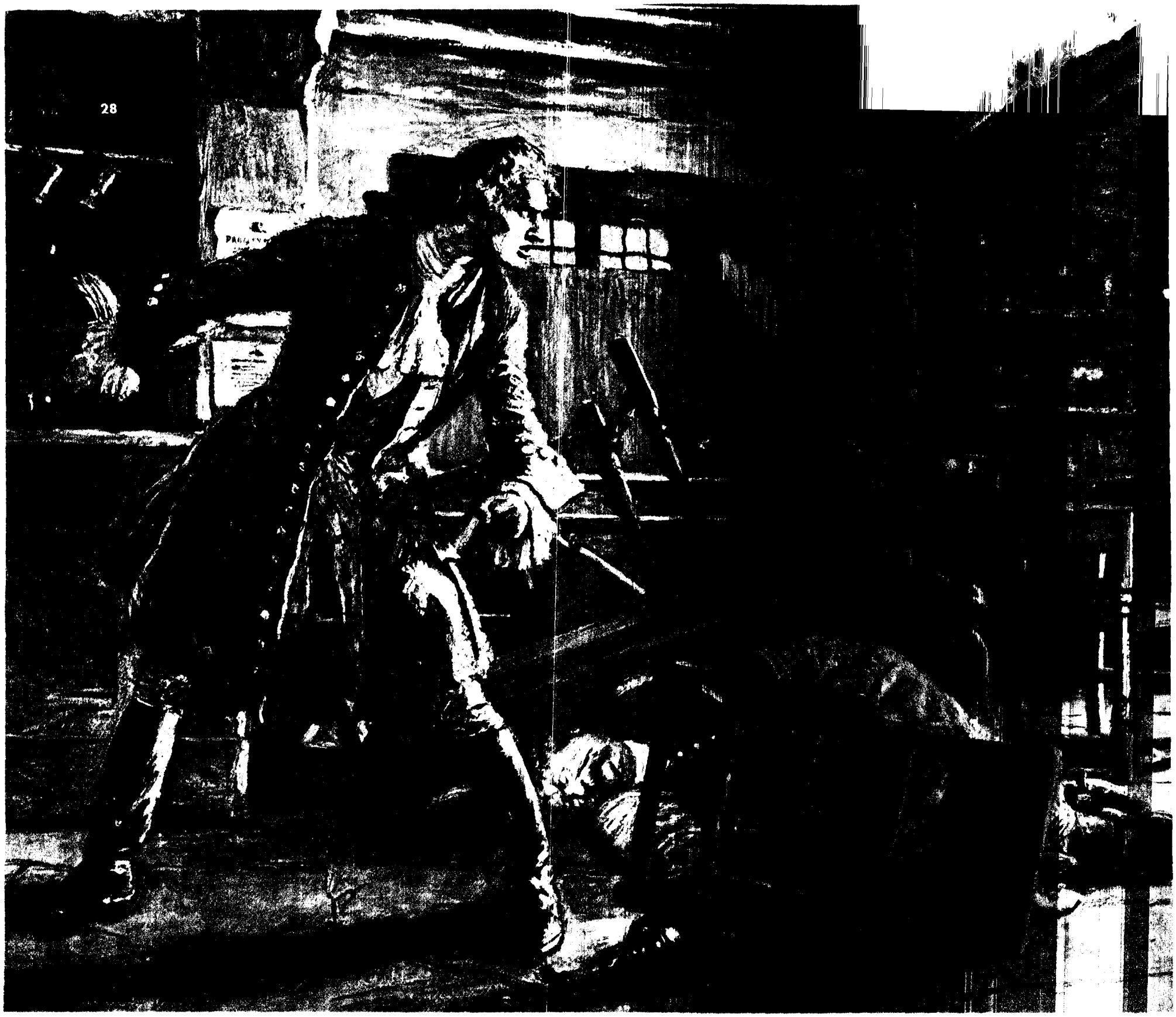

The Retu n

It was a night for bold adventure—a night for a

THE white road, ambling up and down through gentle slopes of grass just turning brown with autumn, now flanked by groves of heavy oak trees and now open to the wind that prickled his skin into tiny bumps of cold, brought him at last to a hill-sheltered valley and the inn he was seeking. There were tall elms about it, and the signboard creaked in the tag end of the sighing wind; in the seedy grandeur of flaking paint it carried a portrait of a great red bull, prancing on its hind legs and pressing with a once-polished forehoof on the bag of a set of Scotch pipes, at which it tootled forever soundlessly. The legend, though badly needing a retouching brush, could still be read: Bull and Bagpipes.

He rode into the yard, and an ostler came running.

As the sun had set, some little while before, he had reined in and squinted at a dim signpost: *London 30 M.* Since then he had been cantering through the mauve-brown twilight, watching for an inn. Now he grinned with relief, stretching cramped and tired muscles. "Take care of the beast," he said, "for she's come a distance."

"No fear, sir," said the ostler. "We knows how to do particular well by horses here, sir. Oats, sir, and groomin', sir, and water what's not too bloody cold nor yet sickenin' warm, sir. Never fear!"

The rider went up to the inn door and, after a look at the darkening sky, opened it and went in. For a moment he experienced the disagreeable sensation that everything there had turned to peer at him—the chairs, the black oak beams, the very taps of the beer kegs, all hostile and suspicious; as though he were an interloper in some secret hideaway. Then the odd spell was broken, as a heavy man who had been standing by the bar came forward to greet him. Fully a third of his jovial brown face was devoted to an enormous gray mustache, and lapped about his great waist was an old and untidy apron. "Welcome, sir," he bawled, his voice like that which might have been expected from the bull on his own nameboard. "A bit of weather a-coming. Will you sit over here? It's a cozy nook by the fire, and at mention of the cold we'll fling another log on." He did so even as he spoke, and the flames leaped up and hurled quick rosy sparks right and left. "You'll want a good supper and a downy bed?"

"The best supper you can put together."

"Ah," said the innkeeper, "you'll have ridden a far way since the last honest meal. There's no tav-

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Cat Kit hurled himself through the air and hit Barstow with his shoulder in the pit of the stomach

...of Virtue

By ROBERT W. KREPPS

...country boy to lose his innocence, and for the king of highwaymen to regain his gallant heart

ern worthy of the name for ninety miles in any direction, save Ruby Blake's Bull and Bagpipes." The mustache expressed a vast scorn for all the other inns of England. "There's coffee purring on the charcoal, sir, that'll make your heart bounce with glee; there's stewed carp so good you'd think they came out of the streams of heaven; there's cheese—"

"Enough," said the other, laughing. "Enough, host! Bring it on, bring it all on!" The innkeeper turned about and vanished into his kitchen, and the guest threw off his rider's greatcoat and lolled back in the chair, thrusting out his boots to the radiant hearth. How wrong had his first impression been, he thought; for this was as hospitable a place as you'd care to find.

His name was Gerald Thomas. He was twenty-four years old, with thin strong horseman's hands and a clean open face. His eyes were brown, and he wore his own chestnut hair clubbed behind. His suit was paduasoy, rich, heavy, corded stuff, rather unsuited to a long, rough ride; but he had left his home at ten minutes' notice, and with no more baggage than he could stuff into his greatcoat pockets.

The carp soon appeared, with a finjan of really fine coffee. Then came the beef pasty, the pigeon pie, a dish of neats' tongues, and half a dozen other courses; and to wash it down, tankards of bitter ale. Gerald Thomas ate like three hungry men, and did not stop until he had cleaned up an apple tart and finished a thick wedge of yellow cheese clear down to the rind. Then he gave the table an ineffectual push with his palms and gasped happily.

"Ruby Blake, you set a table for the gods."

"Also a long ride makes the best sauce in the world," said the other modestly. "Tell me now, sir, where you've come from and what's the news in your part of the country?"

"Sit down and have a glass of something with me," said Thomas. The host lowered himself slowly into a chair, which *(Continued on page 57)*

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Bobbie Reed, who works in Jewell's office, fondles a source of part of her future income

Predominant in Jewell's coops are New Hampshire Red (above) and barred Plymouth Rock

Jesse Jewell (left) inspects chicken with Frank Thurmond, one of 5,000 growers serving packers

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Government Inspector Dr. D. E. Wishard (second man from left) watches the production line

Chickens in the ice, now ready for packing, are pushed along by Robert Peeples, Oscar Ivey, Jr.

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CHICKENS in the Wind

By JAMES ASWELL

When a tornado hit Gainesville, Georgia, it blew two boxcars into a wedge which protected Jesse Jewell's 5,000 chickens. Since then he has led the town to a boom in frozen poultry

WHEN the wind is right, citizens of Gainesville, Georgia, including occupants of the expensive new homes along Green Street and Dixon and Cherokee roads, can get a whiff of it. Nothing unpleasant: a mere soupçon of scent—but unmistakable to anyone who in youth has ever done chores around a henhouse. And the citizens of Gainesville love it; they throw back their heads and breathe deeply—the richer they are, the more rapturously they inhale.

Well they may.

The 800,000 dressed chickens shipped weekly from this second-largest broiler center in the world give Gainesville, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, not only prosperity but the atmosphere and psychology of a boom town after an oil or gold strike.

The taxi driver who hauled me from the station in the dawn was rushing to get home to tend his chickens. When I entered the Dixie Hunt Hotel dining room during a slack hour, a waitress was busy near my table figuring costs and income for her flock.

In Gainesville, if you want to hock your cotton farm—once the backbone of the local economy—bankers will shy off; but if you wish a few hundred or a few thousand on the contents of your backyard henhouse, they reach for the note forms avidly.

There is a legendary story of a crap game among the big wing-and-wishbone men during last year's Chicken Festival, at which one enthusiastic player lost 21,000 hatching eggs and a few hundred batteries of barred Rocks (with 144 chickens to a battery). He had to retrench for a month.

Perhaps some of the optimism in the air—a general feeling that today is fine and that tomorrow will be better—stems from knowledge of what Gainesville was fourteen years ago—when the worst tornado in the state's history hit it, leaving a heap of rubble.

Today everybody's happy, albeit a bit feverishly. There is Benzedrine in the mountain ozone; the air fairly cackles.

Plans have been afoot for some time for the celebration of Poultry Day at this year's Northeast Georgia Festival at Gainesville, from September 10th to 16th. Floats bearing girls tastefully attired in feathers will roll through town in a colorful parade. There will be poultry exhibits and contests. A cast of some 400 amateur actors and actresses will present a historical pageant depicting the growth and progress of the chicken industry. Last year, with only a one-day festival, the annual Gainesville event attracted more than 30,000 spectators.

Edmond F. Jared, executive secretary of the chamber of commerce, told me that the city was judged a Champion Home Town by the Georgia Power and Light Company. He said that Roger Babson, the financial authority, recently referred to Gainesville as one of the "golden opportunity cities of America." Jared estimates this year's broiler business at $50,000,000.

When the wind is right in Gainesville . . . Once, the wind was wrong.

A Georgia Town in the Thirties

Back in 1936, Gainesville was a sleepy Southern community of 10,200 population. It had been doing better than some other Georgia towns because it did not have to depend entirely on a tired cotton economy scratched from the long-mined red-clay hills. Gainesville had industry in the form of several fairly large textile miles nearby; and it had Riverside, a boys' military academy belonging to a pedagogic ball of fire named Sandy Beaver; and it had Brenau, an ancient college for women.

But Gainesville was no El Dorado on the fateful morning of April 6, 1936. The air was muggy and a great plum cloud with yellow edges came and sat in the west. At 8:30 the strange cloud lowered like a Disney giant. At 8:32 it struck. Minutes later the city was a shambles. There were 227 dead and missing, 950 injured and the tornado had taken a $16,000,000 bite out of the city's economy.

Gainesville lay prostrate, stunned. That's where the story of today's Gainesville begins.

Of course there was the Red Cross; the heroic local effort amid the ruins after the first paralyzing shock; President Roosevelt coming over from Warm Springs two days later promising quick federal succor from a train parked in the blitzed yards. . . . But the real mesh of drama in the city's climb back is most implicit in a red-haired young man's success story.

Jesse D. Jewell was born in Gainesville in 1902. There was nothing in the cards then to indicate that the Jesse Jewell of 1950, a stocky, broad-shouldered, fast-moving man with a rusty, small mustache, would have an $8,000,000 annual business and be the town's favorite son. If he didn't bring Gainesville back from the ruins on a chicken wing and a prayer, he certainly set the process in motion. You can't stay in town five minutes without hearing his name—or seeing it on his multiplying enterprises.

Jesse's father was a partner in a modest feed and fertilizer business and when he died, in 1909, he left a widow and five little Jewells. Later the widow married her late husband's partner, a widower with five children of his own. With this large and increasingly costly brood, the going was tough for Jesse's mother and stepfather.

His mother, a cultured woman and college graduate, helped out at the store and gave art lessons. She used to startle people by telling them she was in the art and fertilizer business.

Jesse wanted a college education, but that was difficult with so little money and so many other youngsters in the family who wanted one too. Nevertheless, he almost swung it by waiting on table and doing odd jobs at the University of Alabama and, closer home, at Georgia Tech, but finally he decided graduation was a *(Continued on page 47)*

They help keep the town's boom booming. Perry Parks (l.), John Martin own feed plants

County Agent Leland Rew figures area average farm income has jumped five times since 1930

E. T. BEAZELY

E. F. Jared, chamber of commerce official, predicts a 1950 broiler business of $50,000,000

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To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

The police were closing in on Paul, intimidating those who might help him, frustrating his search for the true facts of the crime. And then, mysteriously, came the startling message from behind the prison's walls . . .

The Story: PAUL ENGEL, living in Belfast, Ireland, with his mother, was training to become a university instructor when he learned, to his horror, that his father, LEON ENGEL, whom he remembered only dimly, was not dead, but was serving a life sentence for murder. He got the whole shocking, sordid story from PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, a family friend, whose pretty, shallow daughter ELLA hoped to become Paul's wife. Fifteen years before, Leon Engel had arranged for himself and his family to leave the Scottish city of Winton, where they then lived, and try their luck in the United States. Just before they could leave, however, Engel had been arrested for the murder of MONA SPURLING. JANET CROMBIE, her maid, and a young girl passer-by, LOUISA BURT, had made positive identification of Engel as the murderer. Only the victim's neighbor, ALBERT PRUSTY, had been uncertain. The rest of the evidence, as presented by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE of Winton had brought a verdict of guilty. Engel's death sentence had later been commuted.

Stunned at learning his father's history, Paul went on impulse to Stoneheath Prison, but was told no visitors were permitted the prisoners. He felt strangely that all was not right, and resolved to follow his intuition. He read the newspaper file on the murder in the local library, and despite the fact that there seemed to be no doubt of his father's guilt, he visited Albert Prusty, who still lived below the victim's flat. Prusty told him there had been another man at the scene of the crime, that Swann had been unconvinced of Engel's guilt and had consulted a lawyer, WALTER GILLETT. As a result of their investigation they had been respectively dismissed and disbarred, and sent to prison on a trumped-up charge.

Paul found Gillett had died, and he searched for Swann with no luck, until MARK BOULIA, the young librarian who had shown an interest in Paul, brought him the news that Swann was dying in a hospital. The case against Leon Engel, Swann told him, had been a frame-up, and one sanctioned by the public prosecutor, SIR MATTHEW SPROTT. Paul settled down in Winton, got a job playing the piano in the music department of a store, where he met lovely and reserved LENA ANDERSEN. He began a systematic campaign to discover the truth. Swann told him how to find Louisa Burt, and Paul went with Mark to meet her, without, of course, identifying himself. He realized she was a fantastic liar, and a foolish, ignorant girl.

Before their next appointment, Mark, in obvious terror, backed out of the arrangement. Paul went alone to find Louisa, and at her employer's house was picked up by the police. He was brought before Constable Urie, who warned him to keep away from the old case.

Undeterred, Paul went again to see Swann, only to find that he had died. Paul wrote up the whole case, and persuaded the reluctant GEORGE BIRLEY, a Member of Parliament, to reopen the matter officially.

IV

EVERY day, Paul read eagerly the reports in the Winton Herald of the previous day's proceedings in the House of Commons, although he knew there could be no immediate result—in the press of parliamentary business Birley must await his opportunity.

Buoyed by hope, he faced up to his present circumstances and made the best of them. At the store he played with more verve, catching Lena's eye often and trying to make her smile. It was not by any means an easy matter—but occasionally he succeeded in breaking through her serious air. Her eyes would light up, and a brightness animate her lovely face.

Paul's change of mood did not pass unnoticed by the manager.

"What's got into you?" Harris exclaimed sourly one day. "Somebody died and left you a fortune?"

"I'm expecting it any minute," Paul answered lightly.

The manager looked at him speculatively for a moment. Then he said, "Until it arrives, keep going. And keep your eyes off Miss Andersen." He gave Paul a queer glance. "You're only wasting your time."

Paul only smiled—of course, his feeling for Lena was no more than friendship. Indeed, ever since his interview with Birley his thoughts had turned dutifully to Belfast and several times he had been on the point of writing to give his mother and Ella his favorable news. He felt now that it might not be long before he was back home. Nevertheless, at lunchtime that same day—it was Saturday—as he sat enjoying a sandwich and his usual chat with Lena, a sudden lighthearted impulse took hold of him.

"Lena," he said, "why don't you and I go on a little outing tomorrow afternoon?"

As she did not answer he continued, "We could go to the Botanical Gardens. It won't be wildly exciting but it might be fun."

Her expression had changed slightly, and for a moment she was silent. "It's very kind of you," she said at last, with her eyes averted. "I don't often go out—"

The store was filling up again, and they both had to get back to work.

"Think it over," he said, swinging the piano stool round to the keyboard. "You can let me know later if you'd like to come."

Lena went slowly back to her counter. During these past six months, since coming to Winton, she had been so fully occupied *(Continued on page 60)*

On the journey back to Tron Place, Lena's expression was pensive. Whatever it was she wished to say to him, she simply couldn't say it

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Do We Have ENOUGH STRATEGIC MATERIALS *for WAR?*

America is building a stockpile, storing essentials that come from abroad against the day when enemy subs may strike at our sea lanes

By JOHN CONNER

TWENTIETH-CENTURY warfare, a devilish enterprise so expensive it defies arithmetic, is fundamentally composed of four elements: fighting men, supply lines, production facilities and, finally, raw materials. For three of these essentials, the United States relies upon its strong young men, native ingenuity, and a mass-production know-how unapproached by any other people on earth. For the fourth basic component of modern war—raw materials—we must depend upon the foresight of our military and economic leaders in time of peace.

Almost half of the 68 materials designated by the National Munitions Board as strategic indispensables for an effective modern war machine come from sources entirely outside the United States, some from tiny countries which might be gobbled up by a powerful enemy in a matter of hours. Most of them are so far from American shores that any foe armed with long-range submarines—such as Russia—can make uninterrupted wartime delivery to the United States simply impossible.

Rubber, for example, is almost as vital to the war mechanisms of this modern age as steel. The major world sources for raw rubber not only lie thousands of miles away from the United States—in the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya, French Indo-China, Siam and Burma—but are located inside the area right now imperiled by Communism in the Orient. Aluminum, vital in the production of airplanes, comes from bauxite, and nearly half of the world supply of good bauxite is found in Surinam, in South America, British Guiana, Curaçao and Jamaica.

Pure tungsten is required for radio, radar and all other electronic equipment; it forms the hard core of armor-piercing bullets. Tungsten comes from Bolivia and Peru, Argentina and Brazil, South Africa, the Belgian Congo, Rhodesia—long hauls, indeed. No suitable substitute has been found for abacá, from which is made the countless fathoms of rope, hawsers, marine cordage and cable demanded by war. The best world source of this fiber lies in the vulnerable Philippine Islands.

On paper, solution of the problem embodied in this grim set of facts appears childishly obvious: accumulation of a strategic materials reserve, or stockpile, big enough to meet the emergency of sudden war. Unhappily, this solution is not so easy to accomplish as it looks. We knew about stockpiling long before World War II. Before our very eyes, Hitler and his Nazis, Tojo and his Japs gathered iron ore, tin, tungsten, quartz crystal, aluminum, mercury and cordage fibers like squirrels expecting a long winter. Yet, when the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor in 1941, American raw material cupboards were almost bare.

HARRIS & EWING

We don't have an adequate stockpile of strategic materials now. What we've got is a good beginning. We have considerable raw materials on hand, although we need more. We have the machinery to do the rest of the job, and I am confident we will get it done.

W. Stuart Symington
Chairman, National Security Resources Board

For the tragic mistake of prewar torpor, we paid a terrible price in American lives, time and dollars. Men and guns and fighting ships which might have been crippling the enemy were needed to protect sea lanes so that material for bombers, ammunition and tanks could move to American factories. In spite of this costly protection, hundreds of cargoes of metal ore and rubber and bauxite and quartz and medicine were sent to the bottom by enemy submarines. A prewar stockpile would have placed much of this material safely on American shores ahead of danger.

Today, with Communism on the rampage in the Far East, the threat to raw material imports towers again in the menacing form of Soviet Russia's huge pack of schnörkel submarines. Even the most conservative estimates give the Communists a fleet of long-range undersea killers far outnumbering the combined Nazi and Japanese fleets of World War II. If global war comes again, the United States cannot afford a repetition of our raw material mistakes of the past. We must have a stockpile. Upon it may depend not alone hundreds of American lives, or even this entire nation, but the future of free civilization itself.

Four years ago Congress wrote a law, successor to earlier statutes, which provided for creation of a national stockpile of war materials. A plan was drafted, a $2.1 billion—since raised to $4 billion—objective laid down, to close the gap between wartime demand and estimated available wartime supply. The planners announced: "We'll finish it in five years."

Under Munitions Board blueprints, the American war materials stockpile should today be four fifths complete. Instead, the board reported to Congress recently, it is only slightly more than half complete. At the start of fiscal 1951, which began July 1, 1950, in the government's calendar, the value of the stockpile on hand was $1,556,000,000, only 38.9 per cent of the total objective of $4,000,000,000.

To be sure, an additional $495,000,000 batch of materials was on order, and the Federal Supply Service, which buys for the stockpile, had $454,000,000 of unliquidated contract authority in its till. And, late in July, with southern Korea aflame, the President asked Congress for another $600,000,000 for stockpiling, and his assistant, Dr. John R. Steelman, requested the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to increase synthetic rubber production by 100,000 tons annually. But wars are not fought with bills of lading or production orders. We are racing to catch up. But we're late—how late, perhaps only the Russians know.

The recent Munitions Board report said that stockpile buying over the past year failed to meet blueprint schedules in some very important items, notably rubber, copper and zinc. In the months ahead, intensive purchasing may be expected in the field of last year's buying shortages—in manganese and a few other materials sure to be needed in huge quantities if total war comes.

Considerable buying will be done, too, in items for which civilians rather *(Continued on page 72)*

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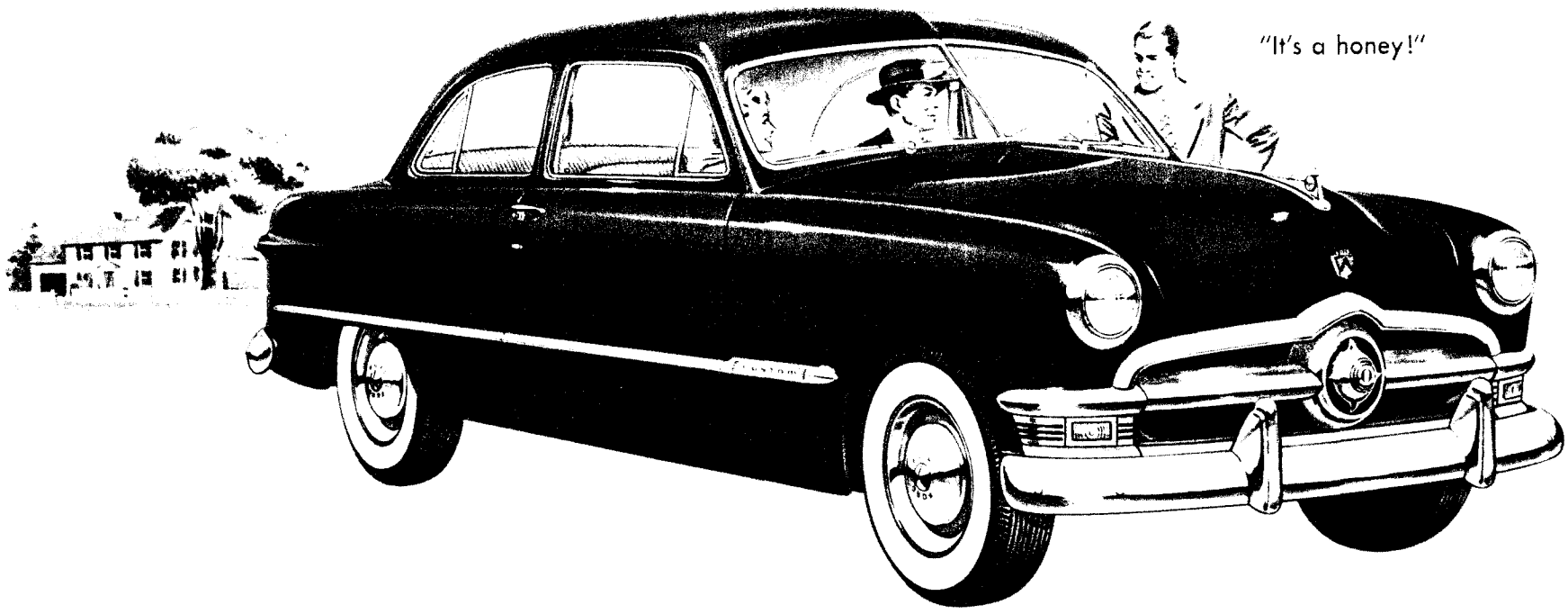

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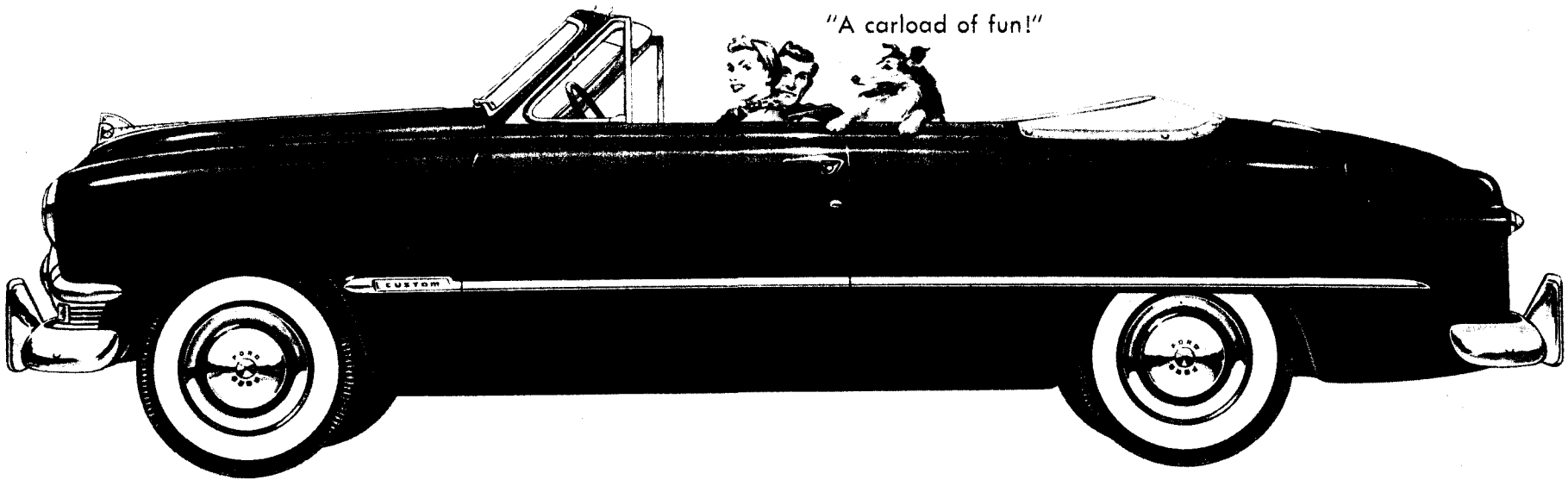

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Last Spring

ANTHONY SARIS

The kid looked pale, and his eyes were so big you couldn't see anything else

By PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

I ALWAYS used to like it when winter ended and the snow went away. It meant getting out bikes and cleaning up the sand lot and a lot of things. But it's all different now.

Last spring a new kid moved into the Wright house and as soon as we saw him, we knew he was different. He was a little guy about six or seven with big dark eyes and legs so skinny you'd wonder how they held him up. The Wright house was a big place and there were only the three of them—father and mother and this kid. People said they were stuck up and kept to themselves, but the kid used to wave to us and sometimes we'd see him looking through the bare hedge like he wanted to play. I remember he wore a red snowsuit that was too big for him. One day he came out and sat on the curb to watch us ride on our bicycles.

Cliff spotted him right away. "Yahoo! Out of the way, brat!"

The kid didn't even move when the bike bore down on him. It knocked him down and there was blood all over his cheek. He looked up at Cliff with a funny look of surprise, as if he didn't understand what happened to him. Then he began to cry.

His mother came running out. She was small and her hair was short and shiny in the sun. The slacks she wore made her look like a kid herself but her face got old when she picked up the boy. Cliff leaned back on his bike and laughed.

"Why did you do it?" she asked Cliff.

"He was in the way!" Cliff shrugged and looked right at her, waiting to see what she'd do. Her hand went up and for a minute we thought she was going to hit him. We gathered around, grinning and pushing one another, and then her face crumpled up like she was going to cry too. She didn't say anything, just carried the boy into the house.

After that, it got to be a game. We'd ride up and down and when one of us saw the kid we'd all gather at the curb and yell cracks at him. It always brought his mother out. She had a way of looking at us that goaded us on, and Cliff got to be pretty good at insulting her. Sometimes she'd just hover at the windows and we'd see her white face watching us. Cliff always got a rise out of her by making a dash at the kid and pretending he was going to hit him. If that didn't work we'd twist his arm a bit and she'd come out and take him in. Once she came out and began to plead with us.

Her lips were trembling. "Please, boys! Please! You don't know what you're doing!"

"Please, boys, please!" Cliff copied her and we all laughed so we didn't hear what else she said.

She lifted her hands in front of her eyes like she didn't want to see us, and the others thought it was a big joke. But I got a funny feeling watching her walk up to the house.

I don't suppose it would have gone on so long if she hadn't always been there watching over the kid. His father was nuts about him too. He used to take the early train home just to play with him. Did they ever spoil that kid! The toys he had—little cars and trucks and a train.

They did some funny things, that family. Crazy things like having a hamburger supper right out on the muddy lawn as if they couldn't wait for the grass. Easter morning they had an egg hunt all around the trees, and you'd think nobody lived around them for miles the way the three of them laughed and carried on. We stood on the road and watched them. Cliff yelled a few wisecracks, but the father came down to the curb and we beat it.

We didn't see the kid for a while after that. The lights were on a lot at the back of the house and we used to sneak up behind and throw mud at the windows. Sometimes we'd see the kid's father standing at the back door, black against the light.

Once I heard a woman crying. She was saying something over and over again. It sounded like, "I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

ONE day I was coming home from school when the leaves were green on the trees, and I saw the kid behind the hedge. He looked pale, and his eyes were so big you couldn't see anything else. He smiled at me like he was afraid not to. When I stopped and spoke to him, he backed away.

"Hello, kid! You been sick or something?"

He nodded and I was going on but he called me back.

"John! Wanna see something, John?"

He was trembling all over and just to humor him I said sure, I wanted to see something. He took me around the hedge and along a way behind it until we came to a place where he pushed the leaves aside.

"Look!" he said.

I looked and saw the bird's nest in the hedge. There were four blue eggs in it and I was going to touch them but he stopped me.

"Don't! The mother bird won't come back if you do. She's up there in the tree watching us now!"

Sure enough, there was a flash of rusty brown and black up in the elm.

"Gosh!" I said. "Four robin eggs!"

"There'll be baby birds soon!"

"Who says so?"

"My mother! She says the birds put the eggs there so I can watch them. It's exciting, isn't it?"

He grabbed my sleeve with a skinny hand and I looked down at it.

"You won't tell anyone, John? You'll keep it a secret?"

It was his eyes that got me. They were so big and dark and deep. I promised but I felt like a fool.

After that, whenever I saw him and there was no one else around, we'd look at the nest. It got to be a regular thing coming home from school and I know he waited for me. I got a kick out of it, and it really was exciting like he said.

Sometimes the mother bird was there and we'd be very quiet so as not to scare her. Sometimes she watched us from a tree, almost as if she trusted us, and we'd look at the four blue eggs and talk about when the birds would hatch.

Then one day when I came out from behind the hedge, Cliff was waiting for me. He grabbed me and yelled for the gang. "Where you been? What gives in there?"

I caught the white flash of the kid's face through the hedge.

"Nothin'!"

"Whadd'ya mean, nothin'?"

He twisted my arm up behind and pulled it. The gang was all around and I stood it as long as I could but I knew if it kept on I'd bust out crying.

"It's a bird's nest!"

He let me go then and I heard them all yelling and laughing, tearing the branches apart and tramping the hedge. The kid was yelling and crying. "No, no! Don't! Please don't!"

His voice rose to a thin scream but I couldn't look. His mother was with him now and I could hear her talking to him, easy and gentle. The gang went away but the kid kept on that steady, monotonous screaming. I got up off the sidewalk and went slowly around the hedge.

She was rocking him back and forth there on the ground. There was mud on her, and the tears made black marks down her cheeks. All around were twigs and bits of mud and broken blue shell. Her eyes met mine and she just looked at me.

I went away. I never saw the kid again.

AFTER school closed I went to camp. When I got back, the Wright house was empty and boarded up. I asked my folks about it and they said that the kid had died that summer, that his mother and father knew all the time.

"That's why they moved to our neighborhood!" my mother said. "To give him a normal life with other children. It's nice to think they were happy here!"

I got a funny, sick kind of feeling and went out of the house. When I saw Cliff I tried to tell him how I felt.

"Aw, heck!" he said. "It was only a bird's nest. Forget it!"

But I know I'll never forget it. Never as long as I live, as long as there are robins in the spring.

THE END

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It's not just a polish . . . not just another wax! Du Pont Spray Glaze (patent applied for) is a completely new kind of beauty treatment for your car—applied by a professional operator with a high-pressure spray gun. It's the amazing product of Du Pont chemistry that is thrilling car owners throughout the country.

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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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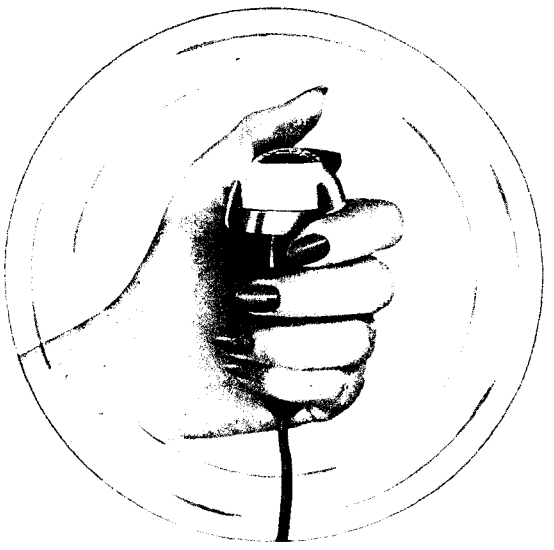
Now! Zenith Adds "LAZY *to Black Magic*



Zenith "Lazy Bones" Remote Control optional, at slight extra cost, on all new Zenith Television Receivers.

Complete automatic program selection in the palm of your hand...from anywhere in the room. Another Zenith "First"!

It's like something out of the Arabian Nights! From across the room—without *ever* leaving your easy chair—you change television programs with a small, streamlined control that fits cozily in the palm of your hand! Just press lightly with your thumb. **That's all there is to it! Nothing more to tune! Not one single knob to adjust or re-tune! All the necessary adjustments are made for you—automatically!**

Here is the greatest advancement in effortless program selection and tuning ease since television itself! Another Zenith "first" that adds as greatly to your relaxed enjoyment of television as Zenith Black Magic picture quality and viewing ease!

The marvelous precision and Gibraltar-like stability of Zenith's tuning mechanism makes possible this new remote control. When you see how Zenith® Black Magic Television brings you reflection-proof, glare-free pictures even in lighted rooms . . . even in far outlying locations . . . and now by **"Lazy Bones" Remote Control** . . . you'll *never* be content with less than a Zenith. Ask your Zenith dealer—he knows!

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BONES" Remote Contro

Television

All New

Models of Dazzling Beauty, Superb Quality.

ZENITH IS NO. 1 FOR '51

All of Zenith's 35-year leadership in engineering, styling and master cabinetry is embodied in *every one* of these brand new models. They bring you the greatly advanced features and enduring quality designed to assure your enjoyment and grace your home – for a lifetime!

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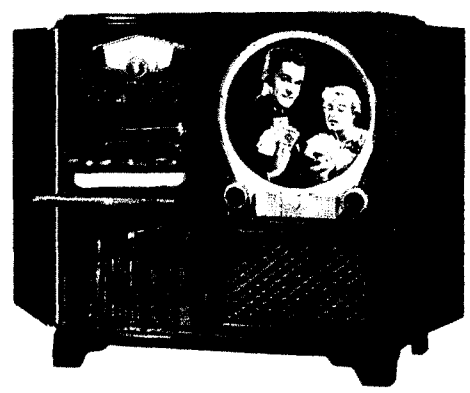
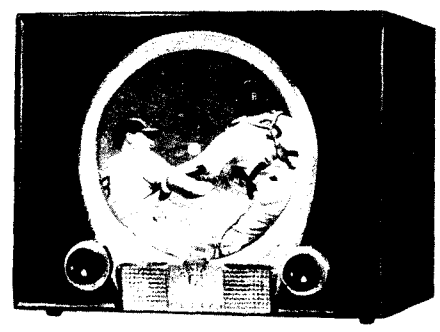
New Zenith Console TV, model H2438R. New 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 "Selecto-Screen" with Duplex Picture Control for a choice of circular or rectangular type pictures. Handsome period design cabinet of Mahogany veneers and hardwoods. Only **$299.95***



New Zenith TV-Radio-Phonograph, model H3267R. New 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 "Selecto-Screen" gives you *two* picture shapes in *one* set—circular and rectangular type. New "Cobra-Matic" record changer. New FM-AM radio. 2½ times more powerful speaker. Cabinet of genuine Mahogany veneers with full length doors – styled in 18th Century tradition. Only **$469.95***



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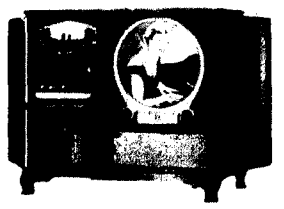

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PRIVATE EYE *in the World of Words*

By WILL OURSLER

In a "crime laboratory" stocked with books instead of fingerprints, scholarly Dr. Joseph Shipley tails words to their origin. Once he rescued an emperor's reputation by flushing out a translator's 500-year-old mistake

ONE evening recently Dr. Joseph T. Shipley, international authority on words and their origins, had a telephone call from an eminent historian who seemed highly agitated. The trouble, it appeared, centered around the Emperor Nero and his fiddle.

The historian was seeking an answer to the ancient $64 poser: Did Nero actually play the fiddle while Rome crackled in flames? "Can't find any evidence he knew one note from the next," the caller fumed. "The difficulty may lie in that word 'fiddle.' Could you help me, Doctor?"

Dr. Shipley could. It was his kind of "case." Two weeks later, after delving through an imposing array of source books, dust-ridden dictionaries and obsolete histories, he came up with the report that the accepted Nero story was spurious—the result of a 500-year-old error in translation from an early Latin history.

The Latin text, Dr. Shipley found, pictured Nero as a pretty serious fellow who worried about current conditions and often "harped on" the fire which nearly destroyed Rome, as a sample of what happens when drunken mobs stagger through city streets. Unhappily for Nero's reputation, a later writer, translating the Latin into Provençal, a language of Southern France, carelessly changed "harped on" to "fiddled"—thereby launching one of history's most sensational legends. "Other writers merely elaborated on the error," Dr. Shipley informed his historian friend, "until it took on the flavor of a grade-A Hollywood epic."

Clearing an emperor's reputation by spotting a translator's slip-up in a moldering history book is all part of the day's work for the fifty-seven-year-old Dr. Shipley who, as a "word-detective," has spent more than a quarter century tracking down the origins and life histories of words across space and time. Author of more than a dozen books on language and literature, including the Dictionary of Word Origins, Dr. Shipley has become celebrated in academic circles as a man of letters who has breathed new life into etymology—word history—by blending scholarship with the direct-action tactics of a "private eye."

Short, with sparkling eyes, and a few tufts of hair on his chin—not a goatee he insists, but an imperial—Dr. Shipley himself looks like a character out of a Van Dine mystery novel. But his "word investigation bureau," located in an obscure back room of a New York office building, is unlike any other detective agency in the world.

In place of fingerprint equipment or dog-eared circulars on wanted criminals, this bureau is piled high with a jumble of dictionaries in assorted languages, living and dead; glossaries of terms used in special localities; catalogues, books published by professional or business groups; pamphlets on all phases of language problems; charts of Chinese characters, and late reports from etymological societies at home and abroad. Books line three walls of the 15-foot-square room, and overflow onto filing cabinets, tables, chairs, typewriters and desks.

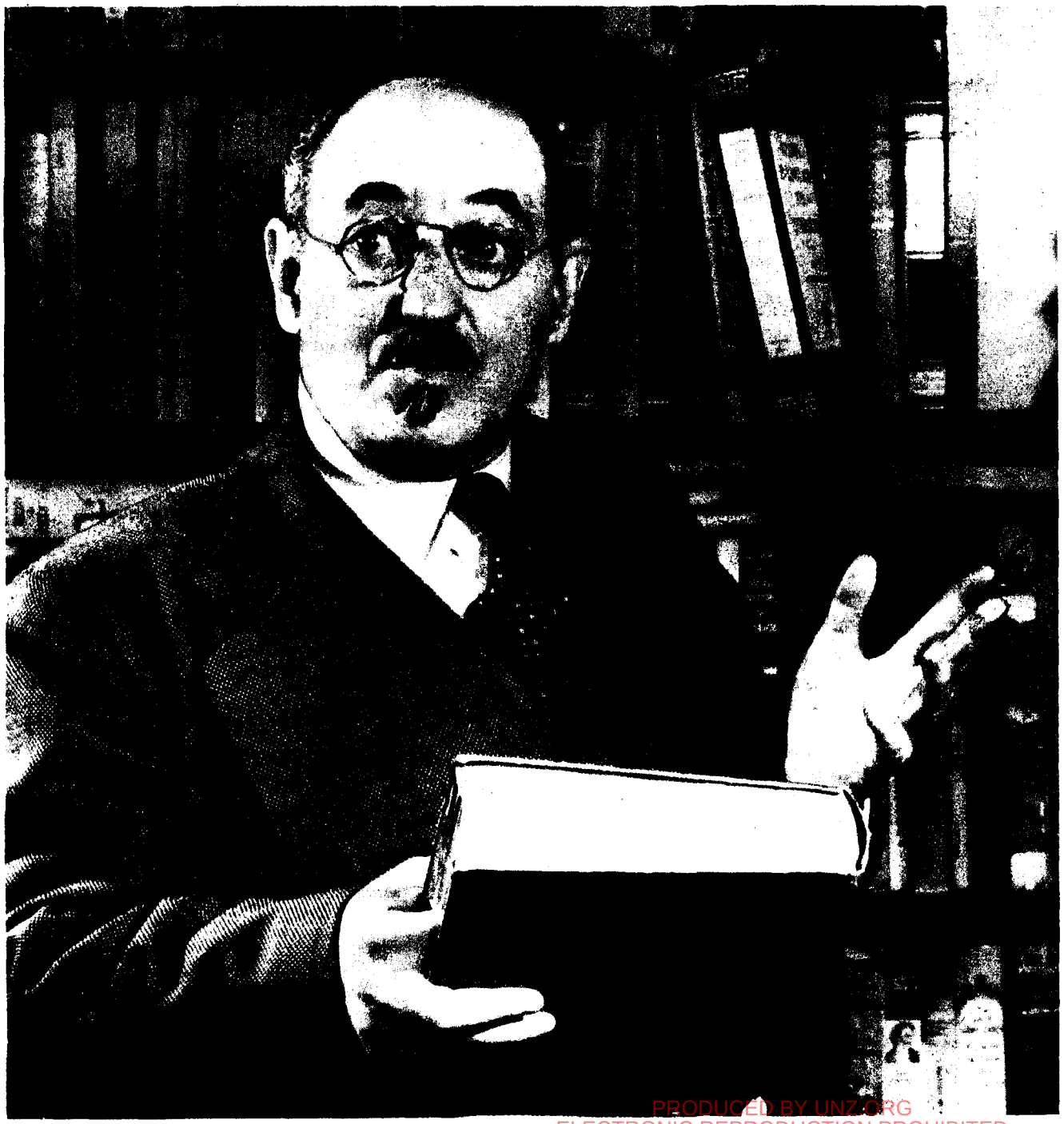
On the floor above, reached by a private stairway, is Dr. Shipley's reception room, where he meets clients and friends. An odd room to find in an office building, it has soft lights, soft chairs, and an open fireplace. In it, too, are the filing cabinets which contain Dr. Shipley's personal file of more than 30,000 "case histories"—dossiers not on underworld desperadoes but on words whose checkered careers Dr. Shipley has trailed, often across thousands of miles and hundreds of years.

"Words are living things," he says. "They even wear disguises, pick up a few letters here, or drop a few there. That makes it harder to pin them down—just as with a suspect who uses an alias."

Today, he adds, words have assumed life-or-death importance: "Semantics—the science of meanings—is playing a top role in world affairs," he says. He cites the case of the word "inspection," as used in the violent debate in the U.N. between the United States and Russia over the question of atom control. "We used the word in its basic meaning," Dr. Shipley points out. "We wanted a 'look inside' the Iron Curtain, to make sure they weren't making atom bombs. Russia claimed she was for inspection—but she meant she would look over her own plants and report back. Of course, this completely distorted the word's meaning. But Russia's continued claim that she was for inspection bewildered and confused U.N. delegates and the public, too."

The whole safety of mankind may hinge on this single word, Shipley *(Continued on page 71)*

Word-detective Shipley in his office, where he has "case histories" of more than 30,000 words



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

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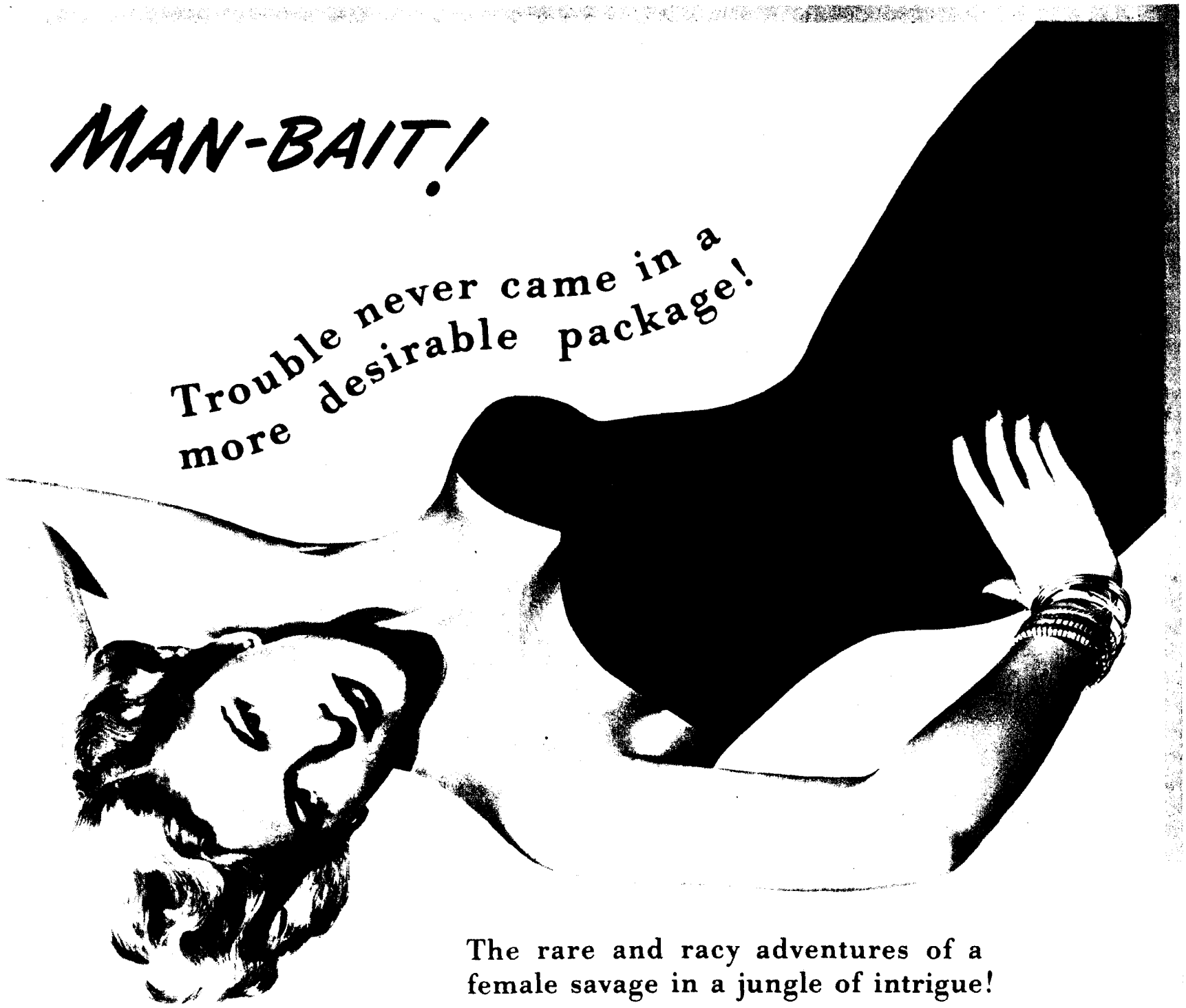
MAN-BAIT!

Trouble never came in a more desirable package!



The rare and racy adventures of a female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINE
ROBERT RYAN · ZACHARY SCOTT
in
"Born to be Bad"
and JOAN LESLIE · MEL FERRER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer

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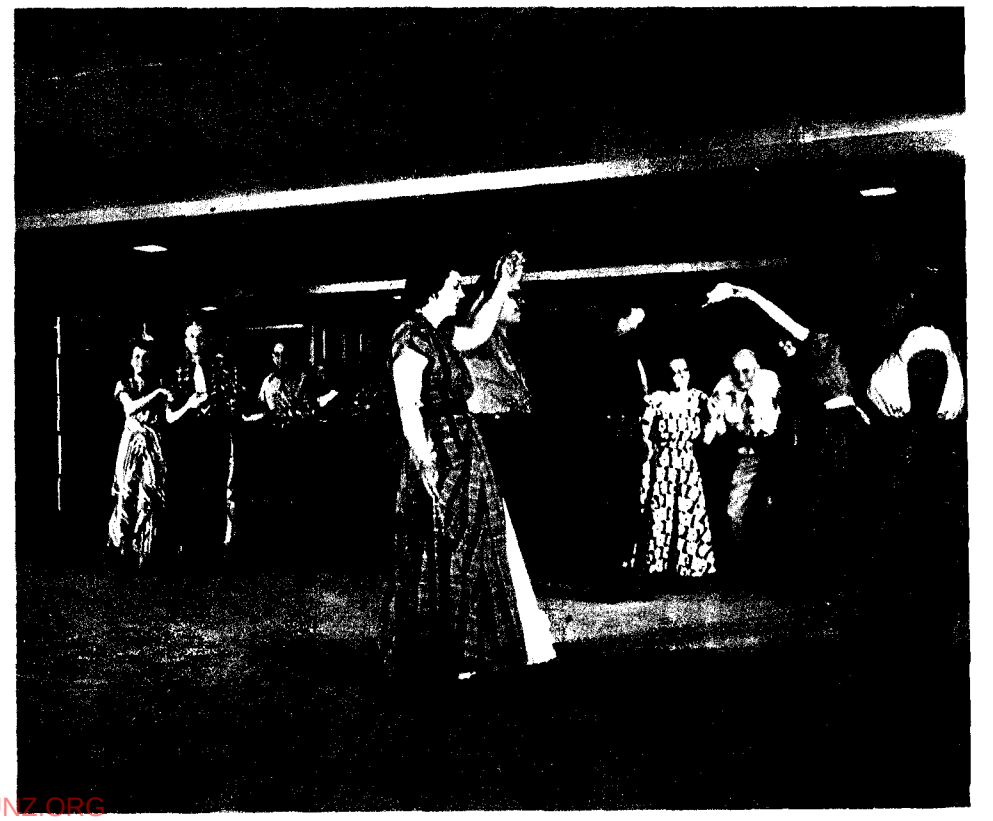
Plenty of daylight, informal desk arrangements are among modern features that make Huston School in Blackwell, Okla., a pleasant place to learn

The Little Red Schoolhouse

Architect Bill Caudill's drawing of Huston School is on rack of its assembly room. He talked board into approving new buildings

Sheds for youngsters to play under when it rains become community centers for square dances and other adult activities after school is out



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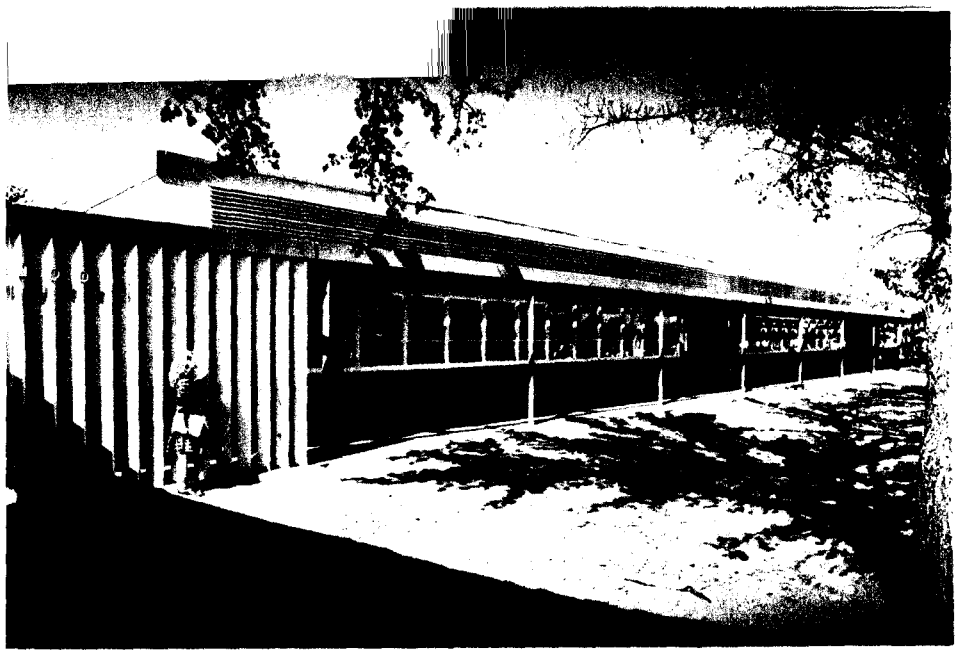
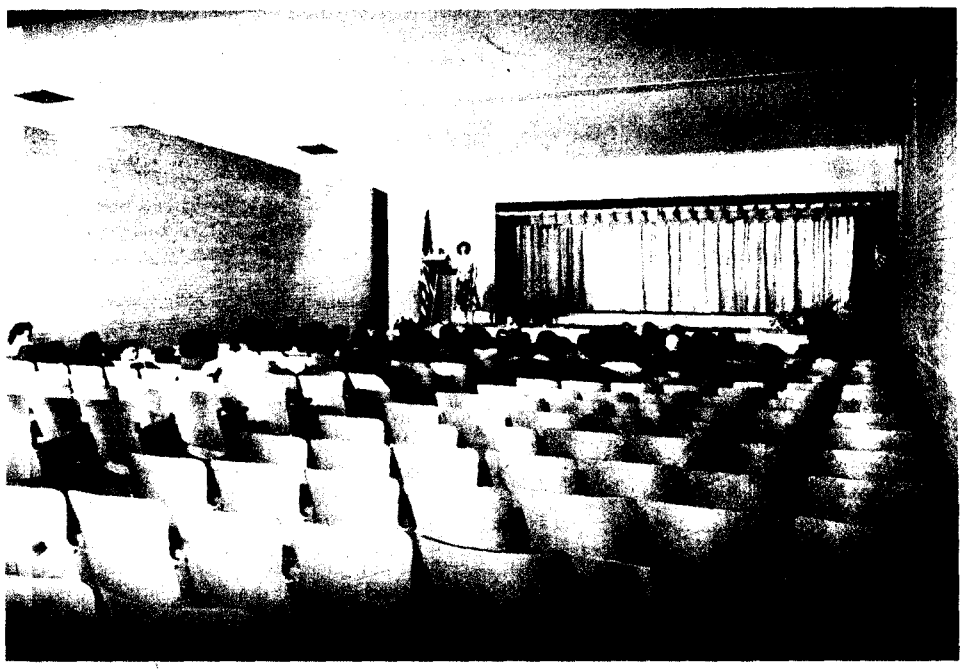


Hardest idea for Caudill to sell was an outdoor corridor, covered by a canopy. But the money he saved made possible four more classrooms

One of the schools Blackwell replaced. Gloomy, badly ventilated and heated, without play space, it was not built to be a school at all



Washington School, one of the two built under Blackwell's new program, has a real little theater. Mechanically ventilated, it has no windows

With the whole town taking a half-day holiday, crowds thronged to dedication of Washington School. Unique design shocked many

Goes MODERN

THE town of Blackwell, Oklahoma—population, 10,000; occupation, wheat—once boasted seven saloons, all in the same block on the same side of Main Street. That was 40 years ago, and every day the good ladies of Blackwell switched their market baskets to the other arm and crossed the street rather than walk past the wicked clink of polished glasses. Blackwell has been dry most of the 40 years, ever since prohibition went into effect. But even today, many local ladies still automatically cross to the other side when they come to the buildings in that block. In this, as in most other matters, that's how stoutly Blackwell resists change.

Yet, although it goes against the grain for Blackwell to be anything but conservative, its people recently tossed aside that rock-ribbed attitude for a cause they felt merited it. Blackwell had to meet an emergency which faces us all—the problem posed by the horde of war babies now coming of school age and rushing with a thunderous patter of little feet into our already crowded elementary schools. In the next 10 years these youngsters will raise the nation's public-school enrollment from 21,000,000 to 28,000,000. Blackwell, with the help of a big, friendly, thirty-five-year-old architect named William W. Caudill, is one of the few U.S. towns that has done something notable about the problem: It has built two of the most advanced elementary school buildings in the country.

With long summers, and snow most winters, the Oklahoma town has always been a wonderful place for kids. While they are at school nobody bothers their hound dogs on the street, and when they are out, there's lots of land for them to run around in. But before this year another important side of their daily life was anything but bright.

The condition of Blackwell's schools was an exaggeration of the plight of elementary education all over the U.S. The newest of its five elementary schools had been built in 1917; all were out of date. Two of them, the Washington School and the South Main Street School, were not really school buildings. The Washington School, largest of the five, had been built in 1900 as the administration building of Oklahoma Baptist College. It was a forbidding, gloomy structure—ill-lit, heated and ventilated. In winter the kids near the radiators steamed; those far away shivered. Toilet facilities were antiquated, there were steep staircases, no indoor play facilities, and a second-floor auditorium that was a fire and panic hazard.

The South Main Street School was smaller, but no better. A converted wood, frame building with few windows, it was highly inflammable, hard to empty fast, and heated by *(Continued on page 65)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JULIUS SHULMAN

Caudill talks with some of the children he has made happy by his understanding of their needs

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Tennis Bum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

feel sorry for himself, but nevertheless, he'd been kicked out.

In the tournament office he put his palms flat on the registration desk and leaned over. This was the hard part—this was the first time since his freshman year on the circuit that he'd had to report for a room assignment. No one was fighting to get him this year.

There was a cute little black-haired subdeb sitting behind the desk, looking as useful as an unstrung racket and reminding him of the way Tina had looked when he had first met her.

"Tell me, pretty maid, is there any home for the likes of me?" he said to her.

She cocked her head on one side, like a robin listening for goodies. "Name?"

"Temple, Jonathan, Bayside Club, Williamsport."

She pulled a card out of the file and looked on the back of it. "You didn't request residence, Mr. Temple."

"Oh, yes, I did."

"You did?"

"About seventy-five seconds ago."

"Oh, Mr. Temple." He was afraid she was going to kiss him. She probably didn't know how.

"How about it? My permanent suite at the Claypool is being redecorated."

"How awful. They should have known you'd be here for the tournament."

"I know." Johnny shook his head sadly. "My social secretary just can't be trusted."

She looked at him sympathetically and asked him to wait. When she came out of the tournament president's office, Johnny could tell she was all broken up. Probably her social secretary couldn't be trusted either. "Will you go in, Mr. Temple?"

The president was a fussy old maid in pants who was known all over the amateur circuit as the guy who regarded himself as "the patron saint of tennis." The old joker was sitting looking out the window, with his finger tips pressed together.

Without glancing at Johnny, he began, "This is most embarrassing, Mr. Temple. When Mrs. Townsend requested Mr. Chandler— You know that Chip Chandler was honoring us this year?"

"Devastating, isn't it?" Johnny said.

"Yes, indeed it is. We've just been swamped with reservations since the announcement. Every available accommodation has been gone for weeks."

"Naturally."

"But as I was saying, when Mrs. Townsend requested Mr. Chandler, well, we just assumed she was entertaining both of you. Imagine, the fifth-seeded amateur! Quite a little coup for our club, isn't it?"

"About my room . . ."

"What? Oh, yes, well, you see, we *do* have something. That is to say, we've had a request—actually we've been begged and it would, well—"

"What's the address?"

WHATEVER it was, he was in no mood for it. The street was a long way from the neighborhoods he was used to staying in and it was lined with a tired lot of houses. Finally he found the address, a neat little cottage stuck in between a couple of big, old houses with "Rooms" signs on them.

He parked at the curb, reached behind the seat, and got out his suitcase and rackets. As he went up the walk, he thought: If these people won't have me, I'm really done.

A tall, slender woman with gray hair came to the door, and when he asked if she was Mrs. Kilmer, she said she was.

"The tournament office sent me out." Johnny didn't try to keep how he felt out of his voice. "They said you wanted one of the bums."

She opened the door, smiling and a little surprised. "You're one of the players! Come in, please. I didn't—we didn't—I mean, well, we're certainly glad, Mr. . . .?"

"Temple, Jonathan, Bayside Club, Williamsport." He stepped into the tiny living room and looked around. "You do have a bed?" It wasn't the sort of thing he'd meant to say but he had to take the way he was feeling out on someone, and Mrs. Kilmer was handy.

The woman must have been expecting something like that crack, Johnny decided, because she just smiled gently and said, "My son was sure it wouldn't make any difference. He thinks anyone who plays tennis is blind to everything else."

"It's just that I'm a working boy, ma'am. I need my rest."

She looked at him, sighed, and said, "Pete—that's my son—thought that if we got one of the players, he wouldn't mind sharing a room." She looked at him squarely. "If it annoys you, Pete can sleep here on the davenport."

She led Johnny up a narrow flight of

COLLIER'S **"Back in 1930 Mother thought she had me vaccinated where it wouldn't show"** REAMER KELLER

stairs to a slant-ceilinged attic, the rafters covered with beaverboard. "This is Pete's room. We've put a cot in for him to use, but as I said—"

"No, this is great." Johnny set his suitcase down and put the rackets on the chair. "I suppose the bath's out in the back yard." This sure wasn't the Townsend shack.

"If you want to wash up," she said kind of sadly, "the bathroom's under the stairs." She started down and then turned. "If there's anything I can do, just call. Pete won't be home for an hour or so."

Johnny stripped to his shorts and stood in the center of the room. He wasn't tall —five nine—but the center was about the only place he could stand up straight. There was an open window at each end of the attic and a nice breeze cooled his legs. He went over and studied the pictures tacked on the slanting ceiling—Tilden, Perry, Vines, Budge, and, by God, Temple! The one of Budge was autographed.

Johnny kicked off his loafers and lay down on the bed. Real nice quarters, Temple, he told himself. Last week an estate and this week a closet. Monica Townsend must have really got his number. He woke up when he heard a deep voice downstairs yell, "I'm home, Mom!" Then there was some quiet mumbling. Johnny closed his eyes. A little later someone came up the steps, stopped and went back down again. In a few minutes a sheet was put over him and he heard the deep voice whisper, as footsteps went down the stairs, "He shouldn't be lying in a draft like that."

It was late afternoon when Johnny woke up again. A tall, rangy blond kid with a crew cut and snub nose was sitting on the cot at the other end of the attic, fitting a racket in a press. The kid opened his mouth in a wide grin and said, "Hi, Mr. Temple."

Johnny threw the sheet back and sat on the edge of the bed. He stretched. "You Pete Kilmer?"

"Yes, sir. When I entered the tournament I asked if we couldn't put somebody up." He looked Johnny in the eye and got a sort of worshipful look on his homely face. "But I didn't think we'd ever get you."

"Oh—you were hoping for Chandler, maybe?"

The kid turned pink and swallowed hard.

"Forget it," Johnny got up and stuck his feet in his loafers. "I can be had for nothing, kid." He nodded at the pictures on the ceiling. "You're living in the past, Pete—those folks are all done. Me, Tilden, Perry —we're all old."

"You're not old, Mr. Temple. You won't be thirty-two until March," the kid said.

"And still an amateur. You think the association'll give me a pension when I hit thirty-five?" Johnny started to put on his shirt.

"Don't you want to get some practice in before dinner?" the kid asked. "I reserved a court over at the university for us."

Johnny shrugged. This wasn't a top tournament, even if the glorious Chandler had condescended, but after what had happened at the Townsends', it was sweet music to have somebody talking like you were Kramer's successor. While he got into shorts and a T-shirt, the kid unpacked his suitcase for him.

As they drove to the university courts in Johnny's car, Pete Kilmer told him about himself. Johnny didn't want to hear it but it was better than thinking about Tina Townsend and her mother tossing him off the relief rolls. Pete was at the university on a scholarship. He'd never had the time or money to make the junior tournaments and this was going to be his debut. He didn't expect to go anyplace in it, but he thought it would be good for his game and he'd get to watch some top men. It wasn't exactly a surprise when the kid confessed he wanted to be an amateur.

Pete's game didn't have the polish you usually met on even this second rung of the tournament ladder, but he had a lot of natural power. When he couldn't get a smooth, flowing rhythm into his game, the power took over. Johnny lost to him, 6-4, 6-2.

There was a rigged-up shower in the bathroom under the stairs and while Johnny let the water stream over him, Pete, wrapped in a towel, sat on the clothes hamper and talked tennis. He kept on talking tennis while they dressed, ate supper on the back porch, and loafed on the front steps. Johnny wondered if he knew anything else, like where you could get a cold drink or a cute girl who still thought Johnny Temple was pretty terrific.

When she had finished the dishes, Mrs. Kilmer came out and sat in the swing. She waited until Pete came to a stopping point in his analysis of Schroeder's game—he'd seen it in a newsreel—and then she said, "Maybe Mr. Temple would like to get dressed, Pete. There are always lots of parties at tournament time."

Without turning, Johnny said, "Not for me. You're stuck, Mrs. Kilmer." He slapped Pete's shoulder, "Come on, kid. There isn't anything in the rules book, but you're supposed to entertain the bums. You know, sign the checks, introduce me to fluffy females, offer me bonded whisky, slip me a hundred for spending money. Come on—I'll take you to a movie."

The kid looked at his watch. "We wouldn't have time. They're all double features and we've got to be in bed by ten."

Johnny wondered if the kid turned into a tennis ball at midnight.

THE club gave a big cocktail party to kick off the tournament, but Johnny skipped it. He didn't want to see Tina and he wasn't going to give Chip Chandler the pleasure of asking him where he was staying. All you ever did at one of those parties, anyhow, was sit around with the other bums, hinting that your host had hocked the family jewels to entertain you and that his daughter made Elizabeth Taylor look like a lady wrestler. Instead Johnny hung around the Kilmers' cottage and worked out on the university courts with Pete.

He slept a lot, too. Pete acted as though they were in training for Forest Hills—no drinking, hard work, good food and plenty of rest.

When the tournament was posted, Johnny checked it and was glad Pete was in the other bracket. If the kid was hot, it would be damned embarrassing for a guy with a national ranking in his past to get beaten by a freshman in his first tournament. But that probably wouldn't have happened anyhow. Even if, by some miracle, both he and Pete reached the finals, Johnny knew he could lick the kid —now. He'd played him so much that he knew Pete's game backward. But if that miracle did happen, it would be Pete's own fault that he got beaten. He had forced Johnny to train until he was in better shape than he had been in for three years.

The first day of the tournament, Johnny hung around watching the players who were bracketed with him. He knew all of the bums and he knew he could beat any one of them, thanks to the Kilmer conditioning course. The local talent wasn't very sharp. This was a second-rate tournament. But what the hell, he thought—if it took Chandler to polish him off in the finals, it might forestall the Townsend bounce at the next stop on the circuit.

The two good local players, one of them Pete, were bracketed with Chandler. Chip would knock off the first one in the second round. . . .

The night before the quarter-finals, Johnny and Pete were stretched out on their beds in the attic. It had been a hot day and both of them had had to work hard to advance.

"Johnny?"

"Yeah?"

"If I make the semifinals, do you think I'll get invited to another tournament?"

Johnny closed his eyes. "Hell, kid, what do you want to play another for?"

"You know. I told Mom if I got an in-

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TOMMY HENRICH, 1949's "Athlete of the Year", Says:

"For that smoother taste — just ask for... Pabst Blue Ribbon

FINEST BEER SERVED...*ANYWHERE!*"

TOMMY HENRICH... makes the three-way "experts" test with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Tommy's eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.

Tommy's nose is teased by the delicate and inviting fragrance of finest malt and hops.

Tommy's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

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vitation to another, I'd kind of like to try it—amateur tennis, I mean." He was quiet for a minute and then asked, "What's it like?"

Johnny sighed, "Like I've told you. You live like a visiting potentate—you can make money out of it if you're hot—but when you slip, you're poison. Unless you're tops as an amateur, so you can turn pro, you just waste ten or twelve years running around making like a gigolo. But all the years that you're giving with the boyish grin and dodging the gimlet eye of the association, everybody else your age is getting started on a legitimate career."

"What about you?"

"Me, I was pretty hot until two years ago. I looked set for the pro tour. I should have made the Cup team that year and cashed in, but I slipped."

"You sure looked good this afternoon."

"I had to."

"Well, I'd sure like to make some tournaments anyhow."

Without money the kid'd have to sell himself twenty-four hours a day for board, room, a phony expense account, and some rich sponsor's secret tip. But he might make it.

Shut up, Temple, you're scared. You're just afraid somebody with a nice, kid's grin is gonna cut in on your gravy. You think maybe it'll be Pete Kilmer instead of Chip Chandler who'll finish the scuttle job on you next year.

But why worry? Even if he does get past Chandler, you know you can beat him. You know every swing he's got. He built his own gallows and showed you how to work the trap door. You're a tennis bum, Temple, not a scoutmaster.

TEMPLE sailed through the quarter-finals in straight sets. Chandler breezed through, too. But Pete ran into trouble. He came up against a fellow with a good game and a lot of money. The guy played only at tournaments he liked—and he only liked about every third one. He had lots of time to rest and practice between appearances. And he didn't have to be nice to anybody.

It took almost two hours of Pete's hardest powerhousing under the broiling California sun before he had the guy 11-9, 4-6, 6-2. It was four-all in the fourth set when the crowd woke up. They hadn't given Pete much of a hand when he came on the court, even though he was their last home talent left in the tournament. Pete wasn't a member of the club, so no one thought much of him. But when it began to look as though he might carry the local colors into the semifinals, there was a charge that went through the stands and reached down onto the center court. Pete felt it and his game began to flow. He got rhythm and speed into his smashing swings and got his two straight and won with a 6-4.

Johnny ran out to the kid and patted his back. Then he stepped away and sauntered toward the stands. He saw Tina, all white and gold, sitting in a box. It was the first time he'd noticed her since she'd given him his discharge. She started to wave to him and he did a right face and left the stadium through the end exit.

After a double feature and dinner downtown, Johnny started for a bar he and Tina had played around in last year. He stopped, afraid he might meet her and Chandler, and went into a hotel lounge and had a beer. In the mirror behind the bar he could see a blonde sitting alone at a table. She said she recognized him from his picture in the afternoon paper. She didn't know anything about tennis and they had a real good time. . . .

When Johnny got home it was late and he crept up the stairs quietly, but Mrs. Kilmer was in the attic bedroom. She was sitting on the edge of the cot and Pete was lying there under a pile of blankets, sweating and cussing.

Mrs. Kilmer looked up. "Mr. Temple?"

"Right," Johnny crossed to the cot. "What's wrong, Pete?"

"He's just worn himself out," Mrs. Kilmer said. She put her hand on Pete's forehead. "He has a slight fever. Too much excitement."

"Mom, please, I'm all right." The kid turned away from Johnny and his mother.

When Johnny woke up the next morning, Pete was standing in the center of the room, working his arms back and forth, stretching his shoulder muscles and breathing deep, holding his chest out as long as he could.

"Stiff," Johnny said.

"Yeah, I really worked yesterday." He bent over and clutched his ankles, straightened up, and threw his shoulders back.

Seeing the kid lying there last night looking young and beat-up, Johnny had felt sorry for him. Now he decided he'd do what he could. Whatever he could do, it would pay off for Temple in the long run.

Johnny got a bottle of rubbing alcohol out of his suitcase. "Lie down, kid." While Johnny worked on Pete, he told him everything he knew about Chandler's game. Secretly he doubted if it would really do much good. You had to be able to call your shots within a square foot to beat Chandler.

handsome as a movie juvenile and giving his best gallery performance, had the crowd in the palm of his hand.

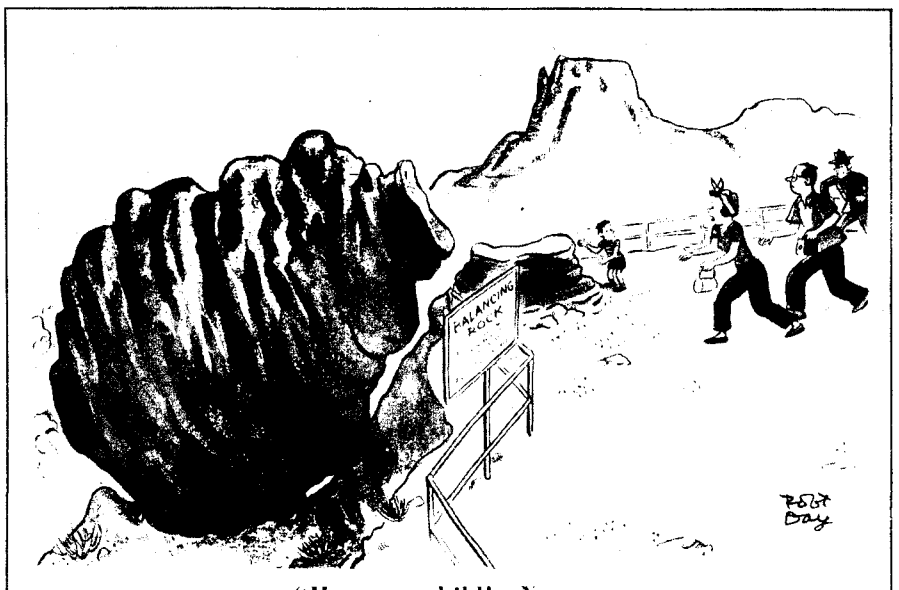
The dopes in the stands evidently didn't even guess that every time Pete succeeded in returning a ball it damn near killed him. They just kept applauding Chandler.

The only thing Johnny could say for Chandler was that he was getting it over with in a hurry. It didn't matter that Pete's whole future was getting swatted every time a point was scored against him.

When it was finished, Pete congratulated Chandler and headed for the locker room. Johnny stood at the edge of the court and watched him go. There was a funny look on the kid's face and Johnny thought what a delightful night this was going to be at the Kilmer house.

Then someone laid a hand on his arm. He turned and looked at Tina. She didn't look one bit more beautiful than the girl he dated in his dreams. "Johnny, I'm sorry about what happened," she said. "I lost my temper, but you were—"

"Look, Tina, the ponies are in the



COLLIER'S

"Heavens, child! *Now* what have you done?"

ROBERT DAY

Mrs. Kilmer took over when Johnny left for the club. His match came up first and he needed a good warmup. His opponent was another bum and though the guy had all the shots in the book, Johnny knew he could beat him. It might be easy or it might be hard but he wouldn't know which until the first game was under way.

At the end of the first set, which he won 6-1, Johnny thanked Pete again for the conditioning course. The way he was playing this tournament, he would even give Chandler a workout in the finals—if Pete's miracle didn't work. Maybe three years ago he would have taken Chandler, but at least he'd give the Townsends something to think about. He might even have them worried for a while, wondering if they had put the skids under the wrong guy. Maybe he wasn't going to get the heave-ho twice this year after all. . . .

When Johnny trotted into the locker room, he saluted Pete, who had come in after his warmup to change to shorts. "See you in the finals, Pete."

The kid smiled. "Sure."

Johnny looked around, saw that Chandler was out playing the grandstand, and asked, "Remember everything I told you?"

"Yes."

"How're the shoulders?"

"Stiff as boards," Pete said. He buckled his shorts and left.

Johnny took a shower, pulled on a red-and-blue-trimmed V-necked sweater, combed his hair, and went back to the courts. It was brutal. Chandler had discovered that the kid was stiff and he was playing a cold, controlled game, placing shots all over the court. It was like Kramer matched against a guy who had never had a racket in his hand before. And even if Pete was a home-town boy, Chip Chandler, stretch. You can't change your bets now, so beat it."

She pulled her hand away from his arm. "Wait until I finish, Johnny. This isn't a deathbed conversion. I just wanted to apologize and to remind you that you were pretty obnoxious yourself. Also, I wish you'd tell Pete Kilmer that I thought he played a beautiful game after what he went through yesterday." She started to leave and then turned back. "And just for your own information, Chip Chandler proved today what I've been suspecting all week. He may be prettier than you, but you and he ought to get together. You're blood brothers when it comes to dirty tricks—on and off the court. Both of you could learn a lot from a boy like Pete Kilmer."

ALL during dinner Johnny studied Pete. The kid was dead beat from the match yesterday and the one that afternoon against Chandler, but the look Johnny had noticed on his face when he left the court was still there. Pete's eyes looked amused and wise in his snub-nosed, boyish face. The Bernadette-seeing-the-vision look he'd had when he talked to Johnny was gone. He just looked like a friendly guy who happened to be interested in tennis.

When they were finished, Pete stretched, grimaced, and said he guessed he'd turn in. Later Mrs. Kilmer and Johnny sat on the porch. She said, "Mr. Temple, could Pete make the grade?"

Johnny shrugged. "I don't know."

"Please."

"He's got terrific power and a natural sense, but who's gonna foot the bills? Your local club won't sponsor him—he doesn't 'belong.' Every bum's got a local club to cover the initial costs—the rest he picks up on expenses and tips." Johnny turned and faced her in the darkness. "If Pete didn't have to do anything but play tennis and could afford to concentrate on the game, not have to worry about pleasing the patrons—I don't know. He might, in two or three years."

"Two or three years?"

"Tell him to forget it," Johnny said harshly.

THE stands were packed as Johnny and Chip Chandler took the court for the finals. Johnny glanced up at the striped awning that had been lowered over the boxes. He found Mrs. Kilmer and Pete in the bleachers. Pete made a circle with his fingers and grinned.

Chandler looked down at his feet, nodded to the officials and then to Johnny. Johnny raised his arms for the service and then smiled. Hell, why not? Yesterday he'd done all the homework it needed. After what Pete had done for him and what Chandler had done to Pete, it might square everything up. And he was sure crow would be a new delicacy at the Townsend house.

From the first service, Chandler looked as though he were rooted to the packed clay. He had played Johnny so many times in the last five years he thought there wasn't anything Temple could do that would surprise him, but no matter what he expected, he got just the opposite. Johnny had him 6-0, 4-0 before he came out of his daze. But before he knew it, it was all over at 6-0, 6-1, 6-0, and starting out across the near court were the tournament president and Mrs. Townsend, and Tina, carrying a huge, silver loving cup.

An announcer from the local radio station came with them, snaking the cord of a portable microphone after him. As Johnny shook Chandler's hand, the announcer babbled into the mike about the tournament, the Townsends, and the president—that revered patron of tennis. Then the president took the mike and said, in a pontifical voice, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, a word from Jonathan Temple, 1950 winner of the Townsend Cup."

Johnny reverently got down on one knee, clasped his hands under his chin, and bowed his head.

The crowd started to chuckle and then to laugh as the tournament president and Monica stared down at him. News cameras were clicking all over the place. Monica recovered first; she grabbed the Townsend Cup and started to tug Tina along after her. Tina let loose and hissed, "For Heaven's sake, get up, Johnny!"

And then Johnny found himself alone in front of the stands and facing Monica. In a low, intense voice that probably carried all the way to Catalina, she said, "Jonathan Temple, I'll never forgive you! You know what this tournament means to me and you've made it a farce. You've humiliated and ruined me!"

Johnny was surprised to find he didn't feel much of anything at all. He just smiled and said, "Do unto others," and started for the ramp to the locker room. Mrs. Kilmer was standing at the foot of it. She said, "Congratulations, Mr. Temple."

He took her hand and then turned to see where Pete was. Behind him he heard Tina telling Pete how good his game was, the message he hadn't bothered to deliver. From the way Pete's homely face was wrinkled up and from the look in Tina's eyes, he guessed it was just as well he'd let her do it in person.

Pete said, "I guess I'm fair but when I was playing Chandler I knew I wasn't good enough. I decided right then I didn't even *want* to be good enough if it meant playing for blood. And then this afternoon, when I saw what a championship meant to—" He nodded at Johnny and grinned.

Johnny squeezed Mrs. Kilmer's arm and went into the showers. Everything was probably better this way. For him there was a Tina in every tournament town anyway—and even if there weren't, he'd sure never be needing one in this town ever again. THE END

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Chickens in the Wind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

fiscal impossibility. He returned to Gainesville and went to work for his mother in the feed and fertilizer business, for keep and absolutely necessary pocket money. The fertilizer end of the business made a little money but the feed department steadily lost. Jesse proposed to his mother what seemed to her at the time a foolish deal: He would take over the feed business, including a $1,900 bank and feed wholesaler debt, devoting full time to it, to try something he had in mind. It was a scheme, only mildly rational, to dispose of the excess stocks of feed.

He'd borrow some more money from the feed people and buy a flock of chickens to eat the feed on the premises. Then he'd sell the chickens. To this generous offer the feed creditors astonishingly assented.

When the Depression Struck

Unfortunately, this old business stratagem didn't work. By 1933, in the depths of the depression, Jesse Jewell was desperate. He took a job with the government as a surveyor, hoping to send some money home.

"I wasn't a very good surveyor and I didn't like it," he says. "I liked raising chickens. But it was a job."

In 1935 he consulted with a local banker, an old family friend, about how best to dispose of his warehouse full of feed, still unsold. The banker said, "All right, Jesse. Try it again. Buy some more chickens. I'll stake you."

In those days most chickens were sold alive and Jesse heard housewives complaining about the offensive chore of dressing them. Forthwith, with the aid of a large black pot he found in the back yard, and the services of an ancient retired friend who was weary of whittling, Jesse undertook to offer a comparative novelty—birds ready for the pan.

He did not do too badly under this setup. Once he and his patriarchal assistant slew, scalded, picked and dressed the astounding total of 100 chickens in a day. "We were worn out and I didn't seem able to wash the aroma off me. I was afraid my wife would serve me raw corn by mistake. But it was fun—and I could see there might be something in the chicken business after all."

Then the tornado struck.

Compared to most of his fellow townsmen, Jesse Jewell was playing in luck that April morning. He had driven over to New Holland, two miles from Gainesville, to collect a small debt. Because he didn't get paid that morning in New Holland, he didn't gas up for the return trip and his tank ran dry just as he reached the dip of a hill. He coasted into a filling station in the hollow—just as the full demonic force of the storm, into which he was headed, hopped quixotically, in the fashion of tornadoes, across the dip and left Jesse, car and filling station unharmed.

Meanwhile, although he didn't know it yet, the storm had awarded him another inexplicable dispensation. Raging right over the feed store where he kept 5,000 chickens, it had considerately first contrived to blow two boxcars into a V, forming a neat and effective breastworks behind which all but 30 or 40 of his vulnerable fowls survived.

Jewell gave no thought at the time, or for weeks afterward, to these favorable turns of fate. Instead he helped succor the wounded, dig out the bodies and tidy up the vast field of freakish junk and embers which had been the heart of a city.

"We were all pretty blue," he says. "It didn't seem possible we'd ever get straightened out. We just didn't seem to have any future—it had been blown away. Lucky as I was with my poultry, in the general discouragement I was ready to throw in the towel—for the second time.

"We kept casting about after the tornado to see what we had left. To see what we could do. Everybody knew something drastic was needed."

People around Gainesville had been keeping chickens for generations, of course; they were mother's pin money. There is no accurate head-count of the birds from that remote era, but an expression that was current even then was "Thriving like a Gainesville chicken." Two small miracles, like strings tied to the collective finger of Gainesville in the weeks following the great tornado, kept reminding people of chickens.

At the residence of Charles Holland, 50 South Bradford Street, a hen part game and part black giant had been placed in a coop to break her from setting. The coop adjoined the R. D. Grigg building, which toppled onto it. Thirty-one days later WPA workers disentombed the coop and found the hen alive and kicking, all right except for a big thirst.

On Friday, May 22d, following the storm, another WPA crew uncovered a box at the rear of J. D. Rucker's home, 63 West Washington. Another hen, also pert, also with a big thirst, was in it. This one had survived *forty-seven* days.

Insured Against Smothering

Gainesvilleans jabbered about these phenomena with awe. The occurrences were given sharp point by the fact that chickens smother very easily. A frightened flock may run into a corner, pile up and rub out a dozen or more chickens. As an example of how farmers fear this sort of thing, a grower a few miles from town told me he had had a clause written into his insurance policy protecting him against loss of chickens from smotheration following alarm "by loud and unusual tones of the human voice." This was after an evangelist had held forth for several days by loud-speaker in a tent encampment across the road.

Perhaps, citizens reasoned, chickens not only did better in those parts but they smothered less easily. Some say the 31- and 47-day survivals were possible because the hens subsisted on their own eggs.

At any rate Jesse Jewell was the first in Gainesville to see broilers as big business. He is the biggest operator in Georgia and one of the biggest in the U.S. Fifteen miles from Gainesville his by-products plant renders the offal and feet into fat by cooking and pressure. During World War II he even sold feathers for fliers' jackets. He is now working on a secret scheme which involves grinding the feathers. And he is determined eventually to grow and

Postoperative Complication

HARRY DEVLIN

The character who likes to prate
About his appendectomy
Has always been inclined to rate
As painful in the neck to me.

—RICHARD WHEELER

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...buy yourself A GAY NEW HOUSEDRESS!

SIMPLEST WAY YOU EVER SAW to pick up $3.00! Every time you buy one of the new Listerine Tooth Paste "Thrift-Paks" (*two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) you save 30¢. And you get enough dentifrice to last the average family a whole month.

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Research just completed at a famous university definitely showed that this type of modern dentifrice, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%.

When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste . . . not a single one . . . beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

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mill his own feed, now imported from Omaha, Battle Creek, Louisville and Philadelphia.

Charles Thurmond, Jewell's youngish, energetic and law-trained partner, took me to one of the Jewell hatcheries. The velvet hush of life beginning, in this low, long, unpretentious building, was to contrast later in my tour with the whopping racket of the slaughter line. The big incubators, completely automatic for exact temperature and humidity, in which 450,000 eggs repose, are very quiet, except for those in which the eggs spend their final three days —these emitted a soft, muffled peeping of thousands upon thousands of biddies entering life—and an efficiently chaperoned progress toward the packing plant.

The new $200,000 J. D. Jewell Company packing plant, completed last January, is the most modern in the area. It has stainless-steel equipment, aluminum walls and ceiling. The long structure with the slaughterhouse in the center is near the airport, two miles from town.

The plush private offices of the partners are in town. Both of these are decorated by dummy packages of Jewell frozen fowl, in their numerous assortments. Everything is air-conditioned and spotless.

No Place for Squeamish Folk

Jesse Jewell, who looks a little like Tom Dewey, came into his office and after some pleasantries drove me to the packing plant. It is an experience not recommended to the squeamish; yet it does have a definite, if somewhat creepy, novelty.

The tiered cages on wheels called "batteries" receive the chickens, predominantly New Hampshire Red and barred Plymouth Rocks, from coops aboard Jewell's trucks. Jewell picks up chickens from as far away as 65 miles, but the biggest volume comes from within a radius of 25 miles. Some 5,000 farmers grow the chickens which supply Jewell and the other packers of Gainesville.

Once off the trucks, the fowls are weighed—hundreds at a time—and are fed a special fattening pellet for 18 hours. Then they are moved to the assembly line.

The basement is a vast, fluorescent-lighted place dominated by a twisting, turning line of shackles at eye level from each of which suspends a chicken, held by its feet. Thousands and thousands of them move at a steady, one might say a purposeful, pace.

First they are red and feathery. Then they are dead. Then they are white, and in the harsh lights as the urgent line moves on and on you get a strange feeling of circumambient nudity. There is a monstrous and appalling clatter. The picking machines, which are rollers spired with long, soft rubber flails whirling at terrific speed, cause most of it.

The place is extremely neat. The women pickers and cleaners, each one of whom performs a single operation, are dressed in white aprons. And the little chickens keep moving on; two men in boots and leather aprons wield the electric knife, which slits the bird's throat as it touches the neck. One man can dispatch 2,500 chickens an hour.

I yelled at the knifemen through the din, "When did you eat chicken last?"

"Last night!" they chorused, grinning.

At the end of the line the broilers are boxed in various weights and combinations, such as all white meat, complete chickens, all wings, all drumsticks, necks and backs and so on, and hustled into the sharp freeze, 40° below zero.

Although Jewell is the biggest, packing more than 100,000 broilers during a typical week, Swift & Company is close behind with about 100,000 and then come Poultry Enterprises with 80,000 and Piedmont Poultry with 70,000. These figures shift and vary, naturally, but the ratio is pretty much the same. Fifty million dressed chickens went out from Gainesville in 1949 —a town that was a shambles in 1936.

The town is high (1,279 feet), and the climate is healthful. It is difficult to stay there a week without pricing baby chicks thoughtfully and considering that waste space in your own back yard.

Lawyers, dentists and haberdashers go around with little slips of paper in their pockets showing the net on 5,000, 10,000 or 100,000 birds.

So many businessmen began raising chickens as a side line, in basements, alleys, attics and even in show windows meant for ladies' dresses, that the city fathers decided the town was becoming too aromatic. On September 6, 1943, they passed an ordinance requiring that flocks be shooed out of business establishments and that persons who owned more than 50 chickens must keep them at least 100 feet from houses within city limits.

But that failed to eliminate the smell of money in the heart of Gainesville. Big cars nestle at the curb around the main square containing the Confederate Memorial, where on a morning after the storm 14 years ago not a pin or flashlight or spool of thread could be bought in the ruins.

It is considered a tasteless pun to say of any rich Gainesvillean that he started from scratch.

And, such is the success-breeding power of success that the red hills of the area, from which cotton had sucked about all the original nourishment in a hundred-odd years of one-crop farming, are growing fertile again. The chicken litter is enriching them as if uncounted carloads of commercial fertilizer were being dumped from the sky.

Signs of Growing Prosperity

Fescue grass and white clover and other choice cattle fodder are springing up over the old cotton fields, as an infant cattle industry burgeons.

In mid-town there is an up-to-date pathological laboratory devoted solely to the diseases of poultry. It is supported one third by the state of Georgia and two thirds from the fees paid by growers for vaccination. The disease problem, bane of so many chicken raisers of the suburbs, is negligible in Gainesville.

"We don't fight disease," a half-dozen poultrymen told me. "We prevent it."

This is boom country any way you add it up and on a scale the deep South, outside the oil fields, has seldom known. In the Delmarva or Delaware-Maryland-Virginia broiler center, one of the first in the world, the business is concentrated in a comparatively few huge grower-packer combines. In the Gainesville area, now number two and pressing number one toward decimal points, the prosperity has affected many, many thousands of small farmers.

Leland Rew, the county agent, gave me these figures: In 1930 the average farm family of the Gainesville area earned $385 a year. In 1949 it was multiplied about five times—to $1,800. Chickens did it, besides cutting the percentage of tenancy from 63.7 per cent to 30 per cent.

Even in the five years from 1940 to 1945 farms netting more than $4,000 in Hall County (Gainesville) jumped from 17 to 542 and are now unofficially estimated at nearly 1,000.

An industrious farm family of two or three working members can clear a labor income of $3,499.20 out of 18,000 chickens without suffering a nervous breakdown, says Summerfield Kinningham, of the Gainesville Production Credit Association. Growers in these parts say chicken raising beats 40 acres and a mule any day.

BILL STAPLETON

Jewell Company foreman Oliver MacLendon on an inspection trip through hatchery containing 7,100 chicks. Company both raises and buys its fowl

But to anybody trying to unravel the marvel of Gainesville's upsurge from prostration to boom, doubling its population in 15 years, the question recurs: Why? Why Gainesville, specifically? Why did it happen *here?*

World War II is an answer and it is a cogent answer, but it's not the whole answer. The broiler business was going great guns when the war pumped it full of fabulous markets: Jewell has had letters from American soldiers in Africa and Europe praising his frozen wishbones. But the industry was already alive and growing before the war.

County Agent Rew attributes the success of chicken growing around Gainesville to four factors: pure water, drainage, normal rainfall and cool nights in the summertime. These blessings are shared not only by Hall County, in which Gainesville is located, but by the adjoining counties of White, Lumpkin, Dawson, Jackson, Barrow, Forsyth, Gwinnet, Banks and Habersham.

From dozens with whom I discussed the reasons why Gainesville did well with chickens from the beginning I repeatedly got the soil-climate-drainage explanations; and one poultryman actually laid it all to the nutritious local gravel. He said chickens find it delectable.

Ed Jared pointed out that the cost of raising birds in the Gainesville area is about the same as in Atlanta, 50 miles away. He depreciated the labor differential—but there unquestionably is one. Therein lies one of the reasons why thousands of farmers, using members of the family to help, can keep the price low enough for the Gainesville packers to compete in the national market.

But here, oddly, there is another phenomenon. Among the packers there is very little competition. They can sell all the broilers they can process. And among the growers and hatching men, there is no competition at all.

Recently Jesse Jewell advertised for more growers, to whom he would lend money to get started and guarantee a price for twelve-week-old fowls.

How Poor Boys Get Rich

Competition exists among the packers and even the feed vendors for *farmers.* Other packers, just as enterprising as Jewell, are always on the lookout for potential growers—and bedeviling the banks (as Jewell says he does) for more money to lend to more farmers in this business which is expanding constantly. Tom Paris, Johnny Martin, Perry Parks, L. A. Chemell, Edd Travis, the feed man, are all former Gainesville poor boys who are rapidly getting rich.

In any search for the spark which touched off the Gainesville boom one runs into the inevitable pure accident. In the thirties Jewell was still selling most of his birds to truckers alive when, one day, he met Conrad Romberg, president of the City Ice Company, on the street.

"I've been thinking," he said idly, "if I could get a few tons of ice a day from you cheap, I could kill all my birds and ship them."

And thereupon began the frozen broiler business—freezing them being a logical later step when the machinery for it was developed.

There have been vast sociological reactions to the feathery revolution. Farms look as spruce and well-kept as any in the land. And from a dozen students of the spectacle from its beginning I heard that chickens nearly cut off the flow of sound moonshine from the hills.

Leland Rew told me that during the war when he went out in the country to talk to groups of growers to explain disease control and the complicated regulations then in force out of Washington, many grizzled individualists expressed violent irritation about the red tape. Time after time, he says, an exasperated grower would hitch his suspenders and growl, "I'm going back to the whisky business, where they'll let me alone."

At forty-eight Jesse Jewell feels he has only mined the top vein. "This thing is so *big,*" he said earnestly. "There are angles nobody has thought of yet. We're only getting started around here. Come back in five years."

No doubt by then he will have the cackle packaged.

In May, 1947, a rash of red faces broke out among the local chicken kings and queens. General Jonathan Wainwright, hero of Bataan, was to visit Gainesville, and Edgar B. Dunlap, who resides here, determined to do his World War I crony proud with a chicken feast never to be forgotten. All the leaders of the town and their ladies were invited. Chicken was prepared in a dozen ways, but only the choicest sections of white meat around the breast bone would be offered.

General Wainwright stared unhappily at the groaning board. He beckoned to Dunlap's son.

"Little Ed," he sighed, "I'm on a very strict diet since prison camp. Bring me a wing and a glass of buttermilk."

Those were two items which at the moment were utterly unobtainable.

Gainesville's new city manager, Arrington Oglesby Brown, told me that rejoicing over the economic miracle of Gainesville was not total. He said one of the town patriarchs, a gentleman in his late eighties, paid a call on him his first day in office "to see what I looked like." Brown remarked affably to his visitor that he must have seen all the remarkable progress and changes in Gainesville during a stretch of years.

"Yes," he said, "and I've been agin them all." THE END

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DURING SEPTEMBER AT REXALL STORES EVERYWHERE

Hear **DICK POWELL** as Richard Diamond, Private Detective, Wednesdays, 10:30 P.M. EDT on NBC

300 TISSUES TO THE BOX!

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Cara Nome Cleansing Cream liquefies instantly for thorough cleansing . . . leaves skin petal-smooth.

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Rexall Quik-Bands, plain or merc., 36's	**29c**
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Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Paste, 3¼-oz. tube	**49c**
Stag After-Shave Lotion, zippy, fragrant, 3-oz.	**39c**
Rexall Antihistamine Tablets, cold relief, 15's	**39c**

NEUTRALIZES EXCESS ACIDITY

in less than 1 minute

BISMA-REX

69c

Gives quick 4-way relief from acid-indigestion . . . eases gastric distress...leaves a protective covering on stomach membranes.

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200 5-grain **79c**

Multi-Vitamin Insurance for Pennies per day

REXALL PLENAMINS

$2.59 72's

More than your daily minimum requirements, plus Liver Concentrate and Iron. Individually foil-wrapped. 144's — **$4.79**; 288's — **$7.95**

MEDICINE CHEST STAPLES

Rexall Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol, full pint	**39c**
Glycerin Suppositories, adult, infants, 12's	**35c**
Rexall Cherry Bark Flavored Cough Syrup, 3-oz.	**39c**
Rexall Spirits of Camphor, ½ oz.	**19c**
Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide USP 3%, 4-oz.	**18c**
Rexall Boric Acid, powder or crystal, 2-oz.	**19c**
Rexall Little Pills, laxative, 100's	**29c**
Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment, soothing relief for minor skin irritations, 1-oz. tube	**19c**
Rexall Cascara Aromatic, fluid extract, 2-oz.	**43c**
Quik-Tel Fever Thermometer, easy-to-read and accurate, oral or rectal	**$1.39**

REXALL REMEDIES

Rexall Eyelo, soothes, cleanses eyes, 4-oz.	**33c**
Rexall Asthmatic Powder inhalant, 6-oz	**89c**
Rexall Fungi-Rex, greaseless, for athlete's foot, 1½-oz.	**63c**
Rexall Rex-Salvine, antiseptic salve, 1½-oz.	**49c**
Rexall Analgesic Balm, for pain or soreness	**31c**
Rexall Rex-Rub, for aching muscles, 6-oz.	**89c**
Rexall Petrofol, extra-heavy mineral oil, pt.	**59c**

FIRST AID NEEDS

Rexall Reel Roll Cotton, on handy roll, 1½-oz.	**33c**
Rexall Tincture Iodine, with applicator, ½-oz.	**15c**
Rexall First Aid Gauze Bandage, 1" x 10 yds.	**15c**
Rexall Cotton Balls, sterile, many uses, 65's	**29c**
Rexall First Aid Kit, plastic, complete	**$1.69**

VITAMIN VALUES

Rexall Panovite ABCD&G capsules, 100's	**$2.89**
Rexall Polycaps, for children, 30's	**87c**
Rexall Cod Liver Oil, high potency, pint	**$1.19**
Rexall Clominol, natural vitamins A & D from Percomorph Liver, a real value, 10cc	**73c**

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Lord Baltimore Portfolio, 36 sheets, 24 envs. exquisite white linen stationery	**49c**
Elkay's Airater, aerosol deodorant, 12-oz.	**$1.49**
Elkay's Moth Fume Crystals, kill moth eggs and larvae, 1-lb.	**59c**

It's Better Tasting!

Rexall MILK OF MAGNESIA

in the blue bottle

69c

Look at the price for a full quart of this pure, mild, better-tasting product — and try to match it.

Sticks Better...Stays Put Longer...Is Less Irritating!

Rexall PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE

15c

Developed by years of research and testing in leading clinics and hospitals... available in 4 widths.

Smoother Shaving!

stag BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM

49c

No fuss...no mess...no massage! Just smooth it on and shave! You get a quick, close shave with no sting, no pull, no nicks!

America's All-'Round Mouthwash

REXALL Mi-3I

Pint 69c

An ideal mouthwash, gargle, breath-deodorant, and first-aid dressing — and you get a full pint at the same price as other leading brands of smaller quantities.

BUYS FOR BABY

Rexall Antiseptic Baby Oil, 2½-oz.	**29c**
Rexall Antiseptic Baby Powder, 4-oz.	**25c**
Castile Soap, pure, mild, 3-oz. bar	**15c**
Rexall Stork Nurser, 8-oz. bottles	**3 for $1.00**

MEN'S TOILETRIES

Stag Hair Oil, non-sticky, fragrant, 3-oz.	**39c**
Stag Shave Cream, lather, coolated, bay rum	**39c**
Stag Deodorant Cream, day-long protection, 1½-oz	**50c**
Rexall Bay Rum, ideal after-shave, pint	**59c**

CARA NOME COSMETIC NEEDS

Face Powder, 8 flattering shades	**$1.00**
Hand Cream, softens, beautifies, 4-oz.	**$1.00**
Cologne, distinctive, subtle, 4-oz.	**$1.25**
Dusting Powder, day-long daintiness	**$1.25**
Estrogenic Hormone Cream, 2-oz.	**$1.50**

THE MAN YOUR DOCTOR TRUSTS

He's your Rexall Family Druggist...a graduate, registered pharmacist...and he fills your prescription with painstaking accuracy and fresh, fully potent drugs. Take your prescription to a Rexall Store.

Rexall
DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA

Prices listed in this advertisement that refer to size or value represent the manufacturer's suggested full retail price. Cosmetic items are subject to Federal Tax. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 48, California.

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

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Miracle of Local 9

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

$162.82 to $65.79; and in linens and towels, $87.25 to $47.75. Similar differences were observed in other departments.

If Local 9 has a weakness, it lies in the fact that Milling has now virtually run out of things to ask for, particularly in the field of social gains, though he argues that there is always room for improvement. In any case, the union president has badgered Wanamaker executives so persistently and so relentlessly that the store now spends more to support each of its 1,900 union employees than perhaps any other store in the nation. Over 5 per cent of its payroll goes to social benefits.

For example, under the terms of the union contract the store pays over $97,000 a year in premiums for the hospitalization and medical and surgical care of its employees who, in turn, pay absolutely nothing. What is more, there is no age limit or medical examination for the employee to worry about, and the store takes care of his entire family, including all children up to the age of eighteen.

Last year, the Associated Hospital Service of New York reported 374 claims from John Wanamaker employees for hospitalization. This represented 3,773 days of care at an actual cost of $53,489. Surgical and medical attention amounted to another $21,571 for 362 claims. In other words, the members of Local 9 saved more than $75,000 in medical expenses in 1949, the entire amount being shouldered by Wanamaker's. The employee, moreover, had the free choice of physician or surgeon, the free use of any necessary equipment such as X ray or cardiograph, and the right to free treatment as either an inpatient or an outpatient.

The list of benefits goes on and on. The union maintains a blood bank containing every known type, and it's all free. Wanamaker's pays $5,000 annually for a house chiropodist since a salesclerk's feet are subject to more than just the ordinary foot ailments. Wanamaker's also puts up another $15,000 a year as its contribution to the employees' Mutual Benefit Association, an organization to aid workers in sickness.

Retirement Is Not Compulsory

Only about 20 per cent of the people employed by corporations in America are estimated to be covered by company pension plans. Wanamaker's, naturally, is one of the companies covered 100 per cent. Moreover, a Wanamaker employee reaching the retirement age of sixty-five need only have been with the firm for eight years to qualify for a pension. Even then he doesn't have to retire unless he wants to; one man has been in the rug department for more than 60 years and shows no inclination whatever to retire. If an employee quits after even one year, he gets 91.2 per cent of the premiums the store has paid in to the pension plan, plus 96 per cent of the amount he has paid in himself, plus 2 per cent interest, compounded annually.

Having retired, he is still considered to be a member of Local 9 and he retains all the rights and benefits of an active member. If he needs a prescription filled, the union contract will take care of it, and if necessary Milling himself will see that it is delivered. Retired members pay no dues, and Milling is so solicitous over their welfare that he sends each of them $5 for taxi fare to and from the annual union ball. "The dance ends sort of late and we don't want the older members riding the subway at that hour," he explains.

Having given up so much to the union, it is probable that John Wanamaker and Company would by now be a bit on the acid side were it not for the fact that Milling is determined that the union show its appreciation for the favors bestowed upon it by management. Once negotiations are over, he devotes himself to almost ceaseless exhortations for the members of "the grand old union" to move upward and onward in behalf of "the grand old store." It is consequently not surprising that Wanamaker's feels its employees perform according to exceptionally high standards. Robert Thompson, Wanamaker's director of industrial relations, points out that such things are difficult to measure, but he adds that "the over-all effect is undoubtedly good."

In practice, Milling is a combination watchdog, cheerleader and cracker-barrel philosopher. A tall, skinny man rising six feet and weighing only 143 pounds, he roams the four Wanamaker stores like a gaunt bloodhound, sniffing out lazy or indifferent employees and warning them, "To err is human, to persist in it is diabolical." He is also an intensely religious man and he has, in the past, stationed himself at Easter time at the entrance to a Wanamaker store dispensing mimeographed prayers to the customers.

The response was excellent and Milling was deeply gratified.

Milling bombards union members with a veritable fusillade of earnest messages, many of which are contained in a monthly pamphlet called Liberty which he publishes. In Liberty at various times he has discoursed on the value of a smile ("It costs nothing but creates much"), reminded clerks to tell their neighbors about Wanamaker's store-wide summer sale, or cautioned them, in the interests of union solidarity, that "when a banana leaves the bunch it usually gets skinned."

His hackles begin to vibrate dangerously when he approaches the subject of attendance at union meetings. Although Local 9 has an exceptionally good record in this respect, Milling is satisfied with nothing less than perfect attendance. While he has never expelled anyone from the union and rarely collected a fine, he frequently threatens both to malingerers for committing the most heinous crime of all: sharing the benefits without sharing the obligations.

His concern with the honesty of Wanamaker employees is such that he asks employees to report any irregularities to him personally. Every store suffers from "shrinkage," which is the difference between what the store has in stock and what it *thinks* it has in stock. Milling frequently points out that when it is an employee who steals, he is not stealing from Wanamaker's but from his fellow workers.

Whatever the reason, shrinkage at Wanamaker's is not the significant item it is at many stores. The management assumes it is because Wanamaker employees are unusually loyal. Shrinkage is likely to be higher in a store with a large personnel turnover, inasmuch as the employee is not given a chance to develop either loyalty to the employer or respect for his policing system.

Milling's over-all campaign for mutually productive labor-management relations has been so vigorous and so concerted over the past few years that the gospel of Local 9 according to Paul Milling has almost consumed him. He is an avid speaker and has appeared on numerous panels and platforms with his message.

Last year he even turned up on a Voice of America broadcast. Milling described the happy life at Local 9 in English; Kurt Homburger, the first assistant chef for the ninth-floor restaurant in the main store, translated it into German; Miss Renee Sampson, junior miss department, made the broadcast in French; and Mike DeGregorio, head fitter in the men's alteration department, obliged in Italian. The theme, as always, was: Labor and management are in business together.

Now forty-five years old, Milling has made substantial personal sacrifices in order to wage his battle for Local 9. A native of New York City, he finished only two years of high school before taking a job with a machinery company. From there he gravitated successively to a chain of stores, where he worked briefly as a clerk, to Wall Street as a customers' man in 1928, and eventually to Wanamaker's as a furniture salesman in 1930.

He still lapses occasionally into the terminology of "the street," particularly in describing business conditions as "bullish" or "bearish"; and the so-called honor system of Wall Street, whereby thousands of shares could be traded simply on a man's word, left a lasting impression on him. Unfortunately, however, there was a depression. Although Milling could have stayed on as a customers' man, he left Wall Street for Wanamaker's greener pastures.

A Nagging Social Conscience

As a furniture salesman he was an unqualified success. His boundless energy translated itself into handsome commissions which frequently reached several hundred dollars a week, and he would still be selling furniture had it not been for a nagging social conscience. "I saw abuses and I didn't like them," he says now. "A union seemed the only solution."

In the latter part of 1943, the clerks at Wanamaker's were contacted by C.I.O. organizers. Milling immediately took up the battle inside the store for a union and he carried the flag with such zeal that the first contract was signed early in 1945. The name of the union at that time was the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees Union (C.I.O.), and it was the first time that Wanamaker's ramparts had been effectively breached. Previously, the store had had agreements with a number of craft unions but most of the employees had not been organized.

By the time Milling finished, he had organized the store from the basement (incinerator firemen) to the top floor (rug repair), and it was natural that the new union should elect him president. Although his salary as union president fell considerably short of the money he made as a furniture salesman, there was never any question as to which road he should take.

Even before the historic contract was signed, Wanamaker's had had a 40-hour, five-day week, but that plum was not granted until the shadow of Local 9 appeared on the horizon. Now, company officials concede that Milling has been responsible for virtually all the gains which are now characteristic of the store. Some of them were won under the C.I.O. and others under the A.F. of L. In January, 1949, Milling broke with the C.I.O. because of C.I.O. President Philip Murray's announced intention to take away much of the jurisdiction of Milling's union in order to give it to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Milling insisted that Wanamaker employees had nothing in common with the needle trades, but the C.I.O. was adamant.

Milling therefore proposed to his executive board that they bolt to the A.F. of L. The executive board approved and the plan

Next Week

Francis Wallace's 11th Football Preview

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was then put to the shop stewards and general membership, again with complete approval. Milling, however, went over to the A.F. of L. on his own terms. He insisted that Local 9 be permitted to elect its own officers from its own membership, that it have full and complete control of its treasury, and that Local 9 be endowed with complete autonomy. It was agreed.

Books Are Regularly Audited

The union has come to be as efficient an organization in its way as Wanamaker's is in its way. The treasury, once nearly depleted by the ambitious advertising program, is again in a healthy state as a result of voluntary contributions by union members, and the books are audited twice yearly by a certified public accountant. The C.P.A., moreover, has a key to the office and can make spot checks any time he chooses.

Milling reviews every transfer, layoff or salary adjustment contemplated by the store, and he handles an average of 70 grievances a week, about 25 of which are "serious" with the remainder being mostly questions of interpretation. If the store complains to him about the performance of an employee, he is inclined to dismiss it if it is the first offense. "Anybody can make a mistake," he says. "That's why they put erasers on pencils." If, however, the grievance is a true one and Milling concludes that the store is acting "in good faith and for good and sufficient cause," he concurs and the employee is promptly dealt with.

If a union member has a grievance against the store, his conduct in the matter is rigorously prescribed. He first goes to his shop steward and fills out a grievance form which the shop steward reviews to make sure it is not simply a fractious complaint. The employee, having convinced the shop steward that he has a justifiable beef, then goes in to the boss and argues his case personally. The boss, in turn, states management's position on the reverse side of the grievance form.

Eventually, the form reaches Milling. If the grievance has been settled, he files it away in the union office. If not, he takes up the cudgels in behalf of the union member and eventually arrives in the office of Robert Thompson, the director of industrial relations, where the case is disposed of one way or another. Relations between Thompson and Milling have been unusually placid, considering the opportunities and the temptations to indulge in unpleasantries.

If all this is Utopia, as both management and the union seem to think, it is sheer heaven when it comes to the Communist question which bedevils so many unions. Milling is so violently anti-Communist that he refuses even to dignify the party with its correct name. Instead, he calls Communists "Red Fascists" on the theory that this will make them madder than anything else he might call them. He keeps his harpoon ready and sharp at all times, and to date no known Communist has so much as crossed the threshold at Wanamaker's, although the House Un-American Activities Committee has flushed any number of them from other stores in New York City.

Milling's success against the Communists stems partially from his intense dislike of them, a condition which keeps him constantly alert, and partially from the fact that he is a keen student of their tactics. He recognizes instantly, for example, the Communist "diamond," a seating arrangement under which party members are spotted at strategic points in a union hall to assure control of the meeting; and he understands the process of infiltration. He is, moreover, not content to be subjective about the situation. When, on last May Day, Communist-dominated unions were gathering for their parades, Wanamaker's held a May Day sale at which the officers of Local 9 donated their services as salesclerks.

It is this sort of thing which Milling feels can best defeat Communism in America, and it is the sort of thing which brought him to the attention of the House Un-American Activities Committee. During hearings in 1948, when Communism in certain department store unions was being investigated, the late Representative John Lesinski of Michigan was moved to remark, "It looks as if the Wanamaker store is the only store that actually has an American union, led by Americans, for Americans, with Americans." The House Subcommittee on Education and Labor was even more specific in its praise:

"Of all the retail unions investigated by this subcommittee, only one has fully qualified—Local No. 9 at Wanamaker."

Rebuked by the Daily Worker

The Communists have not been pleased by Milling's aggressive attitude. On November 17, 1949, the Daily Worker, in reviewing the advertising campaign undertaken by Local 9, noticed him publicly by accusing him of giving his union members "a splendid lesson in how to cut their own throats at no expense whatsoever to the boss.

"Listen here, Brother Milling," the paper snorted, "you can carry that 'labor-management partnership' joke a little too far. Suppose the ads do a lot of good and people flock to John Wanamaker's? Where do they flock from? From Macy's, of course." Working up a full head of steam, the Daily Worker concluded that once the process was started, "the unions are going to be so broke from buying expensive ads that they couldn't finance a 10-minute strike." That was no news to Milling.

Milling, in fact, took no special notice of the attack. Instead, he went home that evening to New Jersey and played with his three children, Billy, eleven, Kathleen, ten, and Patricia, five. The next morning he was back at the office doing business as usual. Nevertheless, he seemed happier than he had seemed in some time. Miss Grace Fink, his secretary, was curious.

"A wonderful thing happened last night," Milling said. "When the children finished saying their prayers, I was standing in the doorway of the bedroom listening to them. And I heard Billy say, 'God bless Daddy and the union.'" THE END

The following notice appeared in 1861 on the bulletin board of John Wanamaker's:

"Store must be opened at 6:00 A. M. and remain open until 9:00 P. M. the year round. The store must be swept, counters, base shelves and showcases dusted, lamps trimmed, filled and chimneys cleaned, pens made, doors and windows opened; a pail of water and a scuttle of coal must be brought in by each clerk before breakfast, if there is time to do so, and attend to customers who call.

"Store must not be open on the Sabbath day unless absolutely necessary, and then only for a few minutes. Any employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, getting shaved at the barbershop, going to dances, and other places of amusement, will most surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and all-round honesty.

"Each employee must not pay less than $5.00 per year to the church, and must attend Sunday school every Sunday. Men employees are given an evening a week for courting purposes, and two if they go to prayer meeting regularly.

"After 14 hours of work in the store, the leisure time must be spent in reading good literature."

EVERY SPECIAL EVENT—

Say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Before or after dances, big games, weekend parties, FLOWERS-BY-WIRE show appreciation to companions and hosts. On *all* such special occasions, FLOWERS best express friendly, grateful thoughts. Order where you see the famous Mercury Emblem . . . $5.00 and up. Service worldwide.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY — Send Flowers Worldwide — INTERFLORA

Look for this Emblem
Your Satisfaction Guaranty!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 200 Lafayette Building, Detroit 26, Mi

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Inside Hoopendyke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

love it in Rochester. Somewhere right then was an apartment in Rochester that didn't know it, but two people were going to move in the first of the year. We could take our honeymoon driving up from the home office and stopping off at Niagara Falls. Everything was working out for me.

My phone rang and it was my mother, who had orders from me never to call me at the office unless it was life or death.

"You forgot your rubbers," she said.

If the switchboard girl was listening in I was as good as dead. "For Pete's sake, Mom—" I began.

"*I didn't call you about that,*" she said. "Don't be so touchy. That stuff you ordered came this morning. You've been in such a stew about it I thought I'd call you. I had to sign for you."

"Open it up and tell me about it," I said. "Describe it."

I heard her tearing the envelope. "It's a piece of heavy paper," she said. "Has a picture of a naked lady on the top of it. I'll read what it says. 'This certifies that Charles E. Hoopendyke is the owner of two shares of common stock of Morgenthaler Chemical Company, transferable on the books—' "

"*That's enough, Mom,*" I said. "Put it in a safe place until I can take it to the bank vault. The refrigerator might be best in case of fire."

I SAT down at my desk, a capitalist. The money I'd saved from my pay checks I'd taken to a broker and bought two shares of Morgenthaler. I sat there considering my rosy future. A salesman out of Rochester. Looking at the dark side of life, maybe I wouldn't ever be a vice-president. It could happen. Maybe I'd have to settle for a division manager's job. Worth around twelve to fifteen thousand a year. Well, that kind of money wasn't to be sneezed at, especially for a guy like myself with a private income from common stocks. I was an owner of Morgenthaler, entitled to attend the annual meetings and vote out the directors if I didn't like the way they operated.

Two shares of stock I'd purchased, giving me a private income amounting at the present dividend rate to four dollars and sixty cents per annum. I sat there feeling big and wishing I had a cigar.

At the next desk a typist tore a sheet of paper.

"Careful with that stationery, baby," I said. "Don't waste it. Be a shame if Morgenthaler had to cut the dividend."

Whenever I passed Linda that day I stopped for a remark. Little chitchat about Rochester.

"They got a university there," I said one time. "Fine university."

Linda just looked blankly at me.

Next time I came by I said, "City of beautiful homes."

I was on my way into Mac's office. I came out and said, "Not much night life so I hear. Who cares for night life?"

Linda giggled. "Charlie," she said, "let me in on the secret."

"I will," I said, "come the day of the picnic. The big beautiful Morgenthaler picnic."

Everyone was getting ready for the picnic; everyone was excited about it, but nobody was as excited as I was because I don't think anyone else was going to propose to his girl at the picnic. I'd probably propose when the sun went down and the moon came up and the band was playing. I'd dance her over by a grove of birch trees and pop the question. I'd never been to Pickens Grove but if they didn't have birches any other kind would do. I wasn't fussy about the trees. . . .

I woke up the morning of the picnic and when I saw that the sun was shining it was the final touch. Lucky Charlie Hoopendyke, up and coming young businessman with the finest girl in the world.

I went out to my car at nine in the morning. It was Saturday; my father was out raking leaves.

"Seen the stock market page this morning," he said. "Morgenthaler went down forty points."

"What?" I said.

"I'm kidding you, son," he said. "It went up a point and a half. You're another Baruch."

Everything worked out for me. It was fate. I'd made three bucks.

"Pop," I said solemnly, "you know that girl I brought around for supper a couple *times*—"

"Girl with the squint and the wart on her nose—"

"No squint, no wart," I said hotly; "and I resent—"

"Relax," he said. "You're tighter than a fiddle string. Nice girl, almost as pretty as your mother was. I suppose you're going to marry her."

"How'd you guess it?" I said, and got in the car.

It purred like a kitten—good old car. I drove over to Linda's and she came down the porch steps wearing a black and yellow sun dress with shoulder straps, carrying a jacket over one arm, and a picnic basket on the other.

"Wonderful day, Charlie," she said.

"Going to be better," I said.

Pickens Grove was nine miles out of town. We cruised through the business district and I looked at Linda by my side and decided to bring up the one item that had been worrying me.

"Fellow named Jackson," I said. "I've been hearing about him."

"Yes, Charlie," Linda said. She folded her hands in her lap and I thought she seemed tense.

"I guess I'm a little curious," I said. "Telling you the truth, I'm eaten up with curiosity. I heard you were his girl."

"I was, Charlie," Linda said. "We came to work at the same time. Pete was just out of college, and I was just out of high school. Then he was transferred."

"And you're his girl?"

She hesitated. "Past tense, Charlie," Linda said, and put one hand on mine on the wheel. "Let's not worry about Pete Jackson," she said.

I didn't worry. It was all right. Before me there had to be someone else. Past tense as Linda said.

We shook loose from the traffic at the last light and headed out of town. We were in the country going down a grade when the wheel suddenly pulled hard to the right; when I stopped and got out to check, the front right tire was as flat as my wallet the night before payday.

"Change it in a jiffy," I said to Linda, opened the trunk, and then began wondering when I'd last checked the spare. I didn't need to wonder: the spare was soft as a pillow.

"I'll have to flag someone down," I said, and stepped out into the road. A tan convertible came over the brow of the hill, shot past us at fifty miles per hour, then stopped with a squeal of rubber. The car began backing up.

"You see?" I said to Linda. "Nothing can go wrong. We get a flat tire and immediately we find a Good Samaritan."

Linda was staring at the car. A big heavy-shouldered young man got out of it.

"Thanks, fella," I said. "Do you happen to have an air pump—"

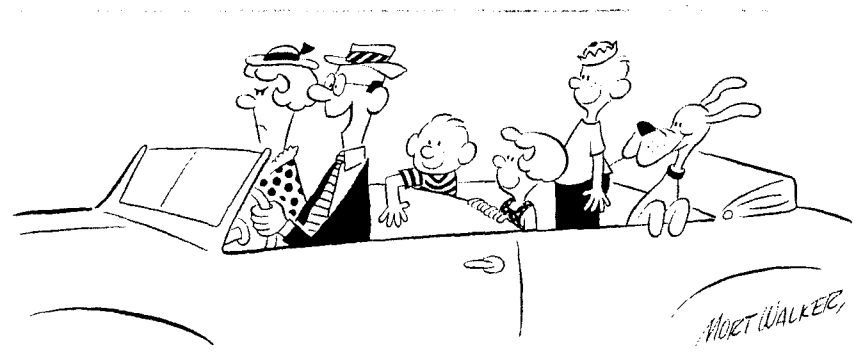
He wasn't listening to me. Linda had opened the door of my jalopy, and this fellow just picked her up in his arms and kissed her. I stared at them.

"Drove *half the night*," he said. "I couldn't stay away, baby." He held her off from him and looked at her. "I'd forgotten how pretty you are."

"I thought you'd forgotten *something*," Linda said.

"Baby," he said, "you know I hate to write letters. But I did come back."

Linda saw me then, standing there like a rubberneck, and she patted her hair and pushed him away. "Pete Jackson," she said, "shake hands with Charlie Hoopendyke."



COLLIER'S **"Okay, majority rules. Let's vote on whether we go to the zoo or the flower show"** MORT WALKER

"Hoopen-what?" he said.

"Hoopendyke," I said and tried to grin, although I'd heard it so many times it didn't seem funny any more. I guess I never did think it was funny.

He shook hands and looked at the tire. "Too bad," he said. "Hop in my car, Linda, we'll head for the picnic and I'll send a rescue squad back for Hoopy."

Linda shook her head hard. "Oh, no," she said. "I'm staying with Charlie."

"You'll be late," Pete Jackson said. "Hoopy here would want you to go on ahead, wouldn't you, Hoopy? Besides, he knows I haven't seen you for six months. How about it, Hoopy?"

"Go ahead," I said.

Linda shook her head again. She was flushed and stubborn but I wasn't going to have her be a martyr for me.

I watched them drive off, then went back to my car. *I didn't care if nobody ever* came along that road and rescued me.

FIVE minutes later, a foreman stopped, got me rolling again and I made the picnic. I went and had a beer and it tasted the way I felt—bitter. I saw Pete Jackson going around shaking hands with everyone, but keeping his left arm around Linda.

That was how it had been before I went to Morgenthaler. Pete Jackson and Linda —and now they were back together again. I didn't go near them. I went off by myself, and when Linda was within range I moved away so she wouldn't see me.

Something hit me in the seat of the pants. I turned around and saw a kid with a water pistol.

"Watch it, sonny," I said. "I'm in no mood for low comedy."

I took two steps and he plugged me in the back of the neck. I turned and chased him, and he ran behind the legs of some ancient character eating a hot dog, and with mustard on his chin. One of our janitors, I supposed.

"Come on out, Frankie, and apologize to the gentleman," the old character said. "Shake hands and call off the feud. Young man, this is my grandson, Frankie Morgenthaler."

The old bird was the president of the company. That was all I needed now, to get in wrong with him. He gave me a hard look and then wandered off.

I looked down at young Frankie Morgenthaler the fourth, future president of the company.

"Go ahead, kid," I said. "Squirt me. Right between the eyes. I'm a dead pigeon, anyway."

But the water pistol was empty. I was heading for the woods to brood when someone yelled, "Hoopy," and there was Pete Jackson, and Linda with him.

I didn't look at Linda. "Where have you been?" she said.

"I'll take Hoopy for my center fielder," Jackson said. "Let's play ball."

I didn't want to play, but they put me out in center field for the five-inning softball game. Mr. MacFarland was the right fielder and he brought a few bottles of beer out with him, to ward off the sun, he said.

"You're a younger man than I am," Mr. MacFarland growled at me. "If a ball comes my way and I holler, you take it."

"Okay, Mr. MacFarland," I said. I didn't feel up to calling him Mac. I knew I wasn't ever going to be a division manager. Maybe I wasn't even going to stay a salesman for long, the way I'd chased young Frankie Morgenthaler.

PETE JACKSON was pitching and put on quite a show. Nobody could touch him. I struck out in my only chance at bat, but Pete Jackson hit a home run and we were ahead one to nothing in the fifth and final inning when the other team had its last licks.

Jackson fanned the first two hitters, then walked the next man and they had the tying run on first. Our catcher was Mr. Emlin, the traffic manager. He had been anxious all during the game to try out his arm. He tried to pick the runner off first with a snap throw and threw the ball all the way out to Mr. MacFarland in right field. Mr. MacFarland was drinking a beer. He put down the bottle, galloped after the ball, and for some unexplained reason, threw it to me, possibly because I was closest to him.

The runner had plenty of time to score but he happened to be the company's purchasing agent and when he got to third base he was so pooped he had to sit down and recuperate.

So they had the tying run on third with two gone, and a younger fellow stepped up to the plate.

Jackson pitched and the batter hit a high fly into right field. Mr. MacFarland was working on his beer bottle again. I heard him start to cuss and then he put down the bottle and began running around in circles. The fly ball seemed to be just hanging up in the sky.

Mr. MacFarland was running around like mad yelling, "I got it," and then suddenly he yelled, "You take it, Charlie."

I raced for the ball, thinking maybe I could undo some of the damage. Maybe I'd be the big hero of the ball game. I took the last lunging step with the ball coming down into my hands, and stepped on one of Mr. MacFarland's beer bottles. I sat down with a jolt, and the ball hit in front of me, bounced through Mr. MacFarland's legs and the batter had a home run, and that was the ball game.

"You missed it," Mr. MacFarland growled at me.

I walked in toward home plate and someone touched me on the shoulder. I jumped nervously and it was Linda.

"Have a peanut-butter sandwich," she said.

It was sweet of her not to mention the

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ball game. "If you want to know the truth, Linda," I said, "I hate peanut-butter sandwiches."

Linda stared at me. "You said you liked them. That's why I made them for our lunch."

It seemed so futile to me to stand there and argue about peanut-butter sandwiches when my whole life was collapsing all around me.

"I don't want any," I said. "Let's not discuss it. Where's Pete Jackson?"

"They're going to start the entertainment," she said. "He sings. He has a wonderful baritone voice. You simply must eat something, Charles. Here. These were just picked this morning. Have a tomato."

I didn't want a tomato. I took it so as not to get into an argument about tomatoes, and when some of the office girls came up to talk I ducked away into the crowd.

On the bandstand they were starting the entertainment. Somebody did some magic tricks but he was so nervous he kept dropping things out of his pockets and they cut off his act in the middle.

The next guy was a harmonica player who would have stayed there all day if Mr. MacFarland, acting as master of ceremonies, hadn't stopped him when he paused for breath. Everyone clapped like mad because he was finished and the poor sucker probably thought he was wasting his life slaving for Morgenthaler when he could be making a fortune in television. But at least he had his illusions, which was more than I had.

"And now," Mr. MacFarland said, "we have an extra added attraction. Our old friend Pete Jackson is going to sing for us."

Jackson came out on the platform and started singing—something about moon and June. A bevy of office girls near me were looking starry-eyed and I couldn't take that.

I started to walk away and a piping voice said, "That's a fine-looking tomato you got there, Mister."

I looked down at little Frankie Morgenthaler, the fourth. I'd forgotten I had the tomato.

"You like tomatoes?" I said. "You can have it."

I handed it to him. He drew back his arm and then I realized he had no intention of eating that tomato.

I started to say something and then I stopped and watched. The kid was a natural pitcher, I'll say that for him. He threw that tomato straight as a string over the heads of the audience. It splashed on Pete Jackson's shirt front just as he reached a high note. For a minute after he looked down at himself Jackson must have thought he was bleeding to death. Frankie Morgenthaler hightailed it for the woods, and pandemonium reigned.

MR. MORGENTHALER calmed things down. He got up on the bandstand and said angrily that in all his years with the company which bore his name he had never seen anything so dastardly. He said that throughout the length and breadth of this great nation the Morgenthaler Chemical Company was honored as an organization which had never known any kind of strife, but was one big and happy family. Mr. Morgenthaler sat down and everyone cheered, and the next entertainer came on, a typist and also a singer, and she looked a little nervous, as though she was ready to duck any moment.

I drifted through the crowd, and Mr. Emlin, the traffic manager, stopped me and shook my hand.

"I saw you with that tomato," he said furtively. "Congratulations. Best thing that ever happened to that smart aleck."

I went on through the crowd. A couple of salesmen pounded me on the back. I saw Pete Jackson over at his car going through his suitcase. Mr. Morgenthaler was with him and I went over.

"I'm sorry about that, Jackson," I said.

He glared at me. Mr. Morgenthaler turned on his presidential scowl. "Were you responsible for that?"

"I guess I was," I said.

"I won't forget it," he snapped at me. "What's your name?"

"Hoopendyke." I said. "With two o's."

I went over to my car and drove home. I called up my broker to tell him to sell my stock but his office was closed. I went up to my room and wrote two letters, one to Mr. MacFarland resigning from the Morgenthaler Chemical Company and the other to Linda telling her I loved her dearly but I understood the situation.

I put the letters in envelopes and mailed them and settled down to a dismal week end.

ON MONDAY morning I went down to Morgenthaler to get some money I had coming to me and some personal things in my desk. I had intended to slip in and out but I had no sooner reached my desk when Mr. MacFarland started growling my name.

I went into his office. He was staring at my letter on his desk.

"I have a communication here from you," Mr. MacFarland growled, looking very fierce. "It states that while you still love me, you realize I am promised to another."

"Mr. MacFarland," I said, "there must be some ghastly mistake."

"Is that your writing or isn't it?" Mr. MacFarland said, handing me the letter.

"This is all a horrible mistake, Mr. MacFarland," I said. "I was so mixed up on Saturday I didn't know what I was doing."

"I hope not," Mr. MacFarland growled. "Something else might interest you. Mr. Morgenthaler telephoned me this morning. His grandson confessed after Sunday school yesterday that he threw the tomato at Pete Jackson. Mr. Morgenthaler was quite touched by your attempt to shield his grandson and take the blame."

I sat there and swallowed. I didn't say anything.

"Well, Charlie," Mr. MacFarland said, "haven't you any work to do?"

"Yessir," I said, and got out of there.

Linda was standing by the files. She didn't speak to me.

"Linda," I said, "did you get a letter from me today?"

"A curt note informing me of your resignation from the firm," Linda said. "I suppose that's your idea of being subtle."

"You received the wrong letter, Linda," I said. "I'm sorry you're annoyed."

"I'm more than annoyed," she said.

"It's quite all right," I said.

"What do you mean 'quite all right'?" she said. "Making me walk nine miles home from the picnic. I was never so humiliated in my life."

"Linda," I gasped, "you didn't walk. Not with Pete Jackson there—"

"I went to the picnic with you, didn't I?" she said. "I told him I was going home with you. Then I had to walk because you stood me up." She was starting to cry.

I gave her the letter Mr. MacFarland had got by mistake. "I was crazy," I said. "A girl like you. With a fellow like Pete Jackson. You'd be out of your mind to change your name from Smith to Hoopendyke."

Linda put down the letter. "I'd been Pete's girl," she said. "Then you came along. I liked you, but Pete was away and I didn't know how I felt. When he came back yesterday and I saw you together, then everything was straightened out. I knew what I wanted then. I—"

"You don't have to give me a blueprint, Linda," I said. "A big wheel, that's Jackson. I understand—"

"Charlie," Linda said. She took my hands in hers. "I told Pete good-by at the picnic. How do you spell Hoopendyke? I'll have to know, won't I, Charlie?"

Morgenthaler Chemical Company does not allow employees to neck during office hours. I had to go back to my desk but I had to do something.

I called my broker. "This is Hoopendyke," I said. "Buy two more shares of Morgenthaler. I have inside information that the company is really going places." THE END

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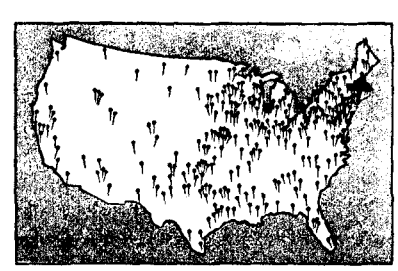

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The Woman Who Nagged

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

awful old skinflint. I just didn't like having him lick the stuffings out of me. So we reached the ninth. It's a short hole, but a toughie, on a hill with a stream cutting across. You can picture the setup."

"I get it," Ham said earnestly.

Reeny made a cluck of concentration.

"Well, I dubbed my first shot. It dribbled off into the stream. You don't pick up your own balls there when they go into the water. It's too deep. The boys get them later. You remember, dear?"

ROSALIND murmured. She turned her eyes to the garden and tried to give her full attention to the azaleas. Still Mike's voice droned on.

"Not Good told me to try another. So I stood up there, mad as a hornet, and whammed that ball like I had a baseball bat. I looked over the hill but I couldn't see it."

This was the delayed pay-off. Rosalind clenched her teeth.

"Old Not Good said, 'Lad, I was watching that ball. I believe you've got a hole in one.' I said, 'Not on your life,' but I began to think maybe I had, because I couldn't find the darned thing, and I knew I'd hit it awfully hard and mighty straight."

"You forgot the part about the caddie," Rosalind said coolly.

Mike threw her a quick, exasperated glance. "I'm just coming to that, honey." He brightened again. "There was a caddie standing on the green—Not Good's caddie—and he shouted down to us, 'That last was a hole in one!' "

"Oh, brother!" Ham said. "What sweet music that must have been."

"Believe you me, it was. All my life I'd thought about getting a hole in one. Listening to the two fellows at the club who'd had them I used to think they were better than Phi Betes and All-Americans combined." Mike threw back his head and laughed his loud, boisterous laugh.

Rosalind cringed. He sounded like a hyena.

"I'll bet you celebrated at the nineteenth hole for a week," Reeny said, smiling.

"But wait till you hear," Mike went on. "Not Good was pretty excited about it and we went back to the clubhouse and told the pro. And because of that first shot, the one I dubbed, it *wasn't* a hole in one. It was a hole in two. So there went my moment of glory."

Ham and Reeny gasped with dismay. "How did you stand it?" Ham asked. "I'd have given up the game for good."

"I'd have headed even quicker for that nineteenth hole," Reeny said.

"It was in '38," Mike said, frowning. "I think it was, because I was home from college for summer vacation. Or maybe it was '39."

"What on earth does it matter?" Rosalind burst out. "Considering you *told* it all to the Lauderdales last week!"

Ham and Reeny murmured deprecatingly and Mike flushed a deep crimson. He started to protest.

"Oh, yes, you did. I remember distinctly," Rosalind said. "Reeny, are you planning on azaleas next year?"

"Well, it's a swell story," Reeny said. "I'd like to hear it every week. Azaleas? I haven't decided, Rosalind."

Soon the Lauderdales left for home and Rosalind and Mike faced each other on their wide front porch. Mike still had lots of fight and he was burning with humiliation and wanted to make Rosalind pay for it.

"You're a great little audience. You sure know how to spoil a story."

Rosalind was positive she was pregnant now because she felt so sick. So she lashed back. "Well, you had told it to them before. Don't tell that story all the time, Mike. Nobody really cares but you."

He stalked back and forth indignantly. "So you don't care. Don't care that your husband had a hole in one. That's a loyal wife for you."

"I certainly don't care. And I wish you wouldn't laugh so loud. I don't care about anything." Rosalind burst into tears. "I'm having a b-baby."

Mike stopped as suddenly as if he'd been shot. "You're what!" He rushed to her and put his arms around her. "You're what? Oh, my darling. My little Rosie. My sweet, sweet adorable dear. A baby!"

So he picked up Rosalind and carried her indoors. And he rubbed her hands as if they were cold. And knelt at her feet whispering how much he loved her and what a beast he was to tell the story about the hole in one when she was having a baby.

But there it was, the first nag, like the oyster. Mike didn't tell the story again. And after that, because she was tired and heavy, Rosalind could lie on the sofa running over her troubles like beads. She would remember resentfully that Mike hadn't picked up his pajamas from the floor, how he left the bathroom in a mess when he showered, how he still blew his nose sometimes before he stepped into bed, in spite of the pleasant way she had asked him not to.

The baby came and a very fine baby she was. She smiled at one month and rolled over at three. Some people thought she looked like Mike and others were sure she favored Rosalind. She never cried at night because she was well-fed and comfortable. If she was changed and fed and loved, she was happy.

And Rosalind, because she was a little overconscientious about her first baby, loved to tend Muff herself and have everything done just right.

One evening Mike came home from work a little early.

"You're looking beautiful tonight, my Rosie," he said.

Rosalind was tired. She had been up early with Muff, had done the formula and the baby wash as well as her regular work, darned Mike's socks and sewed buttons on his shirts while Muff slept, and had just had time for a shower and a change.

"How's the boy?" she asked pleasantly, turning her cheek for his kiss.

"H'm. Tasty," Mike said, kissing her. He wandered around. "Where's my other girl?"

"She's napping," Rosalind said. "Thank Heaven. It will give me a chance to sit down before dinner."

Mike strolled into the living room.

"Don't wake her," Rosalind called. "Did you hear me, Mike? Don't wake the baby."

"H'm," he said.

She busied herself about the kitchen, mixing the dressing for the salad. She wished to Heaven dinner and the dishes were done with and they could go to sleep. The salad looked attractive with strips of green pepper forming a crisscross design on top. Standing back to admire it, Rosalind felt cheerier. How nice, nice, nice it was to have a pretty home, attractive things, the perfect baby and a dear husband.

She heard a wail from the baby's room and strained to listen. Muff shouldn't have awakened yet, not the deep way she slept. She untied her apron and went down the hall. In the nursery, Mike sat in the rocking chair, holding Muff in his arms. And the baby, still groggy from interrupted sleep, was red-faced and angry, holding her breath to prepare for a good, long yell.

At the sight of it, Rosalind felt her heart leap with anger. She thought of the heavy wash she had done and the formula she'd had to sterilize twice because the nipples had dropped into the sink. She thought of the socks that had big holes because Mike wouldn't bother to cut his toenails. And the rushing around to bathe and dress in her pink summer linen that had taken hours to iron, just so she would look nice for him.

Rosalind's black eyes flashed and she flew into a fury. "Look what you've done. You woke the baby! I told you not to. I told you." She took Muff from Mike and patted the little back, glaring angrily at her husband. "Don't wake her when she's sleeping. How many times do I have to tell you that?"

Mike stood up, confused and guilty-looking. "It's not going to hurt her once to wake her and say hello to her old man."

"Oh, isn't it? I work and slave all day and then—" Rosalind's voice broke. "I have a chance to sit down and rest for a minute—and you spoil it."

Because he felt so unaccountably like a five-year-old child, Mike spoke like one. "Oh, take your old baby," he said and flounced out of the room.

They made up later, when Rosalind suddenly started crying into the dishwater while she stood at the sink. And Mike, who had been sitting in the living room pretending to read the paper, flew to her at the first gasp. He kissed her and dried the dishes and put them away and said the work was too much for her, they'd have to get some help.

Rosalind, sniffling, said no, she loved doing it and wouldn't want any maid touching her dear baby and cooking for her darling husband. They kissed and Mike said she was his own Rosie.

But after that Mike tended to stay away from Muff a little, for fear he would do something wrong. And because, after a few months he was out of practice, Rosalind really couldn't leave them alone together a great deal in case Mike wouldn't know just which shirt Muff wore at what time and exactly how to hold the bottle.

And then there was the question of drinking and driving. Rosalind was not the kind of wife who told a man how many drinks he could have; but on the other hand, it was hardly fair to her for him to have more than a few at the country club on Saturday nights—when he had to drive her home, that is, and would never let her take the wheel. They had to consider their responsibility to the baby. Mike was a competent driver, but he drove too fast.

ONE Sunday evening they were at the Lauderdales' for a rubber of bridge. They had finished the game and were sitting around the pleasant living room having a nightcap. Ham and Mike had worked their conversation about inflation into a spirited discussion, and in the heat of it, Ham jumped up.

"This calls for another drink, boy. How about it?"

"Fine," Mike said, following Ham to the little bar to finish the pleasant argument.

Rosalind didn't say anything then. But when the glasses were empty and Ham suggested another, she answered quickly for Mike.

"I don't think you'd better, darling. We have a long drive home."

Mike looked surprised. "Why, is it late?"

Rosalind glanced at her watch. It was midnight. "Pretty late, considering you have to get up early in the morning. I think we should go." She turned to Reeny and said in an aside. "He has to drive, you know."

Reeny looked at her oddly. "He's a big boy, sweetie. I don't imagine he wants to plummet off a cliff."

But on the drive home, remembering the drinks, Rosalind felt uneasy; she found herself watching the road and putting her foot down to the floor as if it were the brake every time they rounded a corner. When they passed a truck, she held her breath, letting it out in a little gasp as they cut into

COLLIER'S

"It's signed, 'From Your One and Only.' Why, *that* could be anybody"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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line again just before a car bore onward from the opposite direction.

"What is it, honey?" Mike asked amiably. He was feeling warm and contented, sated with good food and drink.

"Not quite so fast, dear," Rosalind said, *peering nervously ahead into the darkness.*

"Fast!" Mike cried, amazed. "I'm not going fast."

"Oh," Rosalind squealed as they passed another car. "*Please*, Mike, slow down." She was nervous, and her voice was sharp.

Teasingly, he kept the car down to twenty for a few interminable miles.

"I merely asked you to go a little slower, not to crawl," Rosalind said coldly.

So Mike put his foot down on the accelerator and resumed his normal speed.

"I asked you, Mike, not to go so fast," Rosalind said sharply.

And because he was in an amiable mood and a nice guy to begin with, and because he loved Rosalind, Mike rolled the car along at the speed he thought she'd like.

They didn't make up that night because, actually, there had been no quarrel. But after that evening and so many drives like it, Mike found that even when he was alone he crawled along at Rosalind's pace. He had grown so used to her twitching and gasping beside him that he felt nervous in the car himself. He would wonder a little what had happened to him when he found himself passing another car in a flutter of indecision, putting his foot on the gas, taking it off again, acting for all the world as if this routine maneuver on the open highway was a race with disaster.

AND then, somehow, making love gradually ceased to be much fun. Mike had a most irritating habit of wanting to kiss her just as Rosalind was about to do the dishes or put Muff to bed or cream her face. And she would stay very still, letting him kiss her, but making no response for fear he would want to kiss her again, wondering why on earth he couldn't wait until she had finished what she was doing.

Often they gardened on summer evenings, working on their flowers while the light held, calling out companionably to each other through the fading night. It was hard work, and it left Rosalind with an aching back and a wonderful, healthy feeling of languid exhaustion. One particular night she stepped up onto the porch dragging the lighter tools, thinking of the hot bath she intended to take. She was imagining how she would look later, in her stunning new nightgown that had cost far too much. Mike would whistle when he saw it and ask what did she think this was, a honeymoon?

She smiled, a slow, pussycat smile, for she had bought the pink satin nightgown with honeymoon thoughts in mind. She had fallen in love with it for its froth of lace on the shoulders, its clinging lines.

Behind her, Mike put down the rake. He took the steps two at a time. His arms went out and he turned Rosalind to him.

"Ah, she's my darling," he said. "My own darling."

Rosalind stiffened, just a trifle. Caveman tactics. She could see herself going to bed with no long bath to rest her tired body, no chance to model the new nightgown. Gently, she tried to push Mike away. "Don't, Mike," she said softly.

He hardly heard her. His hand smoothed her hair, rhythmically, softly. "Her black hair, I love so much, black, black as the night." His head came down and he kissed the top of her head.

"Please *don't*," Rosalind said, *wriggling* away. "I asked you not to."

Abruptly, Mike fell back. Rosalind moved to the door. Her voice was sweet again. "I'm going to bathe. I'll be ready for our rendezvous."

Mike stood in the shadows. Rosalind, closing the screen door, looked back at his face, glowing white and lost in the suffocating darkness. She felt a queer catch at her heart, wished suddenly he would come toward her and take her in his arms, smothering her protests with his kisses.

He didn't move and she went slowly down the hall, alone. She lay for a long time in her bath while the hot, soapy water lapped at her aching body. And she let the silky pink nightgown slither over her head, touching its lacy folds with soft, clean hands. But later, the bedroom was dark and Mike lay rigidly at one side of the bed, breathing deeply in simulated sleep.

"Mike," she whispered, slipping in beside him. But his breathing came louder and with it a short, artificial snore.

"Dearest," she whispered. There was silence. And after a long while, she caught her breath to choke the threatening tears, and fell asleep. . . .

The next evening the Lauderdales were coming to dinner. It was a bad day to have company. Muff, the angel baby, who usually smiled the whole day through, woke up in a fussy mood. She wouldn't eat her breakfast. She pushed the spoon away and spit out her milk. Before she was out of the high chair, her eyes were half closed and she was so obviously sleepy that Rosalind put her back to bed.

She hovered nervously over the crib. The little face was flushed crimson. But the sleep seemed deep and normal. Rosalind left her to do her housework, looking in worriedly every few minutes.

At noon, Muff seemed more herself. She ate a little lunch and drank her milk. Rosalind, who read all the baby books, assumed with a sigh of relief that Muff was about to have a new tooth.

THE evenings of the Lauderdales and O'Maras had fallen into a sort of pattern. Rosalind felt easy and at home swinging beside Reeny on the front porch after dinner, listening to Ham's voice run on and on, telling some anecdote about the new pro out at the golf club. There had been a cocktail, with its pleasant lift after the day's effort. Then dinner—beef Stroganov and *escarole* salad. Now they drank their coffee in the last of the twilight. Mike nodded appropriately at Ham's story, while Reeny and Rosalind moved the swing gently back and forth in a peaceful sort of self-hypnosis.

"Six inches from the cup," Ham said, "and here's the other ball. Get it?" He made gestures with his hands.

Suddenly there was a cry from the nursery, and Muff's tiny voice, strangled with fright and pain, burst into agonized sobbing. Rosalind jumped up and ran toward the room, her heart pounding. There was a new note in the baby's cry, one she had never heard before. It was a cry of sickness, a bewildered, terrified appeal.

When she reached the nursery, she found Muff stiffened, her face red and twisted. She picked her up, smoothed her clothes, and trying desperately to be calm, did her best to soothe the child. As Rosalind walked up and down with her, Muff stopped crying, the little head lolled forward on her shoulders, a sick, vacant expression in her eyes. But when she paused to search for open pins, Muff clenched her tiny fists and sobbed again.

Rosalind placed Muff gently on the bathinette and took her temperature. When she read the thermometer she started trembling. Still patting the baby and murmuring to her incoherently, she carried Muff down the hall. Frantic now, she had one thought: to get to Mike. Almost running, she reached the porch, and in her rush and anxiety to open the door, she tripped, her arms breaking the baby's fall. She felt a stab of sickening pain. Her knee!

"Mike," she screamed in terror. "The baby!"

Muff set up a louder wail. The Lauderdales stared, confused, at the scene around the door. Mike jumped to his feet and took the baby.

"She wasn't hurt," he said. He rushed toward Rosalind and awkwardly put out his free arm to help her. "What is it?"

"The baby's sick," Rosalind cried. She realized she was shaking and put her hand over her eyes, determined to get a grip on herself. When she spoke again, her voice was calmer: "My knee has gone out."

Mike's face was white and anxious. "Let me help you, Rosalind," he said.

Let you! She realized, surprised, that she had only thought, not screamed it. Help me with my knee. Call the doctor. See what you think about the baby. I'm terrified and trembling and my knee pains me so much I want to scream. I want to lean on you. Take charge. All this she thought, but didn't say.

Looking up at him, in that fraction of a second, she saw he was a stranger. Physically, he was the same. But the eyes, eager and anxious as they were, were not the eyes of the man she had married. They were the reliant eyes of a henpecked husband, wanting to be helpful—but hovering, uncertain what to do.

Her strength asserted itself. She worked an instant with the agonizing motions that had always frightened her so. It snapped, and her knee was in place again. She stood up and took the baby from Mike.

"Call the doctor, Mike," she said evenly. "I'll take the baby inside. It was foolish of me to bring her out here where she might catch cold." She patted Muff gently while the baby's sobs withered into hiccups. "It's Dr. LeFevre," she said. "His number is the first in the notebook on the telephone table."

There was no time, then; to think. The Lauderdales discreetly left. The doctor came, and Mike hovered around, being very little help. The doctor examined the baby and thumped her soundly on her tiny body; then he put her to sleep with a sleeping powder in water.

"Nothing to worry about," the doctor said genially, putting on his hat. "A little influenza; it's going around. Give her one of those powders every three hours and see that her room is warm. Don't fret if she doesn't eat. Babies run higher temperatures than adults, you know. And in this case, it's no cause for alarm."

THEN Rosalind and Mike were alone in their room. "Thank God it's nothing serious," Mike said. "The poor little kid. She's too young to be sick."

Lying in bed, waiting for him, Rosalind willed Mike to blow his nose, deciding it would be a kind of sign, a symbol of hopefulness, indicating that his spirit was not broken beyond repair.

Mike stood in his blue-striped pajamas, adjusting the window, feeling vaguely displeased with himself. There was something he had done, or not done, this evening, that he didn't quite like. Dimly, it came to him that before they were married, when Rosalind's knee went out, he had taken over, been quite masterful about the situation. Maybe he was too much the good dog around here. Rosalind was always telling him not to blow his nose, for instance. Why shouldn't he blow his nose if it happened to give him satisfaction?

When at last he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose in a long, melancholy honk, Rosalind was moved almost to tears.

He snapped out the light and climbed into bed. Soft and compliant, she turned to the circle of his arms. This was better; leaning against him when she was exhausted, letting him take care of her.

It had been a kind of erosion. A chipping away at his manhood so gradual that neither of them had been aware what was happening. The first strike had been the night he told the hole-in-one story and she reprimanded him. The second had been the evening she nagged him about waking the baby. From then on, the chips had fallen like snowflakes. Don't do this. Do that. Do everything my way.

But it wasn't too late. Mike could be that man again. He would laugh his old laugh and tell the hole-in-one story and make her feel giddy when he called her Rosie. If she never interrupted or corrected his stories. If she left him alone to get acquainted with the baby in his own way. If she didn't count his drinks. If she refrained from saying, "Wait until I cream my face," when he wanted to go to bed. If, in the car, she never, never, never again said, "Not so fast, dear."

Sleepily, Rosalind made up her mind. She would buy Mike a dozen handkerchiefs tomorrow morning. THE END

COLLIER'S **". . . and we just can't wait to see all the new souvenirs you'll be bringing home. . . ."** BARNEY TOBEY

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The Return of Virtue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

groaned in anguish, and he snapped his fingers to the potboy.

"A bowl of spiced ale," he bellowed. "Drown a few buns in it."

"My name is Gerald Thomas," went on the guest. "And I've come from King's Lynn, where the news is all of fishing and wrecking, and fifth-hand scandal from London, where I'm headed."

"You'll have business affairs in London, no doubt?"

"I've heard my uncle lies at death's door, and I've come away without even changing my clothes, for the old man is dear to me."

"He's a great, rich merchant," said Ruby Blake, speculating, "with lashings of golden guineas to pass on to a faithful nephew."

Thomas laughed ruefully. "He's a landlord like yourself, with two sons and a daughter to split what inheritance he may leave. No, I go to him for love, for he was always kind to me."

Ruby Blake narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "Thomas, Thomas. Would he have your own name?"

"He does."

"Tall Jack Thomas, who runs the Crow in Corn!"

"You have him."

"And Tall Jack's dying? Lord, I'm sorry to hear that. A better chap never turned tap in England. I'm grieved for the way I jested, truly, for the master of the Crow in Corn was—still is, God willing—a man. There's nought to pay for the dinner, nor for anything you may guzzle between here and bed. No, no," he said, waving away objections with a huge red-brown paw, "many a time I've drunk the spigot dry at Tall Jack's. You're a guest, lad, and no paying one either. 'Twill teach me manners to recall it, when I've a mind to poke fun at a stranger again."

The potboy, a hulk of a youth with vacant eyes, set down a pewter bowl full of spiced ale, its surface broken by floating plum buns. "I'll get thee moogs," he mumbled and, turning, collided violently with a slim man who had just entered the room. The newcomer, cursing, shoved hard, and the boy reeled back with a cry.

The slim man eyed him a moment, his face contorted; and then he shook himself. "I'm sorry, Dick. I was angered. 'Twas my own fault."

"Sit with us, Mister Christopher," said the landlord, half rising. The potboy went off with a sniffle to get the mugs. "This is my friend Thomas, whose uncle runs the Crow in Corn."

THE man saluted them both with his riding crop. "Your servant, gentlemen. I've been walking a bit, and I'll just down half a bobstick of rum slim before I join you." He walked off toward the bar.

"Hotheaded fellow . . . what did he say he'd drink?"

"Half a bobstick of rum slim," said Ruby Blake. "That means half a shilling's worth of punch." The landlord sighed. "Once he'd no more have roughed the boy there than he would have slit my throat, but he's changed, changed."

"He seems to have a temper."

"Aye, in flashes, but he'll not finish a brawl. He'll up with his crop and slash at you, but then he'll shrivel and let you beat him bloody. I don't mind a man's having a bent toward rage, for it shows he's got mettle; but when it dies in a minute to meekness, something's wrong."

"You say he's changed?"

"He had courage, but not a temper. Now, though I say it of him who's my friend, he's got a temper, but no courage."

Christopher came back then, smacking his lips. He dragged up a chair and sat down opposite Gerald Thomas, smiling slightly at him. "A cold night whipping up," he said. "There's a wicked wind spawning, and the stars looked chilled. I hope you're not riding on?"

"No, my horse is bedded for the night. And your own?"

"I have no horse," said the other shortly. "I live here at the Bull." Gerald Thomas glanced at the riding crop that hung from his wrist by its thong, and Christopher laughed. "An old habit. I once had a favorite horse, and still carry this toy, though it never touched her flank except in caresses." The potboy brought mugs, and the man called Christopher slipped a coin into his hand. "Forgive an old friend his hasty blow, Dick," he said.

CHRISTOPHER was tall, nearly six feet; slim, lithe, with hands as sinewy as Thomas's own. His face, a ruddy tan from much sun and wind, was smooth, the features regular and without distinction—save for his eyes that were blue fire under heavy, sandy brows. He carried his head oddly, with a slight tilt to the right side, and it gave him a quizzical look which his wry, crooked smile enhanced. He was clad in dark green breeches, a white tabby waistcoat, and a vivid scarlet coat with long skirts. There was a cravat of white and gold lace, worn rather high, at his throat. He made a gallant figure, and although not precisely handsome, still had an air of dash and daring that would turn heads in a throng.

Now he smiled over the rim of his mug at great Ruby Blake, and said, "It's highwayman's weather indeed, Ruby, as I could almost hear your brains saying to themselves just now."

The landlord turned round in his chair and scowled at Christopher; then the mustache heaved and billowed above a roar of merriment. "You devil, you can hear my thoughts, I'll be bound!"

"It's no great trick, old puncheon," said Christopher. "When the wind howls and the autumn creeps in, then you shiver with unholy joy and brood on your precious highwaymen! You're like a child at Christmas. 'Tis writ all over your homely phiz."

"It's true I've a love for the gentlemen of the high toby, and affection for the weather that covers their trail," said Blake frankly. "Had I been ten stone lighter, I'd ha' followed the road myself. Being the barrel I am, though, I must run my inn and hope to see a few more of the gentry face to face before I die."

"You've played host to highwaymen?" asked Gerald Thomas.

"Aye, happily, as has every landlord worth his salt in the kingdom. Small ones and great too, a power and lashing of 'em in forty years. Dick Turpin himself supped here now and again, and with my own hands I've rubbed down his wondrous mare, Black Bess." He stretched out his red paws and stared at them reverently, as though they had touched greatness. "The famed Swift Nicks stopped at the Bull too, though 'twas before my time. Oh, I've met 'em, scores of 'em, and served them wine and seen them go off laughing to be hanged."

"Did you ever see Cat Kit Flamande?"

Blake started uneasily. "You've heard of him, have you?"

"King's Lynn isn't so rural that we haven't heard of Cat Kit, the king of highwaymen. It's but two years since he swung on Tyburn Tree, and surely this was his special lay, along this road?"

"Kit Flamande did ride the country hereabouts, as you say," answered Blake. "He was a rare one, braver than all your cutpurses, and a gentleman born."

"Then you did know him."

"I knew him well," said Blake gravely. "I called him my friend."

"I too," added Christopher. "I was there when they hanged him."

"Glory!" said Thomas, and scooped up the last of the ale into his mug. "I'll find King's Lynn a dull place indeed, after sitting in maybe the very seat Turpin and Flamande once sat upon."

"Aye, aye," rumbled Ruby Blake, "maybe the very seat. Who knows?" and, "Who knows?" echoed Christopher, smiling crookedly. . . .

They had begun upon their third bowl of spiced ale when Christopher said, "Master Thomas, is it true you're no horny?"

"No what?" asked the young man.

"Peace officer. D'you work for no thieftaker, nor constable, nor magistrate?" persisted the tall brown man.

"I'm a painter," said Thomas, giggling a little between the liquor and the notion of his being linked with the law. "Why?"

"What do you paint?" asked Ruby Blake.

"Pictures," said Gerald Thomas. "P-pretty pictures."

"Could you paint me my sign all new? I'd pay you a bit for it."

"I'll do it free," said Thomas, "on my way back from London."

Then Christopher said, "I've a thought to tell you a tale, young Thomas. I like you, and Ruby likes you; and 'twould be a fine story to be slanging your kids some darkey, years hence."

"He means 'to tell your babies some night,' you see," Ruby Blake explained. "It's his odd way of speaking when he's fuddled."

"Who's fuddled?" snapped Christopher, giving him a wicked glare. "I'm just oversick of sitting here waiting to grow old. Listen, Master Thomas, and I'll tell you a yarn that'll make you sit up."

"Not that one," said the landlord suddenly.

"Yes, that one. What's to fear? Once on a time, young sir, there lived a highwayman, a lad of the high toby, who could handle a pistol and bridle with the best of 'em. Stap me, but he could! And he loved his work, and he loved the taste of death between his lips, and more than either he loved his horse, who was a bay mare called Virtue. He would have given his life for her, for he loved her better than a man by ordinary loves a woman. If he had a single redeeming quality, it was his affection for the mare Virtue."

"I've heard that Dick Turpin loved his Black Bess in much the same fashion," said Thomas, nodding. "It shows that these highwaymen may have good hearts, though their deeds be bloody and godless."

"Perhaps. Well, one day, as he drank at an inn in Moorfields, this scamp's horse was recognized, and he was taken. He put up a fight, for he had a certain amount of guts in his belly, but there were a score of foes and they threw him into Newgate. And thence, after trial, he bumped on the cart to Tyburn Tree, where he was hanged as high as a poulterer's goose. But what fate came to Virtue he'd never found out, though all his time in prison was spent to that end, talking with friends who searched everywhere for the mare. So he swung at last, and so Virtue disappeared without trace."

ALL three were silent for a moment, and then Christopher went on: "Now you may have heard that sometimes Jack Ketch doesn't do his job up right, and the poor devil who takes the hempen collar will occasionally survive the fitting."

"I heard of one such, a turnpike leveler named Reynolds," agreed Thomas. "It was two years ago, in 1736, and he lived for an hour after they'd cut him down, but threw up too much blood and perished."

"This was shortly thereafter, and the fellow I'm telling you of, he awoke in the house of a friend of his, with nothing worse than a damnably sore neck and a vague memory of pain. So after a period of recovery, he disguised himself and went out into the highways to search for his mare. But he couldn't find her, and in time retired into the country, to live at an inn and play gleek with the landlord and the potboy, still dreaming of his dear Virtue." Christopher put his lean head in his hands, and groaned

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abruptly. "The man had lost his nerve. The hanging was too much for his spirit, which I suspect was none too good to begin."

"A lie," snorted Ruby Blake. "I'd answer for his courage to any court."

"A burnt child dreads the flame, and even more a hung rogue dreads the noose. For all his former brave gambados he was a craven poltroon, and he sat nursing his fear until he came at last to know that he'd never ride the road again. He was a shattered man."

"And the mare?"

"Had vanished forever, I suppose. One small sweet mare in all great England! He lost his nerve, I tell you, and he lost his heart. Even the search for Virtue could no longer tempt him out to scour the roads and fields. You see, there was another thing that haunted him, too. It was that he had not thrown himself off the ladder at Tyburn, but had allowed Jack Ketch to hang him ordinarily; and he was a lad that the mob had hailed for a fine plucky one!" Christopher looked up, his face twisted with agony. "Can you conceive what a wretch he was, this bold highway robber! To stand meekly and be hung, rather than to fling himself off into eternity! What man of real guts would permit the filthy hands of a hangman to strangle him in a rope, when he could do the job himself?"

Gerald Thomas said slowly, "One instant of—of cowardice at the gallows' foot doesn't mean he was white-livered."

"Oh, doesn't it!" Christopher sneered bitterly. "What do you know of cowardice, who've spent your life in daubing canvas with oil! A highwayman to die so—'twould have been a thousand times better had he died truly, and never been resurrected. No, it's a tale of infamy, and an infamous dog is the sorry hero." He fingered his white-gold lace cravat. "Would you like to know his name?"

"I know it," said Gerald Thomas, very pale. "He was hung shortly after Reynolds, you said? There was only one highwayman swung at Tyburn in that period whose friends managed to carry off his corpse. And only one highwayman rode a mare called Virtue."

"Then look at him squarely," cried Christopher, and ripped down the fine cravat to show a dark, welted rope-burn scar across his brown neck. "Look and laugh, for now he's no more than a low buffoon, guzzling ale and dreaming silly dreams."

Thomas stood up. "I'd call it a privilege," he said, putting one arm across the table, "to shake hands with Cat Kit Flamande." And the highwayman took his hand silently, with a ghost of the lopsided smile.

THEY had finished the spiced ale before any of them spoke again. Then Gerald Thomas said self-consciously, "I'm not a man to encourage highway robbery, for I hold that the morass of crime in which England is sunk will prove her downfall if it's not cleaned up. But I'm going to suggest a thing now which an hour ago I would have thought it impossible for my lips to frame."

Kit Flamande stared at him levelly. "Suggest it, friend," said he.

"I say you should go on the high toby again, Cat Kit, and prove to yourself you've lost none of the bravery you once showed forth. Man, man," he shouted, as the highwayman shook his head ruefully, "you were known all over this country as a gallant, as a man who *never* robbed but from the wealthy! I've heard your name spoken in the same breath as that of Robin Hood; and there's precious few brigands can say that! Talk of your Turpin," he went on scornfully. "What was he but a bloody butcher? Talk of your Swift Nicks! What was he but a dirty dog who struck the fancy of King Charles with his horsemanship? You were one who never touched any save those who could afford it, and you of all folk should recall the fact. There's no true evil in a lad like that, nor cowardice in one who worked with empty pistols!"

"You heard that?" asked Cat Kit. He laughed. "It was untrue, I always loaded 'em. 'Twas only that I never had need to use them."

"Curse your feeble excuses," said Thomas angrily. "I say, get yourself a steed, any nag that'll carry you, and go and rob some fat merchant of his fatter purse. Go challenge some snap-trigger fop to a duel. Regain your courage, for by God you're a disgrace to your own memory as you sit sniveling here!"

Cat Kit sprang up and made as if to strike Gerald in the face; then he wavered, a look of self-scorn came over his face, and he sat down again.

"What right have I to start a fight I'll not finish?" he growled. "My knees, like as not, 'ld buckle if you slapped me. A coward has no right to mix into brawls, for he's forfeited his right to be a man."

"He's been like that for a year and longer," said Ruby Blake dismally. "He'll not see that he did what any lad might do when it comes to jigging on air under Tyburn gallows. One minute of cowardice, as you say, sir, doesn't make no whipped puppy of a man; but he's stubborn, he always was, and *will* sit there pitying himself! Why, if he'd thrown himself off like he talks of, his neck would ha' snapped, wouldn't it? Then where'd he be?"

"In another hell than this," said Cat Kit.

The door banged open and a stranger entered, bringing the cold wind with him. He was tall, as tall as Cat Kit; his face was coarse, and his eyes were red and snapping as two coals. His wig was awry, showing his skull as bald and mottled as a rock.

"Lord, it's turned bitter! Landlord, some hot, man, a little hot!" He sat himself down at the next table, and Ruby Blake bustled off to fix the drink he had requested: a concoction of beer and eggs, sugar and gin, with nutmeg sprinkled liberally atop it. The fellow stared insolently at Flamande and Thomas. "Travelers?" he asked.

"We are," said Gerald Thomas instantly. "We've ridden together from our home in King's Lynn, and are for London."

"King's Lynn," repeated the man, eying Cat Kit sharply. "Ever been to the city before?"

"No," said Thomas.

"I'd swear I'd seen your mug afore, cully," said the stranger to Flamande. "I'm Ned Barstow. Ever meet me?"

"No," said Kit quietly. "But I've heard of you."

"Ah," said Barstow, preening down his cloak with a hand, "you've heard o' Ned Barstow, eh? My fame spreads, by blood it does!"

"Say, 'infamy,' rather," murmured Kit, just loud enough to be heard. "You're a notorious rascal."

They leaped up then, all three of them, so quickly that no one could have said who moved first. And Cat Kit's hands came racing up toward the newcomer's throat, but stopped, suddenly, as though they had been paralyzed. Then Ned Barstow hit him on the side of the jaw, and the resurrected highwayman was flung back over the table, to fetch up asprawl on the floor. Gerald Thomas was tearing himself out of his heavy, hampering paduasoy coat, when Kit said haltingly, "No, young fellow, don't mix in." He got to his feet. "I deserved that blow for talkin' loose. Apologies, Barstow. Another time I'll pick my words better."

"Another time I'll split you in two," said Barstow angrily, but he sat down. "Here," he went on, his ugly face lighting with a thought, "you and your pal just go see that they've put up my mare all safe, for I value her sleek hide. Jump!" Cat Kit stared at him for a moment without expression; then he said dully, "Come and get a breath of air, Thomas." They went to the door and opened it and left the warm room.

"Past one, and a bleak morning," chanted Kit softly, as they stood sucking in the chill wind. "I know, I know, 'twas a craven backdown. Truth is, I knew him years ago, and was afraid he'd recognize me if we fought. So lecture me no lectures, friend."

"No man calls me friend," said Thomas coldly, "whatever his former reputation, after he's licked the boots of such a piece of scum as sits yonder laughing at us." He shook off the highwayman's hand. "Come and look at his horse," he said, choking a little; for admiration dies hard. "It's what he ordered, isn't it?" In silence they turned and trudged back to the stables.

The ostler nodded civilly to them, and slammed the big door in their wake. "A cold night, gentles, and a hard winter a-coming."

"Where's the horse that was brought in just now?" asked Kit.

"Oh, a fine bay, Mister Christopher—"

"Call me by my right name," said Cat Kit.

The ostler looked frightened, but said, "She's over there, Mister Flamande."

They walked to the stall. There was no sound in all the stable save the restless stamp, stamp of hoofs. The bay mare was small, shiny with good living. Gerald Thomas gazed at her with admiration, then turned to his companion.

Cat Kit's face was waxen, and his lips trembled. He stepped forward like a man in a trance, and gently touched the velvet muzzle with one quivering hand. The bay whinnied and nuzzled his palm.

"By all I ever loved," whispered Kit. His voice shook as did his entire body. Thomas had never seen such dreadful emotion. "By all I ever hope to love," said Cat Kit the highwayman. "Virtue, you've come back."

Virtue, the little bay mare, shoved her head fondly into his chest, and Kit Flamande began to cry softly, without any sound whatever.

IT WAS much later that they came out into the night. Damp chill caught at their throats, but Kit did not appear to notice it. His grip on Gerald's wrist was like steel.

"Sink me, laddie," he said, his voice lifted against the wind's keening, "I've got her back. My Virtue, my own dear lovely jade. I can't take it in, friend Thomas. It's too much to believe."

"She belongs to Barstow," said the other, "and he'll never sell, for you can see the man's taken every care of her."

Cat Kit's fiery blue eyes turned round upon him. "I'll carve through a thousand such proxy villains for Virtue," he said.

"Were you not proclaiming your vaunted cowardice less than—"

"What a man says when half of him's missing should never be brought in evidence against him. Zounds! I'll crack Barstow's skull with my fingernails. I'll choke him with his own cravat."

"Splendid words, but wait till he strikes you—listen!"

The sound of coaches laboring down the road had become audible over the wind. They could hear the creaking and clinking of gear and harness, and the steady clopping of horses, and the shouts of many men. "What the devil?" breathed Cat Kit.

They ran to the front of the tavern. Two coaches swung into the yard, and men sprang from them.

"By the Lord Jerry, they're after Barstow!"

"Or yourself," said Thomas soberly. Cat Kit shook his head.

"Six men know I'm alive, and they're all true. No, Barstow's overreached himself somehow . . . What's afoot?" he shouted.

"Have you seen a tall ugly chap on a bay mare tonight?"

Flamande threw up his hands as if in horror. "D'you mean he's wanted?"

"Aye, and badly. He's Ned Barstow the highwayman."

"He's in there, taking his ease," said Kit. "We spoke with him not thirty minutes since. Think of it!" He was overcome with a fine imitation of righteous indignation.

Many men had come up; they were King's officers, called traps. Their leader shouldered Thomas and Flamande aside and set his hand to the latch, but it would not move.

"He's spotted us, and bolted himself in," he growled. "Smash it down, you fellows. But first surround the inn."

From inside came the roaring of a leather-lunged chest: "Touch that bloody door, and the innkeeper's a dead man!" They looked at one another in the lanterns' light.

"To hell with the landlord," said the officer shortly. "That's Ned Barstow, and I want him."

"No, wait," said Kit Flamande, his tone a brisk command. "No need to slay our host, who's a good man. Let's think a minute, for after all, Barstow's trapped."

"There's the potboy," said Gerald Thomas tentatively.

"He's asleep," said Cat Kit, "and once on his pillow no mortal man may wake him for eight hours, as I know well, having wanted ale in the night . . . Sir, can you keep the place compassed for ten minutes?"

"For a week," said the King's man. "But lud, I can smash a window and drop him like a hare."

"The curtains are pulled, and by the time you'd break the glass and untangle 'em he'd have you pistoled, together with Ruby Blake. No, I've an idea, but I'll have to do it myself, for I'm fairly agile and there's climbing in it."

"Try, then," said the officer. "But if you fail, it's all up with your Ruby Blake, for

COLLIER'S **"I wouldn't mind so much if you'd ever get around to teaching our *kids* how to swim"** VIRGIL PARTCH

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I'll take Barstow if I have to sacrifice half of England."

Thomas caught his friend's sleeve as Kit turned away. "Let me come," he said urgently. "I'm supple and can climb like a—like a positive *cat*."

Cat Kit looked at him and grinned his crooked grin. "Come on, then, fire-eater," he said, "but no noise, if you please!" They went together around the old inn until they stood at the rear door.

"No use to try that," muttered Kit. "Always locked at this hour. No, there's our high road." He indicated a leaden pipe that ran up the wall past a second-story window. "Give me a leg up, Thomas, and we'll lay this scurvy knave by the heels!"

"Dog eat dog," said the young man inaudibly.

"What?"

"Highwayman betrays highwayman," he said, "all for a horse."

"No, for the queen of steeds, friend, and the sake of my courage—which has, I think, returned in some measure. Also there's Ruby Blake. Come, your hands. Cup 'em."

Flamande mounted to Gerald Thomas's shoulders, gave a spring and was gone. His figure was a black fluid splash crawling up the wall in defiance of gravity. The artist rubbed his hands on the wall to dry the palms and then he too began to climb the pipe.

It was terribly difficult work; but there were small projections and tiny handholds, and when they gave out there were inequalities of surface where broken nails could yet find a grip while the body dragged itself upward. At last he came to the window, and a hand reached over the sill to grasp his own. "Come along," whispered Cat Kit. "Not a sound, or Ruby's hung meat!"

The hall debouched into a gallery that gave on the lower floor, railed to protect the unwary. Cat Kit went to his toes and finger tips, moved forward with feline grace and quiet. He looked between the bars of the railing. Then he stood up, shrugged off his scarlet coat, launched himself over the rail and flashed out of Gerald Thomas's sight. The young man ran forward.

Cat Kit had leaped squarely onto the shoulders of Ned Barstow; they were rolling together over the floor. Under one of his tables lay the bulky, motionless form of Ruby Blake.

Thomas dashed down the stairs and stood watching. He longed to join the brawl, but this was Kit's own fight.

BARSTOW jumped up, as quick in his movements as Flamande, and snatched out a pistol. Cat Kit hurled himself through the air and struck Barstow with his shoulder in the pit of the stomach. The pistol snapped, hung fire, then crashed out its hollow boom of sound. The ball flew past Kit's ear and smacked into the woodwork.

They thrashed about over the floor, and Barstow, wriggling out of the embrace, kicked Kit in the groin. The highwayman let out a shriek. Barstow scrambled to his feet, floundered to the hearth, and grasped the long iron poker. Cat Kit was huddled, moaning. Thomas plucked up the nearest thing at hand—the empty pewter bowl—and skimmed it at Barstow's head. The ugly fellow flinched and swore as the metal clanged on his bald skull.

"I'll have your liver next, cully!"

Cat Kit swayed uncertainly. Barstow came at him with the poker. Kit ducked a full overhand swing and with every ounce of strength he could muster hit Barstow in the belly. The enemy doubled over and Kit kicked him in the face. Then he dragged Barstow up off the floor and hit him half a dozen lashing sidearm blows in the mouth. As the door burst in with the weight of the King's traps he let Barstow's limp carcass slide out of his grasp. He tried to straighten up but the pain was still too great. He stood, bent like an old man, and panted; his pale face made an attempt at a grin. . . .

They revived Ruby Blake, who had been struck down as he came out of his kitchen at the sound of the nearing coaches. They tied up Ned Barstow, still unconscious, and bundled him into a carriage. Then the King's officer turned to Gerald Thomas and Kit Flamande.

"Where's his nag?" he asked. "I've got to take her along too."

Cat Kit opened his mouth, but Thomas was ahead of him. "I'll bring her out for you," he said. Cat Kit stared, still a little weak and groggy, as the artist disappeared.

When he came back he was leading a mare, and Barstow's saddle and bridle were upon her. The officer scowled.

"Here, that's not Barstow's horse! I know her well!"

"He must have changed somewhere, then, for this is the lady he rode in tonight," said Thomas, avoiding Cat Kit's hard stare. "Don't you want her?"

"Oh, I'll take her. I've got to hand over a horse, and this is a fine pretty mare."

"I'll buy her if you like," offered Thomas offhandedly.

"No, I take to her looks. I'm going to buy her myself."

He tied the mare to the rear of the coach, and shortly they had rattled off down the white road toward London.

GERALD THOMAS stared after them ruefully. "There goes the best mount I ever bestrode," he said.

"You might have given him Virtue," said Cat Kit quietly.

"There was never any question of that," smiled Thomas.

Cat Kit stood a moment in silence. Then he put an arm around the other's shoulders. The autumn wind whistled shrill.

" 'Tis a sacrifice that touches me deeper than you can think," said the highwayman. "I've found a deuced number of good things tonight, rake me but I have! My darling mare, which is half my life; and thence my courage, fullblown again; and finally, a real friend. I know not which is the greatest of the three."

"Let's get out of the night air," said Thomas uncomfortably. "It makes you babble like an old woman."

Cat Kit laughed. "Come along, then. We'll need sleep, for tomorrow we're off for London. You'll ride Virtue, and I'll limp at your stirrup. Don't protest, for it's the least I can do!"

"And then?" asked Gerald Thomas.

"Why, then we'll steal back your own mare."

Thomas chuckled. "I was an honest man this afternoon," he said, "and tonight I'm turned immoral rapscallion."

"Thereafter," went on Cat Kit, "I'll bend my wits to aiding Ned Barstow escape from Newgate jail. I've helped to put him there, and since there must be some decency in a man who'll treat a horse as he has Virtue, damme, I'll just get him out again."

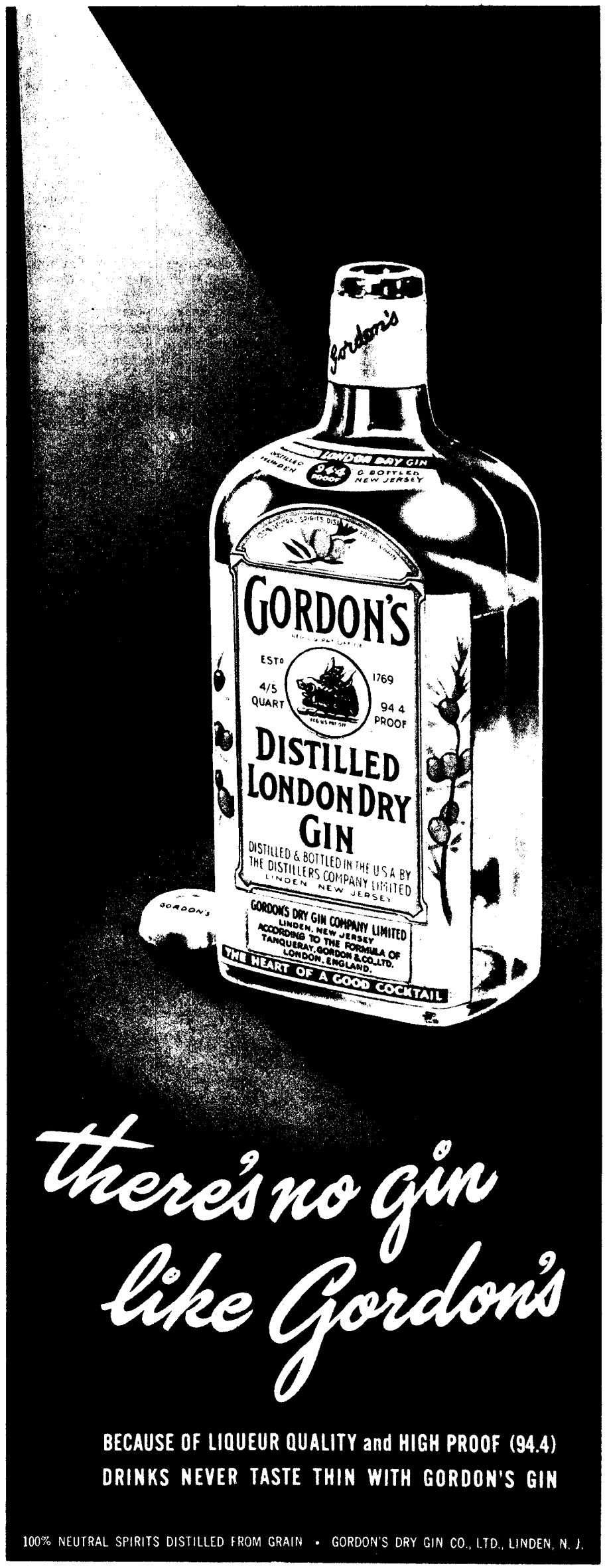
"And finally—" said Gerald Thomas.

"Finally, I suppose, I am for the high toby again. No sermons, you ruffian, from a lad who's lied to a King's officer and stolen a horse all within five minutes! I tell you that for a fellow with courage and wits, and reasonably clean hands, and a roving inquisitive nature, there's no finer trade in all England than the broad highway!"

The young man sighed. "No sermons, Kit. I can't see you as an innkeeper, a merchant, or anything else but a jaunty outlaw. Only keep your hands unbloodied, and I'll say you a daily prayer for success."

The highwayman tightened his arm about his friend's shoulders. "Should you ever tire, Gerald Thomas, of daubing canvas with oil, then come to this inn and ask where you may find me. I'll warrant you'd make as reckless a road collector as ever hammered down the lane after a plump merchant. Oh, I know you're diseased with that plaguey thing called honesty, whatever you did tonight out of friendship; but if you find yourself bored, well—"

Then they both laughed, looking into each other's eyes and shaking their young heads merrily. Cat Kit flung open the inn door. The cheerful firelight leaped out to greet them, and they heard the bull voice of Ruby Blake, roaring something about noggins of hot rum punch. THE END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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

by the responsibilities which she had assumed that she had not once accepted attentions from any man. There had been difficulties, of course—unpleasant ones, too. Harris, for instance, had pestered her when she had first come to the Bonanza, but her rigid indifference had shaken him off.

But this, today, was altogether different and, as the afternoon wore on, she told herself that there could be no great harm in accepting Paul's invitation. His attitude toward her was invariably no more than frank and friendly. He had not once given her an intimate glance, had never even touched her hand. Oh, she must not carry to excess a resolution taken under the stress of family difficulties and out of loyalty to her sister. When business slackened and she had an opportunity she crossed the aisle and told him she would be glad to go, if he could call for her at two o'clock.

WHEN he reached Lena's house, Lena herself opened the door. In the doorway behind was the short elderly woman Paul had seen before, when she met Lena after work. Her name was Mrs. Hastie. She smiled, holding out a hand crippled by arthritis. "I've heard about you from Lena."

She was about fifty, gray-haired, and so bent by rheumatism she had to tilt her head back to look at Paul. Despite her stiffness, she had a brisk and cheerful air, enhanced by the birdlike brightness of her eyes.

"I hear you are a great musician," she remarked, still searching his face with those bright eyes.

Paul laughed. "I pound the piano a little. I'm no more a musician than the organ grinder who turns the handle of a hurdy-gurdy."

"Oh, no, Paul," Lena said shyly. "You play beautifully."

"Anyway, I'm glad you've got Lena to go out. She doesn't go out half enough. I don't want to keep you—just wanted to say how do you do." As though satisfied, Mrs. Hastie withdrew her gaze from Paul and gave Lena a tender, encouraging smile. "Have a good time."

They entered the Botanical Gardens through the big ornamental gates. Paul smiled at Lena. "There won't be much to see outside this time of year, but let's take a walk before we do the greenhouses. By the way, Lena, you're looking wonderfully pretty today."

She made no answer to this casual compliment. Yet it was perfectly true, he thought, and he had been conscious of it ever since she had appeared, just as he was conscious now of the interested glances which she attracted from the people who passed them as they strolled toward the lake. He had never seen her in anything but her uniform and her worn everyday coat, and never properly realized what natural grace and individuality she possessed. A sudden curiosity to know more about her took hold of him.

"Tell me about yourself, Lena—about your family and everything."

She was silent for a moment, gazing ahead toward the silver shimmer of the lake, between the tall leafless trees, then quietly she began to speak.

She told him about the remote fishing town in Caithness in which she had been born. Her father was not actually a fisherman but a "caller," who auctioned the herring catches on the quay, and as such he had shared in all the misfortunes of this waning industry. But for the produce of their small farm they would often have fared badly and this proved in the end insufficient to hold the family together. Her two brothers sailed to seek their fortune on the great wheat plains of Manitoba. Her sister, a graduate nurse, was working in the outpatients department of the Manchester Infirmary. And she herself, at the age of seventeen, had come to the town of Kippen, which lay some ten miles east of Winton, to the reception office of the County Arms Hotel.

"You didn't like the hotel?" Paul asked.

"Oh, it was all right—"

"But you left?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. He felt that she could have told him more, a great deal more, but she did not do so.

"Then you came to stay with Mrs. Hastie?"

"Yes." She turned and looked at him directly. "I can't tell you how good she has been to me."

"Does she rent out rooms?"

"Not really. But she lets me have two at the top of the house. Her husband is away at sea a good deal—he's chief engineer on a tanker."

It seemed odd that Lena should abandon an apparently superior career as hotel receptionist in favor of her present position in the cafeteria. Yet that was her affair, and since, despite the frankness of her gaze, her reserve had deepened, he relinquished the subject, and steered her toward the glasshouses where, tier upon tier, masses of exotic blossoms were banked.

As they went around, Paul was struck by the brightness of Lena's remarks. She noticed many little things which escaped his observation, and what she lacked in learning she made up for in common sense. Her appreciation was natural.

THEY had tea in the Japanese pagoda which served as a restaurant. It was a drafty little place, the tea was weak and tepid, the seedcake fit only for the sparrows which hopped about their feet. But the warm companionship which bound them made them forget the inadequacies of the meal.

"You haven't asked why *I'm* at the Bonanza." He spoke suddenly, unexpectedly, with a smile after a long pause. "Perhaps you think that's where I belong?"

"No," she answered. "I imagine you have a reason for being there."

"I have," he said.

"Some kind of trouble?"

He nodded. "But I have a feeling that it's going to be all right."

"I'm glad," she said in a low voice.

Presently they left the gardens and set out on the journey back to Tron Place. Now Lena's expression was pensive. Once or twice she glanced at him as though she were about to speak. But she was silent.

Outside Mrs. Hastie's house, he held out his hand. "It's been a wonderful afternoon," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I enjoyed it very much. Thank you for taking me."

There was a pause. He wondered if she were about to ask him to come in.

"Well!" he exclaimed with a smile, as the silence became oppressive. "I'll get along. See you tomorrow at the usual time."

She still hesitated, her eyes searching his face.

"Paul—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Never mind."

Whatever it was that she wished to say, she simply could not say it. She merely murmured, "Good night," then turned and walked quickly up the path to the house.

Paul stood for a moment, then strolled off, in the best of spirits. Strange, this mood of sanguine expectation which she had aroused in him.

It was about six o'clock when he returned to his lodgings. Upstairs, in his room, the Herald lay on the table and, when he had lighted the gas and washed, he opened it.

At first he thought he had again drawn blank. Suddenly, at the foot of the last column, his eye was caught by the name he had been seeking. The paragraph was short:

In the House of Commons, Mr. George Birley (Winton, C.) raised the question of the case of Leon Engel, now undergoing a term of life imprisonment in Stoneheath Prison. Was it not a fact, asked the right honorable gentleman, that the new evidence which he had brought forward might demand a reconsideration of the case? Moreover, in view of the fact that Engel had already served fifteen years in prison, was the man not now due to be pardoned?

In reply, Sir Walter Hamilton (Secretary of State) stated that the answer to both questions was in the negative. In the first place, having carefully considered the right honorable gentleman's submissions, he saw no reason whatsoever to interfere with the normal processes of justice and, in the second, the prison record of the man Engel was so bad that he had thereby forfeited any right to pardon. The matter should be considered as finally and completely closed.

Paul laid the newspaper on the table. He was very pale. He did not look up as Mrs. Coppin, his landlady, came into the room, gave him a swift glance, and put a special-delivery letter on his dresser.

Paul opened the letter. It was from George Birley, amplifying and confirming the statement in the Herald. Further action, he wrote, would be utterly useless.

NEXT morning, after a sleepless night, Paul walked through slushy streets to the Bonanza, where he sat down at the piano and began doggedly to hammer out cheap music. The white lights, which in bad weather were kept on continuously in the store, dazzled his weary eyes, but he noticed the small bunch of marigolds in an earthenware jar on the piano—Lena, obviously, had bought them and put them there.

Such was Paul's bitterness that he made no acknowledgment of this little reminder of their outing. But when she brought his lunch he mumbled a few words of thanks.

"You're not eating a thing," she said after a moment, with concern. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, Lena," he answered, in a strained voice. "Everything."

As she moved away, Paul caught Harris watching out of the corner of his eye. Presently the manager came over, exuding authority and hostility.

"I thought I warned you about Miss Andersen."

"Warned me?"

Harris leaned over the piano. "Don't you know she has a child? And her not married, either."

In the pause which followed, Harris nodded meaningfully and walked away.

Paul remained perfectly still, his eyes fixed with revulsion on the manager's retreating back. So that was the reason for Lena's fits of sadness! He could not have believed it of her. Pity flowed into his heart, a pity that was tender, yet which somehow quenched the small bright flame that had been kindled there. There seemed to be no end to the misery of this day.

That afternoon, as he sat plugging his way through the latest tango, a wave of bitterness swept over him. Poor Swann had been right—all hope of official help was futile; he must see this thing through on his own. And, by Heaven, he *would* see it through. He must make a fresh approach to Louisa Burt—she represented his only chance. It was just possible that she had not been warned. Whoever was worried about him might also be anxious about her—afraid of reopening, in her erratic mind, a matter best considered dead.

In the evening he wrote to her:

Dear Louisa:

I was very upset at missing our previous engagement but it was not my fault. I hope you forgive me, for since we met I've been thinking of you every day. Will you meet me next Wednesday at the Bodega? My friend won't be with me. Be there for sure, Louisa, about seven o'clock. Looking forward to the pleasure of your society, and assuring you that I won't disappoint you as I did the last time.

I am,

Yours,
Paul

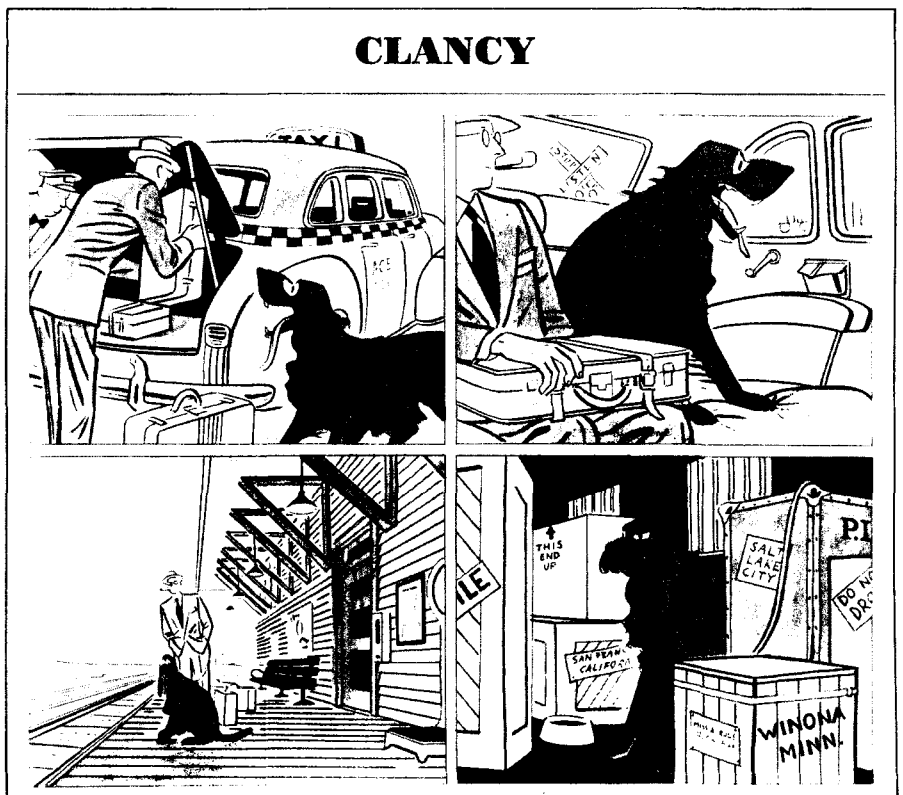
Two days later he received her reply:

Dear Sir:

I would like to meet you only be careful and don't come round the gardin nor the back door no more. Just be at the Bodega as arranged and I will try and be there. With my best respecks.

L. B.

On the same morning that Paul received Burt's letter, Sir Matthew Sprott stood after breakfast in the morning room of his house, gazing through the window at the well-kept grounds. From the adjoining room came



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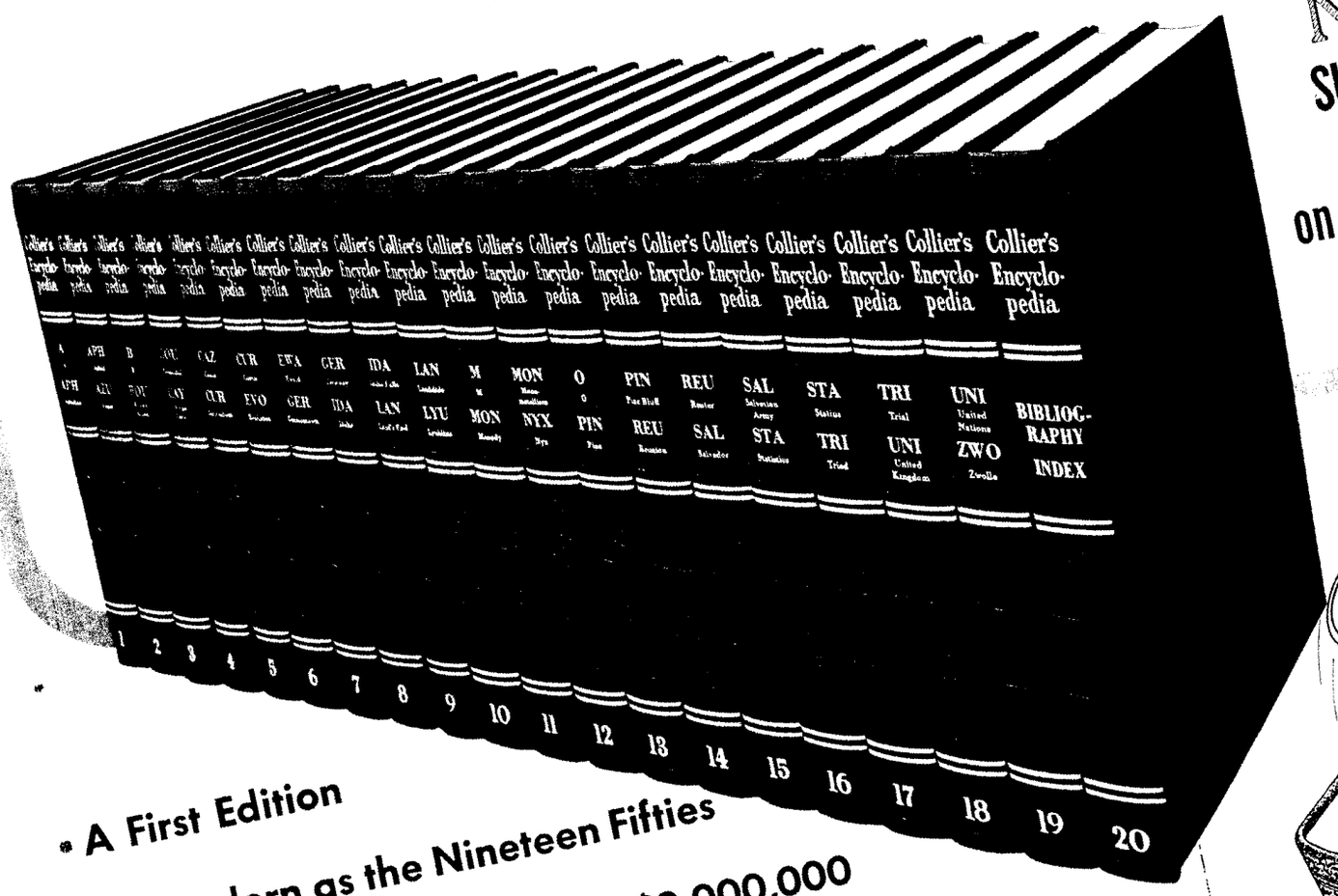

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the chatter of his two daughters as they made ready for the St. Winifred's School pony show and, occasionally, in a lower key, interposing some gay remark, the voice of his beloved wife, Catharine. But despite these cheerful signs of family unity, the prosecutor's mood was heavy and morose.

The entry of a maidservant who began silently to clear the well-appointed table disturbed his train of thought and, giving her that irritable glance which he reserved for underlings, he went out into the hall. Here the little party stood ready, his wife drawing on her long gloves, and looking particularly charming in a little fur toque with a neckpiece of the same soft brown fur, the girls neat and smart in jodhpurs and velvet riding caps.

His expression lightened as his two children pressed about him, urging him to accompany them, while his wife added persuasively:

"It would do you good, dear. You've been too hard at it lately."

She was a slender, delicate woman with a pale oval face and dark eyes. At forty, she still looked girlish.

Gazing at her with unconcealed affection, Sprott hesitated, smoothing his thick lips with his forefinger—a habitual gesture.

"Who is to earn the pennies if I go gallivanting off with you?"

He opened the front door for them. The closed car was already waiting in the drive with Banks, the chauffeur, in attendance. When they moved off, Catharine turned to wave to him through the back window of the limousine.

SLOWLY, he came back through the library, toward his study, frowning a little, pausing to stare absently at the finest of his pictures. It was a rich and commodious home—over the past ten years he had set out deliberately to achieve the highest in refinement and luxury. He prized his fine things, the petit point chairs, the Aubusson rugs, his two Constable landscapes. These material possessions were, unmistakably, the proof of his success.

He had risen, solely by his own efforts, from the humblest stratum of society—in his own phrase, "from less than nothing." An illegitimate child, he had never even known his mother, but had been brought up by an aunt, a gaunt woman who, in shawl and wooden clogs, begrimed every day with coal dust, eked out an existence as a pithead screener in the impoverished colliery district of Blairhill. From the beginning, despite these crushing surroundings, the squalor of the one-room dwelling in the miners' row, the kicks and cuffs bestowed upon him, Matthew Sprott has been dominated by one desire—to succeed.

Sprott chose the law, not from predilection, not because he felt himself morally adapted for it, but because he sensed it offered ultimately the likeliest chance to power. At the end of three years as a solicitor, he became the new procurator fiscal of Winton. It was an inferior position, yet allied to the crown, and was the first step toward his main ambition. While carrying out his official duties with exemplary vigor, he privately continued his studies in civil, public and constitutional law. When he was ready, and had scraped together the faculty entrance fee, he resigned his procuratorship and took rooms in Edinburgh. A month later he was called to the bar.

He was not blind to the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. He had little money and few connections and for many months he haunted the courts, a briefless advocate. Then a registrar's appointment was offered him. He accepted it, but only as a springboard from which to make himself useful to those in power. Gradually he became known as a man of intelligence and immense industry, with a specialized knowledge of criminal law. When the parliamentary elections came round, he enlisted under the banners of the local Conservative candidate, Sir Londen Glenn, sparing no effort, declaiming from the platform at all hours. When Glenn was elected, Sprott quickly received his reward. He was appointed sheriff substitute to the district of Wintonshire.

For five years Sprott slaved in Winton, to such purpose that he became a terror to the debtors, delinquents and petty wrongdoers of the city. He cultivated assiduously the people who could be of use to him—and, indeed, when it suited him he could be the best company in the world. Yet, despite all his efforts, preferment did not come to him. He had married during this period and his wife was often hard pressed to keep him from despair.

Suddenly, when he seemed doomed to a life of provincial officialdom, there occurred a heaven-sent opportunity. A murder case, which had excited the popular interest, was due for trial at the Winton High Court and, on the eve of the opening date, the advocate depute was stricken with a serious fever. All other high officials were engaged. Rather than postpone the trial, it was decided to entrust the conduct of the crown case to Matthew Sprott.

This was the turning point of his career. He flung himself, with every weapon at his command, into the prosecution of Leon Engel. His intention was to focus attention upon his own powers, to stun, to overwhelm with his brilliance—and to convict the prisoner. And he succeeded.

Before eight months had passed, he was appointed sheriff principal and two years later he became public prosecutor for the crown, a position which he filled so admirably that, in 1933, he received a knighthood. Now, at forty-five, full of energy, his ambition further swollen by success, he felt himself poised, as it were, for even higher flights. The solicitor generalship was not far away. And then, in time, might he not achieve the highest pinnacle of all—Lord President of the Court of Session, sitting in the House of Lords as Lord of Appeal?

Of course, in such an upward struggle it had been essential to employ a certain ruthlessness. As authority came to him his frown grew hard and heavy, his tongue cut like a lash. Obliged to ingratiate himself, at all costs, in high political circles, he had learned, to a nicety, when to discard a person who had served his purpose.

Naturally, he had made enemies and he was not unaware of the reputation he had gradually acquired. It was said of him that he was a toady to the great, that with every upward step he had planted his foot squarely in the face of the man who stood beneath him.

As he moved restlessly about his study, the prosecutor's frown deepened. He admitted at last the cause of his present irritation. Yes, that question raised so suddenly in the House of Commons had caused him the bitterest chagrin. Of course George Birley was a fool, and he had been severely reprimanded by the party leaders. Moreover, the Secretary of State had at the very outset quashed the wretched affair firmly. Nevertheless, the implications had been highly disagreeable. Within a restricted circle there had been considerable comment—the thing had even come to the ears of his dear wife, causing her to question him, mildly, one evening when they were alone together.

Sprott, thinking of that now, swore softly under his breath. The only truly disinterested passion in his life was his affection for his family, especially for his wife. She had not brought him money or position, being no more than the daughter of a Winton doctor, and in marrying her for love he had been for once inconsistent with his own behavior pattern. Yet her gentle companionship, the sustaining admiration and pervading sweetness of disposition had more than rewarded him. He had no friends, and the knowledge that he stood well with her, that she was always upon his side, had sustained him in many a difficulty. It was indeed the rankling mistrust that his reputation might perhaps suffer some slight slur in her eyes which at this moment finally decided him.

With a decisive gesture he took up the telephone and put through a call to the Winton Police Headquarters.

TEN minutes later Chief Constable Urie put on his heavy uniform coat and, in answer to the summons, set out across the park toward Grove Quadrant.

At Sprott's house he was shown into the small private study, and told that Sir Matthew would see him immediately. Urie knew he would be made to wait, however.

He eased himself into a leather armchair and, resting his portfolio on his knees, gazed around the room, which was paneled in natural pine, thickly carpeted, lined with many books, in finely tooled bindings.

"Ah, there you are, Urie." Sprott entered the room, extending his warm hand, showing no trace of the ill-humor which had recently affected him. "Can I offer you some refreshment?"

"No thank you, Sir Matthew."

Sprott sat down. "You're well, I hope."

"Quite well."

"Good." The public prosecutor paused for a moment and stroked his lip. "Urie—did you notice that bit of nonsense in the House—about the Engel case?"

Urie was startled. But he concealed his surprise.

"I did notice it, Sir Matthew."

"Of course the whole thing is absurd—political mudslinging. Still"—Sprott shook his head—"we have to watch out these days that none of it sticks to us."

Urie slowly turned his uniform cap in his huge hands, still somewhat at a loss.

Sprott continued to meditate.

"That young fool Engel—is he still in the city?"

Urie shifted his eyes and contemplated his thick-soled boots. "He's still here. We've had our eye on him for some time."

"Yes," said Sprott. "He seems a troublesome sort. Oh, you know what I mean—the type that follows you around, tries to see you at all hours, shoves the usual petitions into your hands."

There was a pause. Then, tapping his front teeth thoughtfully, Sprott added: "The question is—what to do about him?"

THE chief constable held his tongue. He perceived now why the prosecutor had telephoned to him and a curious sensation of doubt, touched by a vague malice, took hold of him. He raised his eyes. "Do you wish to prefer a charge against him?"

"By no means," Sprott said. "After all, misguided though he may be, this young man is scarcely a criminal." He looked straight at the chief constable. "However, it might be that you could induce our friend to leave this fair city of Winton."

"I've already told him to clear out."

"Words, my dear Adam, as I know to my cost, mean so very little. I make no suggestions. Nevertheless, you may find it possible, in your own way, to bring him to a more reasonable frame of mind."

In the silence that followed, Sprott rose to his feet and, with his back to the fireplace, authoritatively addressed the chief constable.

"I don't wish you to misunderstand me, Urie. I have taken the trouble, despite the immense amount of work on my desk, to go through the records of the Engel case."

Ah! thought Urie with that same strange interior tremor.

"We have nothing to reproach ourselves with—nothing. We stand confirmed in the highest quarters. Nevertheless, the situation presents certain dangers. At the present time, with elections falling due in a few months, the merest suggestion of a miscarriage of justice, no matter how unfounded, would be serious for all concerned. I am thinking not only of my own future and yours. The effect on the people right now, if such a diabolical falsehood were nursed into a scandal by mischievous parties, would be to undermine confidence in the whole judiciary, and in the government as well. That is why it's essential for this idiotic affair to be suppressed."

When he had concluded, Sprott held out his hand to terminate the interview. As Urie went out, there was no longer a flickering question in his mind. Somehow the thought had changed its form, was now fixed and piercing, a thorn in his flesh. With a frigid face he muttered to himself, "By God, there *is* something in it." And his voice rang bleakly in his ears. . . .

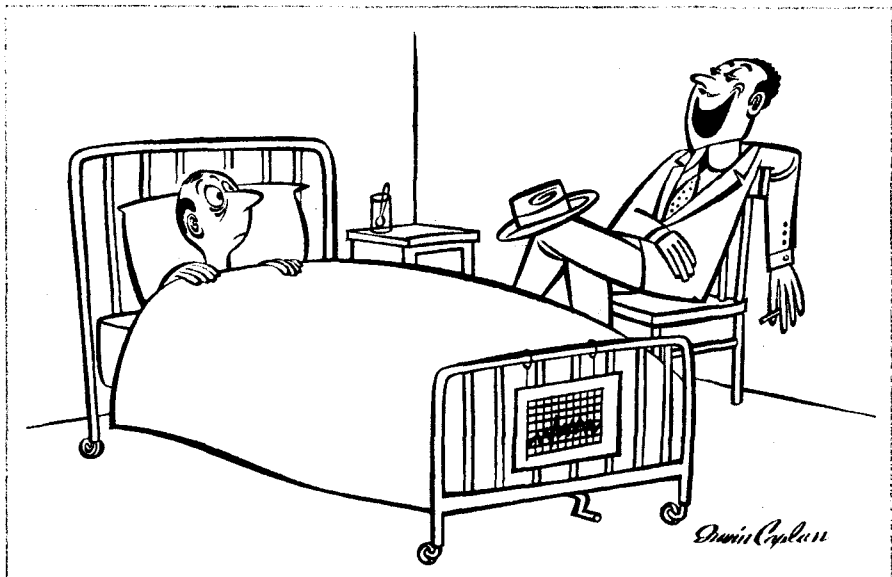
The night of Wednesday came dank and dark, with a cold drizzling rain. As he set out for Pollock Hill to meet Louisa Burt, the tension of Paul's mind and body gave to his movements a deceptive calm. He reached the Bodega shortly after seven and, having first had a look around outside, crossed the street and peered in through a window. Everything appeared normal. He went inside at once, advanced to the table Louisa usually occupied, and sat down. When the waiter, Jack, came over, he ordered a glass of beer.

The place was about half full: two girls were talking and tittering with their young men, a middle-aged couple sat drinking beer in stolid silence, two old cabbies were playing dominoes, a square-headed man in a dark suit was absorbed in a pink sporting paper. Paul decided he had nothing to worry about—no one was paying the least attention to him.

Then he saw Louisa come in and walk toward him. "Well!" he exclaimed. "It's good to see you again."

She gave him a restrained smile, and a ladylike pressure of her gloved fingers, then arranged herself affectedly at the table.

"I oughtn't to have come," she said reproachfully, "after the way you disap-



COLLIER'S

"Don't worry about your work at the office. I've been putting in about an hour a day at your desk and keeping everything up to date"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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pointed me before. I believe you were out with another young lady."

"No, indeed," he protested. "You're the one I'm interested in."

"So you say. You fellows're all like." She patted the puffs of hair over her ears, and nodded an intimate greeting to the waiter. "The usual, Jack."

Paul leaned forward. "The difference is that I'm serious." He forced an admiring smile. "You look nice tonight."

"Get away with you!" Flattered out of her pique, she spoke almost archly and took a sip of her gin. Then she looked at him sideways.

"Don't think I don't know what you're after. But I'm a respectable girl."

"That's why I'm attracted to you. I hope you had no difficulty in getting here?"

She straightened. "What makes you say that?"

"Why, you mentioned it yourself in your letter—about being careful."

"Yes—so I did." She sat back and took another drink. "It's just that Mr. Oswald is shocking particular about some things. He's very high-principled. You've surely heard of him? One of the biggest charity contributors in Winton. Gives hunderds and hunderds away to the hospitals every year—and in the winter puts up free coffee stands. They call it the Silver King Canteen. He's a good sport for all he's so strick. And he's always treated me like a lady, else I wouldn't have stopped so long."

"Then you've been there some time?"

She answered complacently, "I was just a kid when I went there, not more than seventeen."

This information took him aback. Could it be true? If so, she had been in this one position more than ten years.

"You don't believe me?" she asked.

"Of course." He was careful not to show his surprise. "It's just that you look so young."

"I do, don't I?"

"I'm surprised you never married."

Under his flattery she gave a conceited little smirk.

"The Oswalds would like me to. It's a fact. Mr. Oswald keeps on saying what a good thing if I got married and settled down with somebody, say like Frank, their handy man, or Joe Davies, the milkman. Oh, they're steady fellas all right but both of them's over fifty. Now can you imagine me and them? Well, I might one of these days, you never can tell. But right now, catch me! I like a bit of fun. Do you blame me?"

"No, no," he said. The pattern he had suspected was emerging clearly. The philanthropic Oswalds, noted, as he now knew, for their splendid efforts in the cause of local charity, had befriended this unfortunate and erratic girl, had done their best to keep her on a steady course, even to the point of suggesting marriage with a sober and reliable man. But despite all this, there existed in her mind a deep-rooted grievance, a grudge against life.

SUDDENLY he saw how he could use this to his advantage. Controlling the excitement that rose within him, he murmured, "It seems odd to me that anyone as smart as you shouldn't have a better job."

"You're right." She nodded sulkily. "Mind you, I wouldn't of took up the domestic line except that I was talked into it." As she spoke, her self-satisfaction faded, her eyes filled with tears of self-pity. "The truth is, I've had a dirty deal. And after all I've went through."

His heart began to beat faster. He affected disbelief. "Nobody could have been hard on a nice girl like you."

"That's what you think. And all because I done something what was right, something noble, you might call it."

He murmured sympathetically, "People often suffer for a good action."

"You said something there. Oh, it was right enough at first. They put me in all the papers—photographs and everything—on the front page—just like a queen."

While she looked at him sidewise as though gauging the effect of her words, he laughed, with just the correct note of incredulity.

She reacted immediately. "So you think I'm a liar, eh? That only shows your ignorance as to the person you're addressing. It may interest you to know that at one time—" She broke off.

"Ah, I knew you were joking." He smiled and shook his head.

Her face went red. She looked over her shoulder, then brought her head close across the table. "Is it a joke to nearly get a man hanged?"

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, in shocked admiration. "But you never did that?"

She nodded her head slowly. "That's the very thing I done."

"Was it for murder?"

She nodded again, with pride. "And but for yours truly, they'd never of got him."

"Well!" he exclaimed, in an awed tone.

"Let that be a lesson to you"—she sunned herself in his open adulation—"as to the lady in whose society you find yourself. And I could surprise you a lot more if I wanted."

"Go ahead, then."

LOUISA gave him a sly glance. "That would be telling, Mr. Curious. Still, it's so long ago—it can't really hurt. Take the private doctor, for instance—that first saw the woman that was done in. Tuke was his name. He's dead and gone now. *He* had a story to tell, if only they'd took his evidence. This Tuke examined the woman's body and swore she wasn't hit with a hammer like the police said she was. She was hit with a chair, he said, a great heavy chair that was standing near, the legs all splashed with blood."

"A heavy chair?" He spoke with assumed indifference. "Then the man that swung it must have been pretty strong?"

"Exactly. A big, tall, broad-shouldered man," Louisa answered with a knowing wink. "But the fella they convicted was short and slim."

Paul's heart gave a bound.

"What's more," she went on. "He was right-handed, like you or me. Now this Dr. Tuke I'm telling you about, from the wounds on the woman's head he swore to God she was done in by a left-handed man."

There was a silence—Paul simply could not speak.

"I could make your hair stand on end if I wanted. For instance—this fella they got their hooks on was a married man. Now from what I knew about the victim, her that got done in, I can tell you straight she'd never of got herself mixed up with a married man. She was too sharp, too much out for a good match—in other words, the gent she was mixed up with, that finally got her in trouble—was single."

Paul raised his hand to his eyes to mask the emotion which overwhelmed him. In a hoarse voice he muttered, "Why—why was this never brought out?"

Louisa laughed. "Don't ask me. Ask the public prosecutor. He was the one ran the show from first to last."

The public prosecutor! As he heard, once again, that fatal name, a dark surge of anger filled Paul's breast. Always, at every turn, he was confronted by this man, Sir Matthew Sprott. For the first time in his life Paul knew hatred, and with a burning question on his lips he leaned toward Louisa. "Tell me," he said.

But at that precise moment a startling change came over Louisa Burt's face. Her plump cheeks turned pale and her eyes, as she looked over Paul's shoulder, were stricken with a sudden panic.

It was the square-headed man at the neighboring table. Unconsciously perhaps, Paul had all the time been aware of that figure in the dark suit, deeply, almost too deeply, immersed in the racing news. Now, as he half turned, he realized that the man had not once, in the past twenty minutes, changed by an inch the position of the folded pink paper which half concealed his immobile face. Like a flash it dawned upon Paul—the nearby stranger was not reading the sheet, but was listening intently to his and Louisa's conversation—and more, in sudden recognition, he now recollected having seen him, briefly, that night at the Central Police Station. He was a plain-clothes detective.

"Excuse me." Louisa spoke in faltering tones. "I've suddenly come over giddy."

"Have another drink." Paul said.

"No—isn't it silly?—I got to get out."

Rapidly, Paul reviewed the situation. It was maddening to be interfered with like this, just when he had brought Louisa to the point of making these vital disclosures. At all costs he must hang on to her. He bent forward, and said in a lowered voice, "It's terribly hot in here. A breath of air will put you right."

Before she could protest, he called the waiter and paid for the drinks. Nervously, stealing glances at the adjacent table, she gathered her belongings and got into her coat. At last she was ready. They stood up. Immediately, the plain-clothes man got up too, tucking the folded pink newspaper into his pocket, and, gazing at nothing with a noncommittal air, walked out of the bar before them.

Paul felt a blinding rage sweep over him. As he walked out with Louisa, would a hand be laid once again upon his shoulder, hauling him off to police headquarters on some trumped-up charge? He could see the detective standing on the pavement, waiting. Grimly, taking the wailing Louisa's arm, he kept on his way.

"Just a minute."

Paul drew up and faced the plain-clothes man, who came closer, with a threatening expression.

"I've been watching you in there. You're annoying this young woman."

"You're a liar."

"Oh, am I?" He turned toward Louisa. "This fellow's been interfering with you—hasn't he?"

There was a hollow pause. Then, with a gasp, Louisa shrilled, "Oh, he has—askin' me to go with him, and all that, when I didn't want to."

"You see," said the plain-clothes man with a meaning smile. "Now you'll just come along—"

Something boiled over in Paul. Before the detective could finish he shot his fist out, straight from the shoulder, and landed clean on the point of the other's chin. While Louisa shrieked and took to her heels, the plain-clothes man buckled at the knees and fell to the pavement.

PAUL did not wait. It was useless to follow Louisa now. Breathing a little quickly, he walked off rapidly into the shadows, and took a side road into the busy thoroughfare of Hadley Street. Here he slowed his pace and mingled with the crowd.

As he walked, his jaw still firmly set, recovering his breath in quick gulps, his sense of outrage grew. He had escaped the trap that had been planned for him, but his contact with Louisa Burt was irreparably broken. She would never recover from this scare. It was beyond endurance to be hampered, spied upon and threatened at every turn. A burning bitterness took hold of him. He was seized by a wild desire to strike at the heart of all authority.

When he got to his room on Poole Street, he pulled off his clothes and fell, dog-tired, into bed. He did not think they would look for him here, but if they came he would not really care. He closed his eyes and slept heavily. . . .

Next morning when he woke up, it was after eight and fifteen minutes past his usual time for getting up. He shaved, dressed, rushed through his breakfast and hurried to the store. At the Bonanza he found Harris waiting for him inside the main entrance.

"You're late," Harris said, stepping forward and blocking the way.

Paul looked at the big clock at the end of the store. It showed six minutes past nine. There were no customers in the shop yet, only the assistants, and most of them, in-

Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year....As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

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NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

But the "big" news deals with a *very* tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. Tampax frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of—and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

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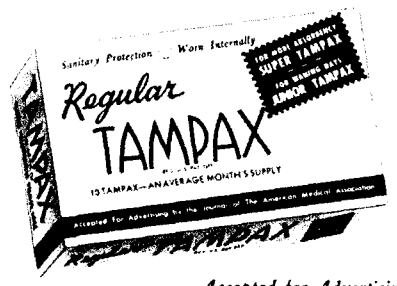

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cluding Lena, had their eyes on the manager. Lena seemed strangely troubled.

"I'm sorry," Paul muttered. "I'm afraid I overslept."

"Don't answer me back." Harris was working himself into a temper. "Have you an excuse?"

"What for? I'm only six minutes late."

"I asked you if you had an excuse."

"No, I haven't."

"Then you're fired. We've no use in this store for people listed by the police department."

Giving Paul no opportunity to answer, he swung round and walked back to his office. As he went down the aisle, the assistants busied themselves at the counters —all but Lena, who still stood, pale and undecided, at her desk.

The police department! Paul saw it all. With a raw hurt in his breast he turned and went out of the store. As he walked along Tron Street he had the suspicion that he was being followed.

He spent the day in a fury of resentment at his unjust dismissal, walking rapidly and without purpose in the dingy outskirts of the city. In the evening he returned to his room. He wanted to take some drastic action, to go to Urie, even to Sprott, but his better judgment held him back.

FLINGING his coat on the bed, he began to pace up and down agitatedly. His skin was burning. Violent impulses began to spring up in his mind. He felt he could not bear to be alone. Suddenly, just as he felt he could endure it no longer, there came a knock upon the door. He threw it open. Lena Andersen stood before him.

She wore her loose raincoat and was hatless. The wind had blown back her blond hair from her forehead and brought a vivid color to her cheeks. Poised uncertainly upon the threshold, her eyes wide and dark, she looked fresh and lovely. Yet her expression was troubled.

"Paul—I'm sorry to disturb you, but I felt I must come. This afternoon at the store—someone called to see you."

"Yes?" he said in a strained voice. The sight of her, so unexpected, so lovely, set his heart beating oddly, brought solace to his overstrung nerves. Instinctively he thought: At this moment there is no one I would rather have beside me. But, on the heels of that reflection, insidious as poison, came the memory of Harris' revelation about her. Unconsciously, his manner chilled, as he said, "Won't you come in?"

"No, Paul. I have to get back at once. But oh," she exclaimed impulsively, "I'm glad to see you. It was so unfair of Mr. Harris this morning. You hadn't done anything."

"I dare say he had his reasons."

She looked at him with those wide, troubled eyes. "What will you do now?"

Her concern for him, direct and unguarded, was balm to his embittered spirit. Nevertheless, something held him back from expressing his gratitude, and his joy in her presence. He shrugged.

"Don't worry about me. I'll get along all right." Lest she should read his true feelings, he averted his gaze. "Now tell me who wanted to see me."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, still distraught. "It was a queer little man. Mr. Harris was very rude to him, wouldn't take a message or give him any information. But afterward I managed to get a word with him. He's a Mr. Prusty of 52 Glenhill Terrace. He wants you to call and see him tonight."

"Tonight?" Paul felt a sharp stab of excitement.

"Yes. No matter how late. He said it was terribly important."

A silence hung between them. Slowly Paul raised his head.

"Thank you, Lena," he said in a low tone. "It seems as though you're always doing me some kindness."

"It's nothing," she answered simply. She paused, then cried in a little outburst, "Oh, Paul—I don't want to interfere—but if you're in trouble, let me help."

Her sympathy, so warm and spontaneous, swept him with an overwhelming desire to confide in her, to trust her, to come closer to her. But again he would not respond to it. Instead, he forced a pallid smile.

"You have enough troubles of your own."

She gazed at him a little strangely. "If I have," she said quietly, "won't I understand yours better?"

She waited almost anxiously for his reply. When he kept silent, she sighed.

"At least—take care of yourself, Paul."

For an instant her eyes held his, then, with a swift movement, she turned and was gone.

Immediately a coldness filled his heart. How her presence had brightened his poor lodging! He was tempted almost to rush to the landing and call her back. But the striking of the hour on the Tron clock deterred him. He counted: nine strokes; and at once took up his hat and coat. As he went downstairs he asked himself why Prusty should wish to see him. With knitted brows, trying to find an answer to the puzzle, he set out for Dalgarno at a rapid pace.

COLLIER'S

"It's really a crime to take this in black-and-white"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

The weather had changed at last and the night was cold and wintry. Beneath a leaden sky the streets lay still and deserted, the city seemed sealed in a frozen silence. Presently it began to snow. The dry flakes milled around in the air, then fell, spent and soft, upon the pavements. With muffled footsteps Paul passed the shuttered cigar store and pushed on toward Glenhill Terrace.

THE tobacconist was at home, wrapped in a thick woolen comforter. He peered at Paul across the threshold, then, recognizing him, opened the door wider. Paul entered.

"Winter's come early," Prusty said, darting sharp glances over his pince-nez. "I feel it in my bones. Sit down. I'm going to have supper."

He poured out a cup of his indispensable coffee for his visitor and gruffly insisted on sharing with him a meat pie, bought from the baker's and heated in the oven. Despite this hospitality Paul had a strong suspicion that he was less welcome than before. The tobacconist kept examining him with surreptitious glances and, by a series of questions, roundabout yet shrewd, managed to acquaint himself pretty fully with Paul's doings in the past few weeks.

When he had done so he made no immediate comment, but his air was somber as he selected and lighted a cheroot, coughed spasmodically, then frowned at the fire.

"So that's it," he said. "No wonder I felt the whole thing was waking up again. For all these years it's been buried—now it's as if, when you put your ear to the ground, you heard a faint stirring in the grave."

There was a silence. The parlor, darkened by the falling snow, seemed suddenly full of shadows.

"As yet it's all undercover," Prusty went on steadily. "But there's signs and symptoms—ay, there's omens and portents—for better or worse I cannot say, but I feel it in my bones. I feel it even in this room." He turned his eyes upward. "And in the room above."

At the note of strange foreboding in Prusty's voice, Paul's skin contracted and he turned his gaze upon the ceiling.

"Is it still unoccupied?"

"Of course." The tobacconist nodded his head. "It's always empty. As I told you, it's never been occupied since the murder."

Paul stirred uneasily, preyed on by disturbing thoughts, by the urgent need to press forward at all costs. He said quickly, "It must be known—what I am trying to do. And anything that Birley said must make it even more evident. I suppose that news gets around."

"Ay, it gets around," Prusty said. "In whispers and in echoes. And it penetrates to some queer places. That's the reason I asked you to visit me."

Paul leaned forward in his chair to listen.

"Last Friday a man called to see me, here, at this flat. I was out, at my business, but Mrs. Baxter, the woman who comes in twice a week to clean up for me, was in. She's a plain, sensible woman who doesn't scare easy. But of all accounts the very sight of this man frightened her near out of her wits." Prusty raised his gaze toward Paul. "Do you want me to go on?"

"Yes." Paul spoke from between clenched teeth.

"The man was of no particular age. He might have been young and he might have been old. He looked strong yet he looked sick. His clothes didn't fit him. His face was hard and dead white. His head was cropped, down to the bone. Mrs. Baxter took her oath he was a convict."

"Who could it be?" Paul's lips were dry.

"I don't know. But I'll swear he came from Stoneheath. He left no name. What he did leave, before he bolted, was a message."

With grave, deliberate movements Prusty took from his waistcoat pocket a tiny paper spill which he unrolled and handed over. Showing faintly brown on the yellowish tissue slip were some minute words.

For God's sake don't let them throw you off. Find Monk in the Vennel. He'll tell you what to do.

What did it mean? Who had written this desperate message? By whom had that despairing cry been uttered? Paul sat upright in his chair, struck by a wild conjecture. It could not be! And yet, by some undreamed-of chance, it might be true. What if this scrap of paper had come from his father's hands—conveyed through secret and underground channels, delivered furtively, by a fellow prisoner who had been released?

A THRILL went through Paul's spine. In this terrible appeal he saw a new inspiration, a command, urging him onward in his formidable task. He was determined to find this man, Monk, if he had to comb every street of that degraded neighborhood where only lost men lived.

"Can I keep this?" he asked Prusty.

The tobacconist, disclaiming responsibility, made a resigned gesture. "I'll be glad to be rid of it. I didn't bargain to be mixed up in that kind of business."

It was now almost dark in the silent room. The gas fire cast no more than a ruddy glow upon the hearth. Outside, the darkness had intensified and the snow was piled thickly against the windowpanes. Immersed in his reflections, throbbing with fresh hope, Paul sat motionless.

Suddenly, without warning, there came the sound of a footstep on the floor above.

Paul stiffened, and for a moment thought he must surely be mistaken. But no, the footstep was repeated, again, yet again, with a hollow, a mournful regularity. Impinging like this upon the present current of his thoughts, this strange manifestation took on a dire significance. He sat up, his hair bristling, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling overhead. Prusty also had drawn himself erect, and was staring upward with equal consternation.

"You said the flat was empty," Paul whispered.

"I swear it is," Prusty answered.

With unexpected agility he sprang from his seat, rushed through the lobby and out of the flat. At the same time there came the slam of the door above, succeeded by footsteps descending the stairs. Paul's impulse had been to follow Prusty, but now an exclamation, as of relief, from the outside landing, arrested him halfway to the hall. He stood, listening tensely, his ears strained toward the dimness beyond. He heard first a word of greeting in an unknown voice, then Prusty's voice, now pitched in a normal key. Then came some quiet conversation and finally, from each, a friendly "Good night."

A minute later Prusty returned, wiping his forehead. He shut the door, lighted the chandelier, then turned to Paul with a slightly sheepish air.

"It was our landlord," he explained. "The roof is leaking—some slates blown off. He was up to see about it." Prusty drew his comforter tighter round his shoulders. "Sitting in the dark makes a man fancy things. I let my imagination run away with me."

Paul stirred slowly.

"You didn't imagine that scrap of paper?"

"No," said Prusty. "And when I heard that noise, and found myself dashing upstairs—my God, it felt as real as it did fifteen years ago. Ah, well! Won't you have a drop more coffee?"

Paul, however, declined. He could not sit still. These faded words on the scrap of paper were burning into his skin, through the lining of his pocket.

As he hurried back to Poole Street, his thoughts were feverish and confused. Were his own actions in any way responsible for this heartbreaking message? Or had Birley's abortive effort sent faint whisperings filtering mysteriously to the fastness of the prison? Paul heaved a short, sharp sigh—this suspense was more than he could bear. But now at least he had a powerful clue, and he would follow it to the end.

(To be continued next week)

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The Little Red Schoolhouse Goes Modern

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

individual gas stoves in each room. Two small toilets were located in the center of the building, and were accessible to one classroom only by passage through another.

In 1947, as the school situation in Blackwell stood still—and the precipice of the '50s moved closer—a local doctor and native son, Philip Risser, began to worry about his three little boys. "When I saw my children starting to school in the same building where I had started to school 30 years before, in buildings that were old when I was a kid, I realized that the *physical health* of the school plant was failing."

Dr. Risser ran for office on the Board of Education and was elected.

The Doctor Was Painstaking

Risser has since moved to the state of Washington, to be a public-health doctor, but he is still remembered. A local professional man says of him: "Dr. Phil was the kind of man who always went deep into everything. Where you or I would look at a pretty rock, and then go home and read a detective story, he'd go right out and get a book about rocks. So when he was elected to the school board he naturally went to the university in Norman and asked them to name him some books."

Dr. Phil's fellow members on the Blackwell Board of Education represented a real swatch from the fabric of the town, with few white collars included, and even fewer college degrees. Harold Bryant runs a tire and appliance store on Main Street across from the hotel. Clair Brock is a printer at the Blackwell Journal Tribune. Karl Drowatzky is office manager for a local packing house, the Turvey Packing Company. L. A. Burkhalter, a mailman, has been walking his route in town since 1919.

Additions since have been Glenn Stewart, who sells furniture, and Lew Howard, who came to town a few years ago with nothing and now owns two drugstores on Main Street.

After the first board meeting Dr. Risser hied back to the University of Oklahoma and told his new friends there he was looking for an architect. It happened there was one looking for him, across the border down in Texas.

Bill Caudill was an architect who for eight years had been preaching a new doctrine: "Kids aren't interested in fancy architecture," he would argue. "All they know is light, air, comfort and color. These kids aren't Greek. What do we want to give them columns for? They're not Pilgrims—what do they want with cupolas up there on the roof? They're not going to have to defend the schools—let's get rid of those battlements. Let's give them logical schools with scientific lighting, heating and air movement. Let's not make them go to school in monuments."

The few architects and educators in the country who believed as Caudill did, that there was such a thing as a *new* school building, had looked back to the time when they were children and remembered how they nearly always hated going to school. They had asked themselves why, and the memory had come back of monotonous buildings, of long stretches of dull brown halls, of uncomfortable desks nailed to the floor in stern lines, of walls covered with grim blackboards. A lot of boredom in any child's life is school, they recalled, and they were convinced that much of what is dull and deadly was the fault of the old school buildings.

Many of these buildings were still in use, but even the new schools built since their time, this small group of architects and educators found, were usually just copies of the earlier ones, complete to the cupolas—and ivy on the walls where windows should be.

Architects like Caudill felt that better schools could be built, and *built cheaper* than the brand-new *old* ones which were and are going up by the score across the country. They went out to try to build them, and a few succeeded, but pitifully few. Local boards of education still held the purse strings, and few boards could be convinced that they should do anything so undignified as build a school that was workable and playable at the same time. Caudill had tried for eight years without any luck.

It wasn't that Caudill is not a good arguer. A persistent, persuasive man of good will, he had learned in years of waiting on customers behind a grocery counter after school to keep smiling at people, and this ability is reinforced by a deep native courtesy. When he talks, he's very convincing, leaning forward eagerly, waving his hands, rubbing the back of his curly hair, talking fluently about "logical" schools.

All Caudill's training had been in the direction of designing schools. After graduating from the College of Architecture at Oklahoma A & M, he had gone to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for two more years of specialized study, concentrating on schools. Then he had become an instructor in Texas A & M's Architecture Department and, at the same time, research architect for the Texas Engineering Experiment Station, where he had a laboratory staff, equipment and money to test out his theories on schools.

It was as research architect that Caudill published a book called Space for Teaching—an Approach to the Design of Elementary Schools for Texas, in which he advanced his case. The book told school boards to insist on big windows—"a school is not a prison"—to give children lots of natural light; to put long overhangs over the windows in order to keep out the hot glare of direct sunlight. It showed how to orient and build schools to take advantage of prevailing breezes, but protect play areas from winter winds. It pointed out that teaching methods had changed from stiff, regimented recitations to more relaxed group activities, and showed how the classroom, too, must become more flexible and homelike. It discussed the need for long-range planning to anticipate the school needs of communities, so that schools would not be built in neighborhoods where there might not be any children in a few years. It pleaded that schools be moved from heavily trafficked roads, and put on large enough sites to allow plenty of play area and room to add on more classrooms if needed.

Postwar Business Expansion

World War II interrupted Caudill's crusade and sent him out to the Pacific as a carpenter's mate in the Navy. But after the war he returned to College Station, Texas, resumed teaching and testing, and also went formally into business as an architect, with John Rowlett as partner. As commissions for houses, apartments, stores and other buildings came into their office, the business expanded. By 1947 it included two more partners, Wallie E. Scott, Jr., and William Pena, all primed with the same purpose. All four partners knew what community service was; they had all served in the armed forces; Willy Pena, as an infantryman, had left a leg in France.

All four wanted to build schools, but they weren't asked to. Then, in the spring of 1947, University of Oklahoma faculty members told Dr. Philip Risser about Caudill, and a meeting was arranged.

From the beginning, Caudill and Risser, the two energetic idealists, worked well together. Risser had a wary appreciation of modern architecture. Caudill won the doctor's confidence by suggesting that before any schools were planned, a complete survey of Blackwell's educational needs be made by Dr. Hugh Bender of the University of Oklahoma School of Education. This was a detailed study of what schools the town was going to need for the next 20 years, and where they should be built best to serve population shifts.

In 1948 the building survey was finished. Its first recommendation was that the Washington and South Main Street Schools be abandoned and immediately replaced. A program of school expansion and development was charted for 20 years to come.

Bender concluded his report with a punch: "Should this program seem extravagant or impractical to some, let them remember that progress toward better homes, more prosperous communities, better living in general, and the general welfare of all has its foundations in good schools. There is nothing extravagant or impractical in investment in people. Farming in Oklahoma in 1906 was thought impractical; more recently it was said that the development of oil in Oklahoma was visionary; atomic

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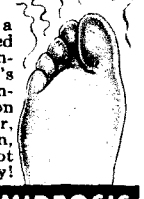

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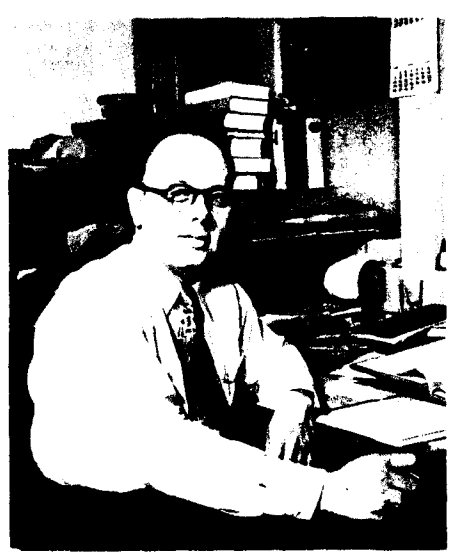

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power was an 'idle dream' five years ago. The survey committee considers its recommendations conservative in terms of what can and should happen to the educational program in Blackwell in the ensuing score of years. . . . Blackwell can afford no less."

Caudill took the report back to College Station and his firm went to work. But in Blackwell the school board finally had to face the question that school boards must face in towns all over the country: *How are we going to pay for these new schools we need so much?* The answer is usually the same: a local bond issue.

Law Limits Bonded Debt

Oklahoma is not the best state in the union in which to try to raise money for schools. State law fixes the total indebtedness that a school district may incur—the total in bonds it may have out at any time—at five per cent of the district's assessed valuation. And in Oklahoma assessments of property values are very low, because taxpayers essentially make their own assessments year by year and report them to the county assessor. The maximum amount which the Blackwell school board might be able to raise by bond issue was $238,000. The building fund by now was $163,000. Could they build two new schools for $401,000?

Caudill came up from Texas with drawings, plans and a model—and told them they could, if they were willing to forget about cupolas and columns. Then he unrolled the drawings to show them what he had in mind. One board member gasped: "But, Bill, that looks like a cow shed."

"No, it's a chicken coop," another member corrected him.

Caudill smiled. "Well, now," he drawled, "it does bear some resemblance to a cow shed, doesn't it? And a chicken house, too. But let's see why."

He and his partners had designed a basic school unit, a long shedlike line of classrooms with windows on both sides. The roof was high on one side and low on the other, with a slanted ceiling inside. There was a substantial overhang on the low side, to shield direct sun, and the sound-absorbing ceiling sloped up to more windows on the high side. Up there was a series of fixed louvers like Venetian blinds to keep the hot bright sun out, but reflect plenty of light inside. The classrooms had areas of bright, warm colors, and there was no ominous blackboard; green chalkboards were used instead. There was no plastering; where brick walls occurred they were left plain.

Caudill lifted the roof off the small model of a classroom he had brought along and showed how the ventilation would work. He had put the model in a wind tunnel, and tested it by blowing smoke through, so he knew. It was designed to move two currents of air through, one across the slope of the ceiling to take out hot air which accumulates there, another current at desk level. to cool the children in hot months. Caudill then went on to talk about why the tops of some partitions, between classrooms, were glass near the ceiling, to make the children feel less confined. He explained why this was important:

"Time slows down for kids. Scientists say that an hour for a seven-year-old is equal to about two hours for an adult, psychologically and physiologically. Six hours in school each day, therefore, means 12 hours in effect. Imagine yourself spending 12 hours in one room."

When Caudill displayed his plan for using movable desks and chairs instead of stiff rows of desks bolted to the floor, board members recognized something that is deep in the democratic heart of towns like Blackwell. This way their children could move around and find their places, not sit in regimented rows.

Caudill was telling them about the radiant heating pipes built into the floor, when there was another gasp. "But where are the halls?"

"There aren't any; this is a hall-less school."

"Well, how do the kids get to the toilet?"

Caudill pointed to the plan. There was an outdoor corridor down the high side of the long shed, sheltered by an overhead canopy. The boys' and girls' toilets were both down at the end of each wing. The first-grade classrooms had toilets attached, and there was a sink in every classroom.

These outdoor corridors were a hard blow for the school board to take. Winter temperatures in Blackwell sometimes get down around zero. But Caudill told them that it was either corridors or classrooms: if enclosed corridors were left out, there would be money enough to build 18 classrooms instead of 14.

Caudill reminded the board that for elementary schools the state had recommended that each classroom be a self-contained unit like a home. The first grade, with its own toilets, spanned the gap between home and school. In the other classrooms older children could slip on coats in wintertime and walk a few feet down a sheltered corridor without harm. It might even wake them up during the long day—and it was surely better than jamming them into crowded classrooms.

The board members looked at one another in some surprise, but couldn't combat Caudill's logic. He pointed out other features of his plan. One of the best was a play shed, a big roofed area, with a concrete slab floor, open to the air. This was for the kids to play under when rains churned the Oklahoma clay into mud. It would also be a wonderful place for community parties and dances. The proposed new Washington School had a showcase lobby for community and school displays, and the auditorium was a real little theater, with no windows, and mechanical ventilation.

When the meeting was over, the Board of Education of Blackwell was not only convinced but enthusiastic. "You know, it still does look like a cow shed," the original objector said as they broke up. "But it sure is a damn' fine-looking cow shed. I wish I'd gone to school in it." Later, when fellow architects were to congratulate Caudill on a fine piece of modern design, his response would be a grin and a denial: "That's not modern, it's Oklahoma colonial."

But before Caudill was to get to build schools for Blackwell, one more big barrier had to be breached. Townspeople still had to vote the bond issue. If it was defeated at the polls—no schools.

At that crucial point, J. Arthur Herron came over from Purcell, Oklahoma, to become the new superintendent of schools. The old superintendent, Harry Huston, was retiring after 35 years' service, and the board had decided to name one of the new schools after him.

One of Herron's jobs was to be sure the school got approved and built.

Going to Work on the Voters

Herron, a vigorous administrator with 17 years' experience in Oklahoma schools, had just built a new school in Purcell. He was not eager to take on the job of riding another bond issue through in a strange town. But he's a bustling man, and likes to get things done, so he plunged into the campaign to convince the voters. All the organizations in town helped, after an initial period of convincing by the school board, and by Caudill and Herron.

There were crowded showings of Caudill's color movie, Building For Learning, in the junior high-school auditorium. The Rotary Club took ads in the Blackwell Journal Tribune, and the drawings were put on view in Main Street shop windows. The Journal Tribune came out strongly for a vote of yes, and the Parent-Teachers Asso-

New Schools: What Kind to Build?

Virtually every community in the U.S. is faced by the same problem: How to build the schools needed for the millions of war babies who are coming of school age? A major facet of the problem is financial: estimated cost for the next decade is $1,000,000,000 a year. What kind of schools are we going to build? The town of Blackwell, Oklahoma, offers school boards and architects everywhere a program for modernization which should interest all parents and taxpayers as well. On this page are shown the superintendent and present school board, most of them members during the fight to get the program through

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ciation offered free transportation to the polls on voting day. The Junior Chamber of Commerce held a rally at which Caudill was put on trial, with Karl Drowatzky, who had succeeded Risser as school-board president, assisting in the defense. Caudill stood up and answered shocked questions from the conservatives, who included practically everyone, and point by point argued back on the questions of lack of enclosed halls and lack of dignified façades. When the defense rested he still felt unsure of the verdict.

On the morning of the election, Caudill and Herron and the school board knew they had held nothing back about what kind of schools they were planning to build. "They sure knew what they were getting," Caudill says, "and I'd heard that word 'chicken coop' an awful lot in the previous week." The bond issue carried 10 to 1.

Tornado Blows Down a School

That was November 9, 1948. Last September, when Blackwell's kids pushed their feet into shoes again after vacation and headed for the old schoolhouse, many of them found a new one. There were actually two new schools—although the board had not scheduled it that way. They had planned to build them one by one; first the Washington School, then the new Huston School to replace South Main. But on March 29, 1949, a tornado had twisted into town, made straight for the old South Main School, and demolished it. The school board let the contract to build the Huston School a few days later.

Now both buildings have been finished and tested by a year of operation. Last April there was an official dedication of the two schools; the town took a half holiday and a good many of the P.T.A. ladies wore orchids. There were still people shocked at the unique appearance and unınhibited air of friendliness of the schools. There was a noticeable lack of grand entrances; you could walk in under the play shed from anywhere. There was no second floor with stairs for the kids to fall down (and the fire chief said the building could be cleared in 15 seconds if necessary).

The Blackwell schools, like a couple of handfuls of other good schools spotted across the country (most of them around California and Illinois), are attracting a lot of attention these days. School boards have come from several states around to see and admire them.

Caudill gets over to Blackwell when he can, to take a look at the schools they finally let him build. "They're in good hands," he comments. But he's even busier now, pushing school research harder than ever at the Texas Engineering Experiment Station. He wants to build even better schools, and a lot of school boards want him to. Caudill, Rowlett and Scott is an expanding firm.

How do Blackwell kids feel about the schools? One third-grader with a baseball bat paused the other day to pay Washington School a sincere tribute. "Sure takes a beating," he said. There are other evidences, however, such as marks and the health records of the students. Both are notably improved—and there are a lot of children who linger to play ball in those play sheds after classes. They admit to liking the thoughtful details that went into the building—like radiant heating. On wet days they like to take their shoes off and dry their socks on the warm floors. The kids come around pretty regularly, too—all last year there wasn't a single truancy at the new schools.

If the Blackwell Board of Education had to do it all over, they'd do it again, tornado and all. And they've got that 20-year development plan held tight for the future. Clair Brock, the laconic new board president, expresses their attitude well: "If you're going to build a school, you should do something that might help some kids. You don't want to think of dignity and glory when you've got kids going to grow up in this town. When some old boy drives by our schools in a big long car, I'd a whole lot rather have him say, 'Now, that's a strange-looking school,' than, 'Boy, that's a pretty-looking thing—what's it for?' " THE END

Tough as a Kitten

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

to ghosts, and in occasional pinches even male bits. A sort of latter-day Pearl White of the air lanes, she boasts a service record of hand-wringing, nail-biting, throat-clutching, shrieking and tear-jerking on an impressively long series of programs including Big Sister, Nora Drake, Stella Dallas, Pretty Kitty Kelly, The Affairs of Anthony, The Guiding Light, Midstream, Aunt Jenny's Real Life Story, One Man's Family, Perry Mason and Young Dr. Malone—on all of which she had variegated roles for varying periods.

In addition, she frequently appeared on I Love a Mystery, Gangbusters, House of Mystery, Counterspy and Inner Sanctum. On top of all this, she became a fixture on first-ranking shows like Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre, the Ford Theatre and Studio One.

Such is the versatility of the McCambridge voice that if Mercedes hadn't clicked as an actress, she might have made a good ventriloquist. In a flash she can shift from an Elsie Dinsmore coo to a snarl with the menace of a mountain lion, from an ingenue purr to the whipcrack patter of a gun moll. When she turns sardonic, as she was in All the King's Men, the atmosphere reeks of vinegar. Offscreen Mercedes sports an intense, earnest treble, vibrant with extreme femininity.

The secret of Mercedes' success is that in a field where there's too much painfully contrived mimicry, she can act in the classic sense of not only imitating a character, but temporarily being transformed into that character.

In All the King's Men, Joanne Dru was plainly limned as a paramour of Broderick Crawford's dictatorial governor. Mercedes was just his workaday Girl Friday, without a physical innuendo to her part. Yet thousands of cash customers walked out of theaters with—as was intended—their own idea about which girl really had the inside track with the governor.

In The Scarf, she plays a singer in a grubby Los Angeles saloon. When it came time for wardrobe fittings, the studio prepared for the usual outlay of expensively made-to-order costumes. To the staff's astonishment, Mercedes just laughed, ascertained what was needed and started out the door.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"Why," she said, "down to ——'s store, where a honky-tonk singer would be likely to buy her clothes!" She came back with a complete outfit, down to a pair of high-heeled red shoes, appropriately a little too high-heeled and a little too red.

Making Like a Honky-Tonk Gal

In a scene where she's hitchhiking across the desert, there was some discussion about what "business" should accompany her climbing into the cab of a truck and riding off. "Leave it to me," Mercedes said. And as she climbed in and began her dialogue with the truck driver, she did, it was conceded, just what a hitchhiking honky-tonk girl probably would do. She took off her red shoes, one after the other, carefully dumped out the sand, and polished the scuffs with spit and elbow grease.

Mercedes' friends shrug off an attempt at any simple description of her private personality. They call her "tough" only

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C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x		
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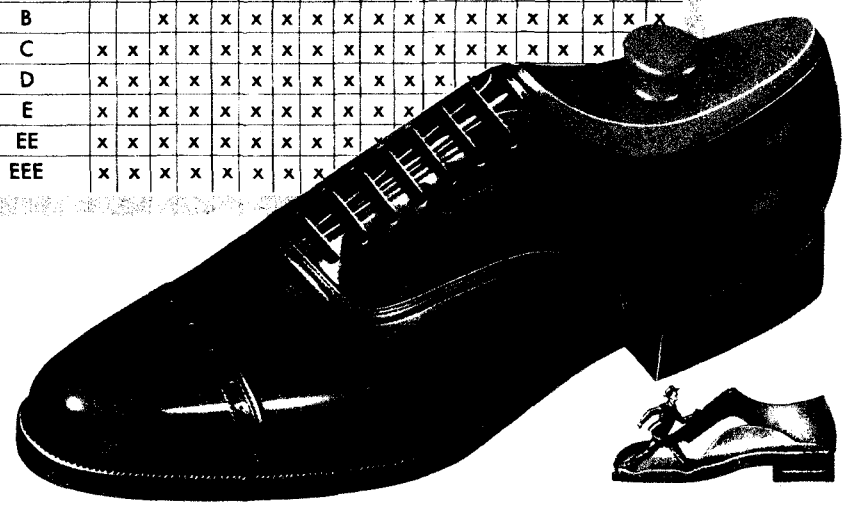

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to have her turn soft as a kitten; they appraise her as timid only to have her haul off and lay down the law with the vigor of a traffic cop. She speaks rapidly and intelligently, with a wry Celtic sense of humor. She refers whimsically to her ancestral background as "shanty Irish," and her favorite term for action is "slugging it out." Neither fey nor domineering, she is, like Irish whisky, a subtle blend of both these and other qualities that add up to a lot of power.

Her annexation of the Academy Award, although news to the general public, came as something less than a surprise to the large body of McCambridge familiars from coast to coast. To them it seemed a quite logical addition to the McCambridge legend.

During her first days in radio, she became known for habitually doing something to "make an entrance." She would register her advent by heaving her coat across the studio, slipping off her shoes for rehearsal, or, most often, regaling all present with a breathless account of some amazing incident that seemed invariably to happen to her on her way to work. The man beside her on the subway had a beard and a package that ticked. Or the elevator she had just missed plunged into the basement and shook up 20 people.

Two Unsurprising Birthdays

Word soon got around that nothing commonplace ever happened to Mercedes. No one was surprised to hear that, being of Irish extraction, she had been born on St. Patrick's Day. When, some years later, her baby was born on Christmas Day, one McCambridge intimate wired another: "How could it be otherwise?"

Mercedes' entry into radio precipitated a schism which has persisted to this day, with growing intensity. People who have worked with her or met her usually are either strongly pro- or emphatically anti-McCambridge.

While conceding that she has never played the *grande dame,* or gone in for professional back-stabbing, her detractors impute to her a subtle hamminess, both on-stage and off, and an irritating eye for the main chance. McCambridge boosters are equally vehement in extolling her ability, her modesty and lack of ostentation and her generosity. One point on which both factions have concurred from the start was her near-obsessive determination to become an actress of renown, and the apparent inevitability of her ultimate success.

Dramatics entered Mercedes' life as an expedient. She was born in Joliet, Illinois, the daughter of Farmer John Patrick McCambridge. In her final year at St. Thomas Apostle High School in Chicago, the family exchequer hit a new low. The only way Mercedes could go to college was via a scholarship, and the only scholarship in sight was one offered at Mundelein College as the prize in a city-wide elocution competition. Mercedes' offering, Joyce Kilmer's religious poem Blue Valentine, ran only four minutes, against the more pretentious 20-minute offerings of her competitors. But she put so much oomph into it that she won hands down.

At Mundelein, she landed in the class of Sister Mary Leola of the order of the Sisters of Charity, who headed the school's drama department. "I'd never thought of becoming an actress," Mercedes says. "But when I started working with Sister Mary Leola, I didn't want to be anything else. Until then, I didn't know what acting could be."

Into the short course, Sister Mary Leola crammed more solid dramatic training than the average Hollywood figure probably gets in a lifetime. "When we would go through lines sloppily," Mercedes relates, "she would exclaim: 'You're lying!—I can tell when you begin to lie!' When I was doing Viola in Twelfth Night, she made me do one entrance at least 40 times. I knew I had the words perfectly. She wouldn't tell me what was wrong; she just kept telling me it wasn't right. It finally dawned on me that I had been walking on-stage, then starting my speech, whereas if you really thought about the scene it was obvious that the lines had to be started *during* the entrance."

Mundelein was just starting its celebrated speaking choir. In its second performance on the radio, Sid Strotz, at the time Chicago program director for NBC, and currently vice-president in charge of their Western division, was taken with the voice and performance of the soloist—Mercedes. He asked if she'd be interested in some radio work. She was. And he signed her to a five-year contract then and there. On her graduation in 1937, Mercy hustled right over to begin work.

Alumni of that period in Chicago radio recall an intense young girl, conspicuous for her talent. Chicago was the center of daytime radio shows, chiefly soap operas. Mercedes quickly became known as an actress who could pick up a hackneyed script, instantly catch the spirit of a character, give it a unique twist, and maintain such a perpetual freshness that almost daily for years people were "discovering" her.

She puzzled colleagues by not taking the soap-opera art form too seriously. "Anyone who takes them seriously," she commented dryly, "is in for a bad time." Yet she did her job in a way that transcended the material. "She has," asserts Arch Oboler, in some 100 of whose radio dramas she has played, "an inner fire of a sort I've seen in only two other actresses—Nazimova and Elisabeth Bergner. She's able to keep her integrity no matter what kind of material she's working with. The fire's there, whether she's reading a soap ad or giving an Academy Award performance."

COLLIER'S

"Goodness! I thought 1949 was all dead and done with!"

DON TOBIN

A Taste of Radio Affluence

After four years in radio in Chicago, and married to William Fifield, a free-lance writer, Mercedes went to New York. Soon she was playing on as many as three shows a day, and making up to $500 a week.

At this point, increasingly conscious of radio's limitations for an aspiring actress, she launched an assault on her next objective, the Broadway stage. There followed a three-year series of debacles almost humorous in their monotony.

First, in 1944, she landed a leading role as Sister Margaret, the nurse, in The Hasty Heart. But after nine days of rehearsals, the director dropped her with the somewhat cryptic explanation that she was "too pregnant with warmth."

One night in the Stork Club, Marc Connelly and Jean Dalrymple spotted her across the room, without even knowing she was an actress, as just the type they wanted to play opposite Franchot Tone in Hope for the Best.

On its opening in Washington, D.C., on New Year's Eve, 1944, both the play and Mercedes got enthusiastic reviews. The next morning—

"There I was in the Willard Hotel, having bacon and eggs and champagne cocktails. I realized I'd been fired from the last play because God was saving me for this one. How could things get any better? It was New Year's Day. I was Queen. I expected the White House to call up any minute."

Instead, Franchot called with the unofficial information that she was being fired that afternoon. Jane Wyatt, who, unbeknownst to Mercedes, the producers originally had wanted for the part, had unexpectedly become available. Mercedes wept her way back to New York.

She was broke. A borrowed $100 tided her over until she landed a part in Elliott Nugent's A Place of Our Own. It opened and closed the same week. Her next vehicle, Arthur Koestler's Twilight Bar, folded just as precipitately.

Mercedes' vicissitudes, incidentally, were responsible for some of the vagaries of concurrent radio dramas. "When I'd get really hard up," she says, "I'd go to some radio man I knew and beg him to write in a part for me, just for a few days."

When she landed another stage role, after a hiatus of eight months, in Sam and Bella Spewack's Woman Bites Dog, she was afraid to let go of the juicy title role she had in Big Sister on the air.

The play opened in Philadelphia. On matinee days, Mercedes got up at seven o'clock there, hopped a train to New York, did Big Sister, and caught a mid-day train back to Philadelphia, putting on her costume and make-up en route and dashing in the stage door long after the curtain had gone up.

"That routine got me so keyed up," she remembers, "that they were giving me pills to put me to sleep and other pills to wake me up." After a week she collapsed in hysterics in her dressing room one night, but insisted on hanging on until the show moved to New York where she could swing the two jobs more easily. As soon as the play got to New York, it folded.

Her five forays against the legitimate theater had netted her just 12 days on the stage.

Late in 1948 Robert Rossen, organizing All the King's Men and intent on getting some new faces, sent out a general call to New York theatrical agents, meaning that all actors might try their luck. Mercedes went to the auditions mainly as an escort for her best friend, Elspeth Eric.

"As I sat there watching actors being herded through for this audition," she says, "I did a slow burn—that became faster and faster."

When a blasé assistant gestured her in, she was just peeved enough to go. She confronted Rossen across a desk and before she knew it, started bawling him out.

Bitter Words Won Her a Part

"Don't tell me I don't look like Betty Grable," she shrilled, "because I know it. If you're after faces, why don't you stay in California? There are plenty of faces there. You've had talent going through here all afternoon, but nobody's had a real chance to show what they could do! This is a terrible thing you're doing, blasting all these poor people's egos this way. Why are you doing it? Why? Why? WHY?"

"There," said Rossen to an associate, "is Sadie Burke!"

Now married—as of a February "elopement" to Las Vegas, Nevada—to Fletcher Markle, radio actor-writer and producer-director with whom she had worked in New York, Mercedes is ensconced with him and her son in a sumptuous rented French-provincial home in Bel-Air, Olympus of the movie elite.

This is the sole detail, however, in which she may be said to have "gone Hollywood." In other respects, McCambridge experts would no more expect her to change than they would the Half Dome at Yosemite.

Leery—from years of oscillation between affluence and poverty—of material possessions, Mercedes still maintains a wardrobe of exactly six frocks and one hat. Her jewelry "collection" is limited to her wedding ring, one bracelet and one pin. She cuts her own hair because, she says, "when I come out of a hair-dressing salon, I look awful." She has an aversion to trying on new clothes; she buys the size that looks right, and if something turns out not to fit, she sends it to a cousin in Illinois.

Her one sartorial eccentricity is wearing, on informal occasions, one red moccasin and one green one, just for variety. The respective mates she gives to John Lawrence, who currently takes the same size she does.

With two career people in the family, both putting in long hours, the home life of the Markles betrays Hollywood's reputation for hysterical gaiety. Sunday hamburgers in the patio, a trip to the beach, or a week end at Lake Arrowhead stand out as big events.

Mercedes' recent off-hours have been spent in such commonplace preoccupations as shopping for cheaper meat and plowing through the insignia-sewing and other complexities attendant upon John Lawrence's entry into the Cub Scouts.

For the Academy Award ceremony, Mercedes as a nominee hauled out the 14-year-old white satin gown she had bought for her college graduation, and worn on only a dozen major occasions since.

She had worked over half a dozen possible acceptance speeches. But this was one occasion that taxed even her dramatic equanimity. When she was called up to the stage of the glittering Pantages Theater, her voice broke twice as she said hesitantly: "I would like to say to every waiting actor: Hold on! Look what can happen!"

This exclamation, widely remarked, soon became a local catch-phrase. Mercedes herself found occasion to invoke it again only a few nights later. The "Oscar" was gleaming atop a bookcase in her living room when some dinner guests walked in for a look, voicing effusive felicitations on her success.

"Hold on!" she cut them off with a wry chortle, pointing to where an industrious California spider had already picked the statuette as a site for his web.

"Look what can happen!" THE END

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Must We Rearm Japan?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

The realist then made himself plain:

"Look, here we are—80,000,000 Japanese right next door to Communism. If the Reds ever get Japan, they will have all of Asia. If the Russians take over this country and, as a result, get the industrial facilities and the people they need to turn the raw materials of Asia into arms, they will eventually defeat the United States. But if they fail to take Japan, they might wait 10 years before they move against your country. They would want to make certain. You Americans should make a note of that."

Doubts Nation's Full Support

While the Japanese editor believes Japan should be rearmed for defense at once, he is not certain that there is 100 per cent support for such a move, if it comes. Few nations in history ever fashioned so great a hope for peace as that incorporated in the new constitution of Japan. Here is what Chapter II, entitled "Renunciation of War," Article 9, says:

"Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes.

"In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized."

This has been the position and the preachment of Japanese leaders under the occupation, and some convinced elements of Japanese might be slow in turning their backs on a policy of nonbelligerency—even in defense. Many Japanese abhor militarism in any form. This correspondent was told that Japanese university students are among those who cling most determinedly to the view that Japan must remain demilitarized.

In the early stages of the Korean war, the Japanese government adopted a policy of watchful waiting. There was no immediate action aimed at modification of the constitution, but amendment was discussed in some legislative circles. The government appeared satisfied that what the United States and United Nations were doing in Korea was enough to insure Japan's safety, for the moment, at least.

Also, the government was fearful that any discussion of rearming Japan for defense might stand in the way of concluding peace treaties. Government leaders feel that talk of creating any type of Japanese military might open old wounds among the powers with which the new Japan wants to live in peace.

But the Japanese editor (who says his head surely will be chopped off if the Reds ever come) probably represents the attitude of most Japanese. They don't want a military, but they do want defense. Traditionally, the Japanese distrust the Russians and, with the Korean war almost within hearing across the Sea of Japan, the Japanese-in-the-street is, quite naturally, thinking more and more of his own safety.

Like the rest of us, the Japanese are alarmed by the possibility of a Communist-manufactured World War III.

Some thoughtful Japanese, opposed to anything smacking of militarism, have suggested that their country might provide manpower for the anti-Red cause by organizing contingents of the United Nations international police force.

Speaking for the Moderates

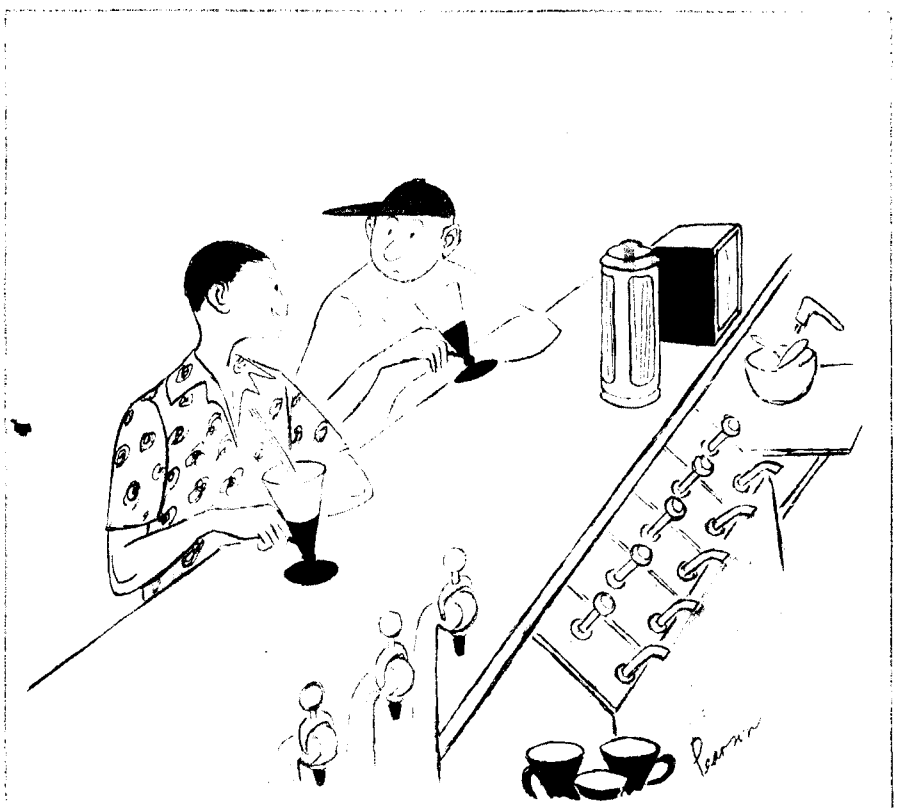
For example, in an interview recently, Chief Justice Kotaro Tanaka of the Supreme Court, speaking as an "individual citizen," expressed the attitude of many Japanese moderates when he said:

"The ideal setup for Japan, of course, would be to remain forever unarmed, and seek a security guarantee from the United Nations against both external and domestic dangers. But it would be asking too much as well as being impractical in several respects.

"Establishment of a defense army, on the other hand, would create a number of undesirable effects. For one thing, it might generate a jingoistic atmosphere in the country and renew influence by military groups upon administration as in the old days."

The Chief Justice then emphasized what he believes the course of Japan should be:

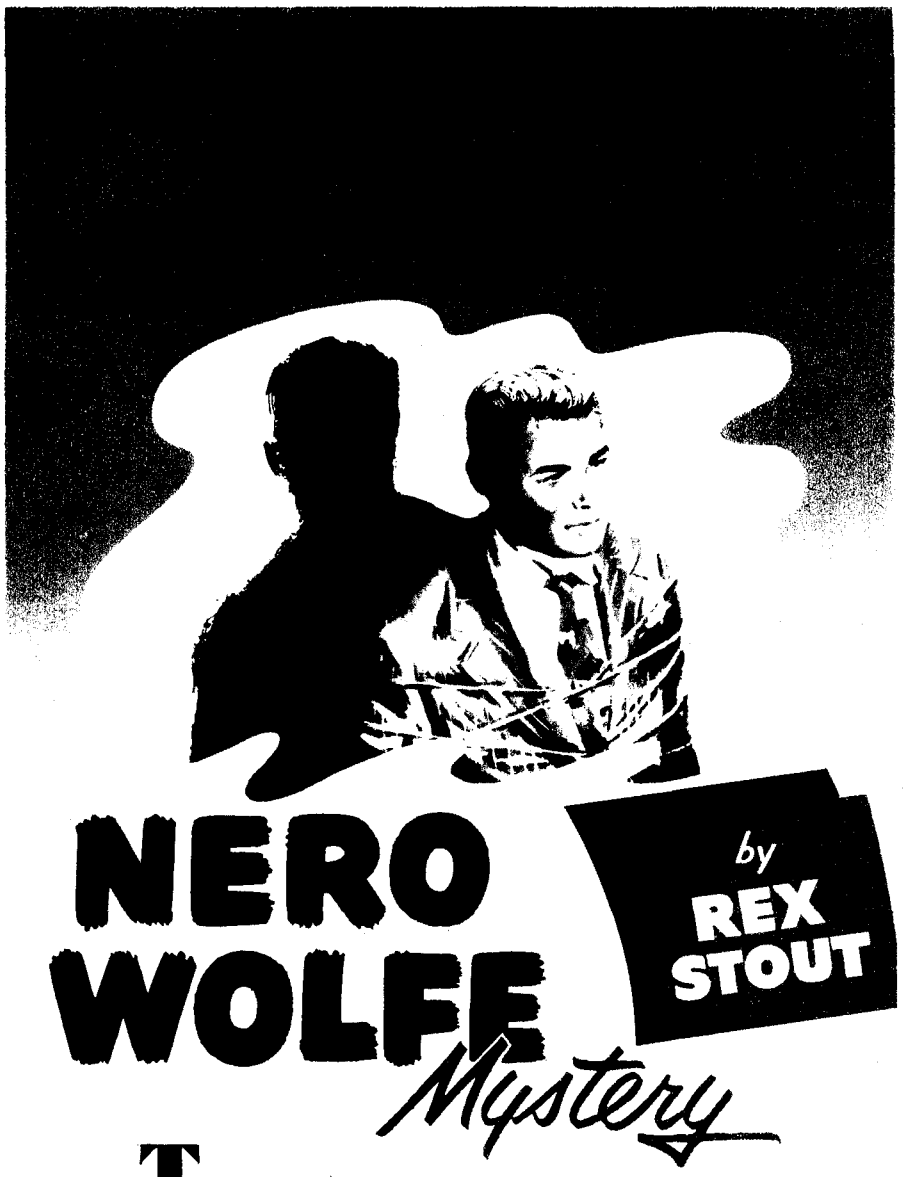
"I do recognize our right to self-defense and I firmly believe that the people should stand up to combat Communist aggression



COLLIER'S

"I say get yourself a girl with a good-looking sister. She won't keep you waiting when you call for her"

CHARLES PEARSON



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ALL *COMPLETE* IN THE SEPTEMBER

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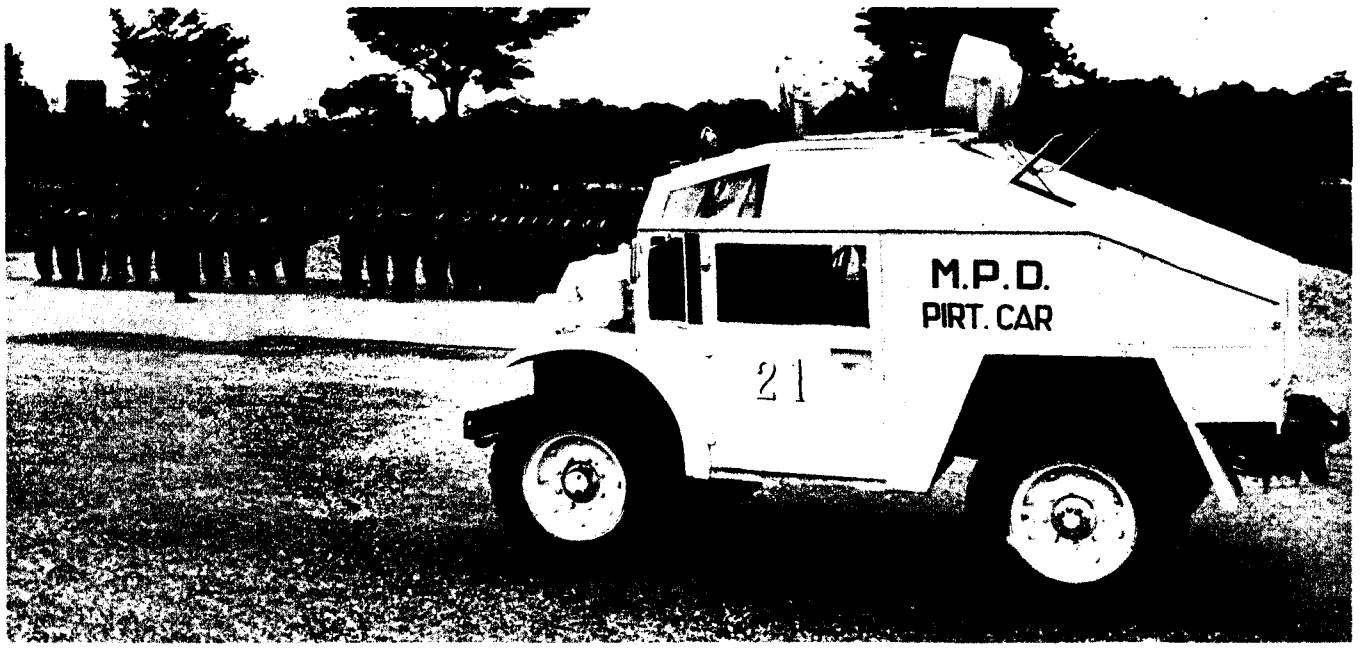

As armed car rolls by, Tokyo police stand inspection. Reserves could be used as nucleus for a Jap army

for our own nation and also for entire mankind.

"I am convinced that Japan has a moral as well as a legal obligation to contribute in some way or other to the security forces of the United Nations for the maintenance of international peace."

Another source who discussed the possibility that the Japanese might organize armed forces as part of the United Nations was an ex-colonel in the old Japanese army, who pointed out that he was "not supposed to express his political views." He said:

"I am opposed to reviving the old Japanese armed forces. However, I think that Japanese should defend themselves against aggression by forming a contingent as part of the U.N. international police force."

It remains to be seen, of course, what defensive role is assigned to the Japanese in the exploding Orient, if any role at all beyond the present one as an orderly base for U.N. military operations. Legally and morally, any determination of arms for Japan is a most complicated problem. Involved are the important international decisions made when Japan surrendered to General MacArthur aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay five years ago; involved, too, are the good intentions of the democratic powers who believed that a demilitarized Japan could live at peace with the world.

Still in Fear of Militarism

There is no doubt that colonial powers in the Pacific, the British, the Dutch, the Australians, as well as the Filipinos and other Asiatics, would look with alarm upon any departure from the policies which determined upon a completely neutral Japan.

The memory of Japanese aggression in the East, carried on for so long by the rampant Nipponese militarists, is far too fresh in the minds of these peoples to permit any rearming of the Japanese, even for defense, without grave deliberation and careful controls.

Nevertheless, the Japan of 1950 is not the Japan of the 30's and the early 40's. General MacArthur's policies have created a new atmosphere. He himself, until Soviet Russia unleashed its satellites in war, was at the front of a movement to give the Japanese a separate peace if no agreement could be reached among the powers which, unfortunately, include Soviet Russia itself.

The Kremlin also would vigorously oppose giving any Japanese so much as a pistol to defend his own home. Soviet Russia's great desire is that Japan remain as it is—a defenseless oasis (or, at least, without any defensive force to match their great Asiatic armies) to be taken whenever the Kremlin feels it can drive the Americans and the United Nations forces from Asia.

Also, of course, the Kremlin hopes that a completely defenseless Japan might one day be captured from the inside. These hopes must be beginning to fade. The MacArthur policy of giving Japan some means to preserve its internal security certainly runs counter to what the Reds want in Japan. The Japanese are moving rapidly to make their new national police reserve an effective barrier to Communist upheaval in the islands.

Once the MacArthur authorization for police reserves was issued under the Far Eastern Commission directives, occupation authorities and the Japanese government set mobilization machinery in motion with a minimum of red tape. The Japanese government has been given the authority to issue necessary ordinances for a limited period without submitting them to the Japanese Diet. This authority served to avert prolonged debate in the national assembly, and almost certain obstructionist tactics by the few Communists who still held seats in the Diet.

The reserves are being organized in approximate battalion units of 1,000 men. The training program has already been set up at six national police training schools. These units will be equipped with modern weapons which initially include pistols and carbines. Later, the reserves may be equipped and trained for the employment of machine guns.

Occupation and Japanese authorities promise that the new reserves will be composed of the highest-type Japanese. All the recruits are being screened with extraordinary care. As an American officer said:

"This is an important force which must move fast and intelligently in any internal crisis. We want to make sure that if the Communists start trouble inside Japan, these Japanese will finish it."

The new Japanese police reserves resemble the old American militia in many respects. They will act as a mobile force in any emergency which may get out of the hands of the 125,000 regular police armed only with pistols at this moment. The "militia" will be commanded by Director-General N. Saito, of the national police force, under the direct orders of Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida in co-operation with General MacArthur's staff.

Could the reserves be used as the nucleus for a Japanese army? Obviously, they could if the decisions of the future should permit any greater defensive force. How effective a nucleus? That would be determined largely by the type of leadership developed in the reserves. Under legal restrictions, Japan's ex-professional officers will not be eligible for the reserves.

In addition to the police reserves, General MacArthur has authorized an increase in the Japanese Coast Guard. This means that Coast Guard personnel will be upped from 10,000 to 18,000 men. The Coast Guard has approximately 35 effective craft, and any further increase in Guardsmen would require the assignment of additional vessels. This last development seems likely because of the important job of keeping the long Japanese coastlines protected from Communist infiltration.

(There are a number of destroyers in Japanese ports. These were returned to the United States by Russia in accordance with lend-lease terms. They are not in use at this time.)

An American intelligence officer told this correspondent that Koreans, many of them Communist sympathizers, have been slipping into Japan by the thousands. In some cases, he said, Korean boats loaded with illegal passengers, have fired on unarmed Japanese Coast Guard craft which tried to intercept them. Coast Guard personnel have lately been given pistols.

Of 600,000 Koreans in Japan, many of them there illegally, the officer estimated that about 60 per cent were Communists or Communist sympathizers.

Each policeman carries a .45 and 18 rounds of ammunition now, instead of the sabers issued before the occupation

With the increased Coast Guard, the regular national municipal and rural police, and the new police reserves, Japan will have a force of 218,000 men. That, of course, is for the purpose of maintaining internal security for the Japanese and some kind of patrol, though not very effective so far, of Japan's shores.

That is the broad picture of the organized effort so far. The answer to the problem of providing the Japanese with any greater defensive force depends, as is emphasized time and again by responsible leaders, upon what lies in the future.

Suggestions in Congress

Already bipartisan demands have been voiced in Congress urging that the Japanese (and the Germans) be armed for defense against possible Communist attack. Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D.-Wash.) proposed that Japanese be permitted to enlist in the American forces. Another suggestion, advanced by Senators Richard B. Russell (D.-Ga.) and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. (R.-Mass.), called for the United States to ask the United Nations to organize an international police force including Japanese units. And Senator Walter F. George (D.-Ga.) expressed the belief that a strong ground army should be built up both in Japan and Germany.

No matter what comes or when, General MacArthur believes that the Japanese have gone a long way on the road toward creating a sturdy, democratic nation. He believes there lies the real strength of the kind of Japan that will win the respect of Asia and the world if it keeps on its course.

General MacArthur, who has acted more like a democratic statesman than an occupation leader, has exhibited great patience in the slow, careful job of creating a new Japan. His personal prestige is probably worth a half-dozen divisions of American troops; certainly he has reduced the military requirements of the occupation by the use of persuasion and discussion in dealing with Japanese problems. Proof of this is the fact that he sent most of our occupation troops to fight in Korea without repercussion.

But there is little patience among the professional military men in the Far East who favor Japan's rearmament. In the face of this crisis, they want to get on with the job of organizing the Japanese into an army to meet the advantage now held by the Russians and their satellites. They see the situation in the Orient as a strictly military problem. And they are certain that the military potential of Japan could be quickly realized.

General MacArthur is concerned not only with the possibility of total war, but with the future of the Japanese people and the moral position of the United States and the United Nations in planning to meet the Communist threat. The general must, at this time, consider the legalisms of the Japanese surrender—the policy of total disarmament which has also been woven into Japan's constitutional fabric.

But perhaps all the questions arising from the issue of rearming Japan—or not—will become purely academic if total war does come. The Russians have the armies to set the whole Orient afire. Then the decision will have been made for all the peoples of the world opposed to Communism. There will be no escape from the conflagration. All, the Japanese included, must stand and fight. And the determination has been made that Japan will be given the right and the means with which to defend its national life. THE END

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Private Eye in the World of Words

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

thinks: "That's why the Russians keep saying they are for inspection—although their inspection would allow no one on the outside to look inside. The more we understand about words and their meanings, the less likely we are to be bewildered or misled by such distortions—the 'trick semantics' which form the basis of Communist propaganda around the world."

To Dr. Shipley tracking down words offers all the thrill of a man hunt. And like any detective, he has learned the need for patience, the value of intuition and hunches, the danger of snap judgments based on superficial evidence.

Take the strange case of the word "blimp." According to H. L. Mencken, in his study of modern slang, this word was "invented by a group of fliers at an English airfield during World War I. Mencken's report quoted an incident telling how the fliers hit on this word to describe the cigar-shaped object drifting across the skies overhead.

Dr. Shipley, after due consideration, decided that the Sage of Baltimore was backing the wrong explanation, and got in touch with the Goodyear people, first U.S. manufacturers of the blimp. Did they happen to know how it got its name?

The Goodyear people replied in the negative. Undeterred, he wrote another department at the huge plant with the same result. The word-stalker continued to write various department heads. "Their replies were always courteous," he recalls, "although they must have had me down as a first-class crank or a dangerous spy."

Eventually persistence paid off. A weeks-long barrage of letters finally turned up a vital lead—the name of an ex-employee who had helped build the first "baby airship" ever made, a model constructed in England. "It didn't have any steel skeleton inside, like a dirigible," the erstwhile blimp man explained. "It was just a limp bag of gas. So that's what we called it—a limp. First one, the Model A Limp, was a flop. But the next, the Model B Limp, was okay. After that it was always blimp!"

A French-Canadian Mystery

Occasionally Dr. Shipley is set on the trail of a word by accident, as in the case of the word "bunk." Vacationing in Vermont, he overheard a French-Canadian youth who spoke hardly a word of English declare that something was a lot of "bunkum."

Dr. Shipley knew the story that "bunk" or "bunkum" grew out of the flowery talks of an early congressman from Buncombe County, North Carolina. How did the boy happen to know the word? The youth replied in French that he had used it all his life.

Fascinated by the riddle of why this solid American word should crop up among French-Canadians, Dr. Shipley asked the boy to take him to his parents. The parents remembered they had used the term from childhood but didn't know how it started. Perhaps their cousin on the other side of town might help. Through cousins, aunts, uncles and other kinfolk, Dr. Shipley followed a twisting trail. At last he reached the home of a wrinkled French grandmother who recalled a story from her childhood. The menfolk, she said, used to sit out in their chairs on the lawn up in Canada, smoking their pipes and dreaming, while the wives worked inside the house. Sometimes the wife would call out for the husband to come in and fix something, and he would reply, *"C'est bon comme ça"*—meaning, "It's good enough the way it is." Gradually this was shortened to *"Bon comme!"*—which when Americanized becomes the well-known "bunkum" or "bunk."

Dr. Shipley is convinced his sleuthing has uncovered the original source of the term. As he points out, the old French-Canadians and their pipes outdate by many years the talkative congressman from North Carolina.

Dr. Shipley's procedure in ferreting out word mysteries begins first with his own dictionaries and case histories. If need be, he prowls through libraries, where he is given full freedom of the stacks. Correspondence with scholars and etymological societies throughout the world is another Shipley resource, as are old magazines, newspapers, historical records and diaries. Occasionally he consults experts in the field the word concerns. A gem expert, for instance, may furnish him a lead on how a new imitation diamond got its trade name.

Tips Followed Up in Library

Few of the experts in such special fields can supply him with actual word derivations, but they can give him historical tips which he can track down in the musty books in the library.

Dr. Shipley considers the meaning of a word to determine whether it is "literate" or "illiterate." If the latter—a slangy term used mainly in rough-and-ready circles—he tries to go directly to the source, and his professorial figure is no stranger to race tracks, diners frequented by truck drivers and dance halls. On a number of occasions he has gone up to New York's Harlem to pick up the latest "jive" talk, heedless of the curious glances thrown his way. Most jive terms, according to Dr. Shipley, are simply variations on the old English trick of putting simple words together into rhyming phrases. Hence, "Square from Delaware."

Dr. Shipley's clients run the gamut from college presidents to economists, lawyers, stenographers and housewives, who write, phone or contact him personally. A great many are trying to run down the origin of their names. Others seek the derivation of some word they want to use for a business or new product. Still others want to track down word derivations to submit to quiz programs.

His prices to the "lay public" for running down words vary from $25 to $500, depending on the length of time and the individual involved. Like any private eye, he sizes up his client before setting the fee. "If he shows up in a limousine, you can bet it'll be more than $25," he smiles. To professional scholars and academicians, he extends professional courtesy and makes no charge unless a really lengthy investigation is required.

At one time Dr. Shipley had a 15-minute radio program, Word Stories, on station WOR in New York. Queries from listeners were invited, and one Dr. Shipley still cherishes came on a card inscribed in a delicate feminine hand. It was a single word inquiry: "Sex?"

"I could have explained the various derivations," Dr. Shipley says. "But there was no return address."

Dr. Shipley's interest in words dates back to early childhood. His father was a New York bookseller, and to the Shipley youngster word games were as regular a diversion as hopscotch to other kids.

"Long before I could handle a kite," Dr. Shipley recalls, "I remember the wooden half-cubes with which we played anagrams. Later, there were other games. Ghosts, word riddles, charades."

For hours the boy would thumb through his father's huge unabridged dictionary. It became a daily adventure which opened up to him a vast and exciting world to explore. Folks dropping in would shake their heads at the sight of a ten-year-old at this strangely unyouthful pursuit. "What kind of reading is that for a growing boy?" they'd ask his parents.

His interest in words had disastrous results on his first venture out into the world. He had landed a part-time job in the neighborhood haberdashery. But one day the owner discovered young Shipley with the entire stock of one particular brand of collars taken out of their boxes and spread all over the counter. Just what, the angered shopkeeper inquired of his new clerk, was the meaning of this fantastic operation, these fine collars spread out all over the place? The youth gulped; only a little experiment, he explained. He had discovered that these collars had names ending in "shire"—Berkshire, Wilshire, and a host of others. "The man who sells them to us doesn't know why they have those names," he told his red-faced employer. "I was trying to find out—by direct investigation—if there's any relationship between the names and the various styles."

By mutual agreement, Shipley and the haberdashery parted company. Later, to help with expenses at City College of New York, he took a job in the public library, which, he smiles, "gave me plenty of time to read the books I was supposed to be piling up in the stacks."

At eighteen, Shipley was graduated from City College of New York, youngest in his class. Two years later, in 1914, he took his master's degree at Columbia. His try for a Ph.D., however, ran into trouble. So learned was his thesis, The Breakdown of Quantity and Rise of Accent as the Basis of Prosody, that only one man on the Columbia staff was deemed capable of judging it. And with the war breaking out, that professor was called to the colors.

Shipley tossed aside his unread thesis. Not until 1931 did he take time off to acquire the coveted academic honor. At that time, by Columbia's special dispensation, he used as his dissertation a book he had written in the intervening years.

A career of teaching, writing, lecturing and play reviewing began almost immediately after his graduation from City College of New York. Scarcely twenty-one, Shipley already spoke or read French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Provençal and Anglo-Saxon. "But I was just a kid," he explains. "I had to have some way of convincing my pupils I was grown up. The imperial had a sobering effect."

Most of his early word investigations were purely for his own amusement. But as his interests widened, he began to build his files, the unique "case histories" which have become a combination of Who's Who and "Rogues' Gallery" of words with unusual or spotted backgrounds.

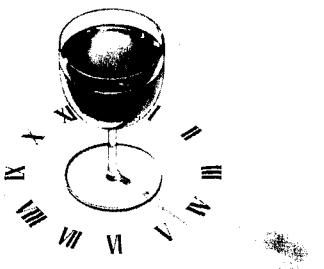
The Shipley case histories, noted down on eight-by-five-inch cards, are kept as terse as possible, boiling down to a few brief words lengthy investigations covering possibly hundreds of years.

Norse Toast for Scots King

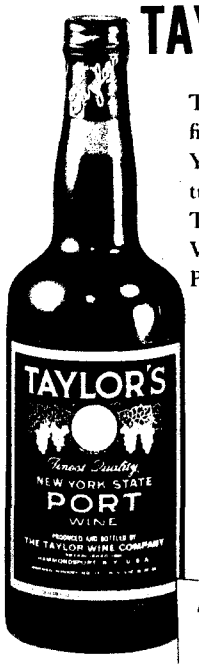
A typical sample is the grim little report on the drinking toast, Skoal! "Skoal was carried to Scotland from Scandinavia in 1589 by King James VI when he went to Denmark to marry Anne, daughter of the king. Originally *skal* in Old Norse, meaning bowl or shell of nuts or eggs, the word was in early times applied to the *skull*. Vikings of old drank from the skulls of their enemies, using the word to wish one another 'Many skulls to you,' somewhat as Indians collected scalps. From Scotland the expression spread widely, without gory association."

The word-detective recognized early that no investigator worthy of the name could live by dictionaries alone. Language was alive and changing. Every new coinage or twisted meaning—from teen-age talk to the jargon of Washington bureaucrats—was part of his stock in trade.

Recently, at the request of a Broadway columnist, he undertook to track down the origin of "cheesecake," as used to describe photographs of ladies displaying their limbs. All of his leads ended in blind alleys until one Sunday afternoon he stumbled onto the



Any time is TAYLOR time



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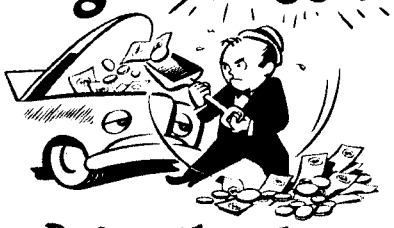

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answer while walking up Broadway. Passing the famous Lindy's Restaurant, he noticed a large and appetizing cheesecake in the window.

In a flash he realized the answer was sitting there before him. Just as in many a crime case, the solution was so obvious no one had seen it. Bakers and restaurateurs for years had put cheesecakes in their windows. It was the baker's method of putting on display a sample of his best wares.

The conclusion was inescapable. "The French actress, perched on the rail of the incoming liner, revealing her dimpled knees, is simply following the time-honored tradition of the baker." he said.

In the tradition of all sleuths, Dr. Shipley, of course, has his quota of unsolved cases. Latest is the wrestling hold called the "half-Nelson." For some months, he's been dropping in at gymnasiums and restaurants where wrestling gentry gather, talking with old-timers, trying to pick up a lead.

None of them has any idea how the hold got its name. One theory was advanced that Lord Nelson, the British naval hero, was somehow involved. But a check with the British Information Services brought the stiff answer that Lord Nelson had no connection with the sport of wrestling in any way, shape or manner. Dr. Shipley still drops in to chat with the wrestlers. Sooner or later, he says, one of these hirsute 200-pounders may unwittingly drop a clue.

Another unsolved mystery on which he is still working is the origin of the term "love" as used for "zero" in the scoring of tennis matches. Best guess so far is that it comes from the French word "l'oeuf" meaning the egg—the goose egg, in other words, which stands for zero in the lexicon of most sports writers.

Meanwhile, queries pour in from men and women in all walks of life. To Dr. Shipley, their interest in words is all-important.

"Words belong to the people, not tyrants or monarchs or commissars," he says. "The dictator may twist the meaning of words like 'freedom' and 'liberty' and 'rights.' But sooner or later, the people make the real meanings come true."

Recently, riding in a cab, Dr. Shipley was discussing words with the driver. "Take taxi, for instance," he was saying. "Actually that's short for taximeter cabriolet—which means a little wagon that jounces like a goat with a device for measuring its activity."

The driver grinned into the mirror. "Say," he said, "it gives you a hell of a lift, don't it—to think you're driving something as important as all that?" THE END

Do We Have Enough Strategic Materials for War?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

than soldiers will have need in wartime. The stockpile law itself provides that material to be bought against emergency shall be for "national," not just military purposes. Quinidine, for example, must be stored because it is a heart stimulant. Coronary ills, all too-frequent killers in time of peace, multiply rapidly under the pressures of war work.

Future stockpile buying may also utilize again a device not now permitted by law, which proved highly effective during World War II, known as "preclusive buying." Under this scheme the American stockpile buys material beyond expected needs, in order to make such items unavailable to potential enemies. As the war planners see it, somewhat bleakly, only a little of this will be necessary, because our stockpile needs are so great.

Main responsibility for selection of individual items in the stockpile list, and designation of quantities for each item, rests on the broad shoulders of Major General Patrick W. Timberlake, Director of Staff for the Munitions Board. General Timberlake knows his job. He was put there after a distinguished career in the Air Force, and comes from a family which has had at least four members in West Point uniform.

As General Timberlake knows, chronic American disinclination to spend liberally for defense is nothing new. As a nation, we couldn't hear the Kaiser beating his chest to herald World War I, until the celebrity-loaded Lusitania went down. Hitler stomped around Europe until his heels ached. Yet, we didn't snap out of it until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor.

Scared by Mars "Invasion"

There was a waking interlude, in 1938, but Adolf had nothing to do with it. Orson Welles, the actor, put on a radio program, for a gag, and told us some people had landed. Not from Europe or Asia, but from Mars, which is considerably farther away. Many who had been so sure the Atlantic was wide enough to keep us safe were among those who ran out into the streets, waving the family blunderbuss.

Orson explained, and the Big Sleep resumed, although many were plagued by bad dreams months before the Japs attacked. Pictures in the newspapers showed U.S. soldiers training with wooden guns and gas-pipe cannon for a real war which nobody doubted was on the way. More pictures, showing trainees going over the top eating popsicles from ice-cream wagons standing by in the 1939 heat, were scarcely calculated to allay developing fears for the national security. A determined minority of realists hammered a small stockpile authorization through Congress, but economy advocates blocked their efforts to back it up with real money.

Americans, as a people, want world peace so much that they are easy prey for the naïve belief that peace is permanently accomplished whenever the guns of any given war stop booming. Once this conception is even feebly rooted, every economy wave sweeping a tax-weary Congress chips the edges off defense plans laid by military realists. More than two years ago, for example, the most authoritative military minds this government was able to muster reported it would be foolhardy for the United States to reduce its air power to a force less than 70 groups strong. Yet, even the President was satisfied with a 48-group Air Force, and Congress happily approved the reduction. We could use those 70 groups right now.

Neither the warnings of national heroes that war might strike at any moment nor startling advances in the art of mass killing by other nations succeeded in shaking off the U.S. government's national defense inertia. We paid little heed when General George C. Marshall, speaking as Chief of Staff in 1945, asserted that sound defense policies might have averted World War II.

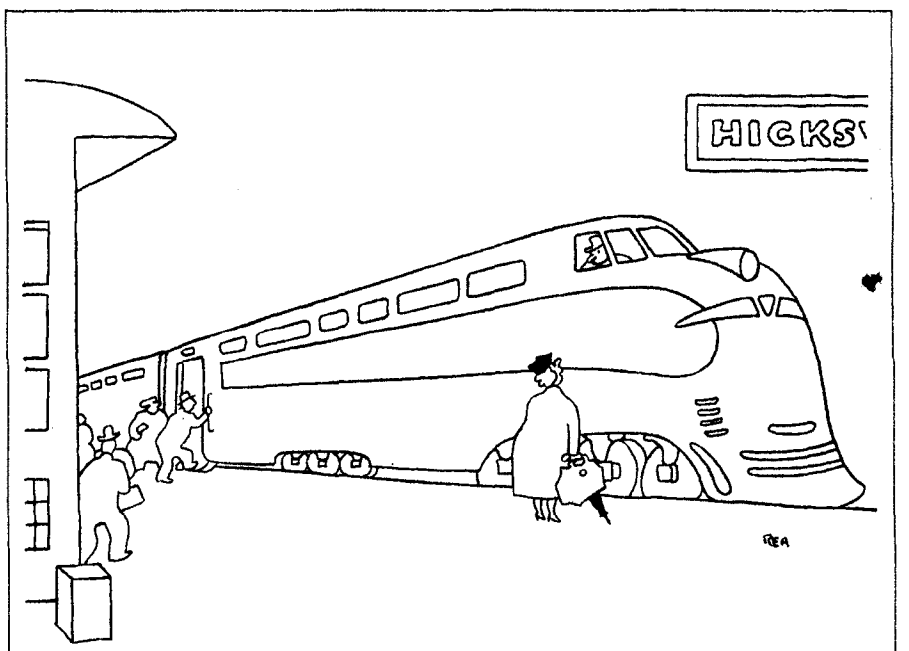
Despite this and other warnings, heedless of near disaster over foreign-source supplies in the war just ended, Congress limited the national stockpile to $200,000,000 for the first two years after the war. Only last year, the Senate voted to cut away $275,000,000 of stockpile contract authority approved by the House. President Truman sent a special message: "There is no need for me to re-emphasize the importance, from a defense standpoint, of rapid and steady progress toward attainment of our stockpile."

Three days later came announcement that Russia had produced an atomic explosion. Even then, Congress restored only $175,000,000 of the Senate cut.

Large Stocks of Essentials

Nothwithstanding dismal facts in the national defense record, military men in the Pentagon are thanking their lucky stars today that if large-scale war comes suddenly, the United States will not again be compelled to launch its war effort from a foreign-source raw materials level of zero. In military depots, commercial warehouses, alongside defense plants, in tanks and vaults and metal containers are stored tons and tons of rubber, manganese, bauxite, cord fibers, tungsten, chrome ore, lead, zinc—a precious array of hard-to-get essentials we would need instantly and in great quantities upon the outbreak of a major war. Copper is stacked outdoors in bars and electrolytic sheets. Vegetable oils are going into expanding tank farms.

Platinum—$77 an ounce—and commer-



COLLIER'S **"Are you sure this train *stops* in New York, and doesn't just whiz right on through?"** GARDNER REA

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BUTCH

"Beautiful, ain't it? I can hardly wait 'til somebody buys it an' leaves it parked in th' street"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

cial diamonds—$5 a carat—are stored in vaults, like the gold in Fort Knox, and guarded just as securely. Opium, the pain killer, another high-priority stockpile item, is kept in vaults. Until last winter, the normal intake of drugs turned over to stockpilers by the U.S. Narcotics Bureau after confiscation from the illegal dope traffic was considered sufficient for the national emergency storehouse. Now, with the danger to heavily populated civilian areas increased by the possibility of atomic attack, opium is being purchased in 2½ pound balls and stashed away.

Man power and time, the major limiting factors in whipping industry up to wartime speed, are being stockpiled with every ounce of material packed into our national cache of war materials. As a hard-working estimator on the Munitions Board staff explains it, the national stockpile may actually provide the difference between victory and defeat in a war. As he says, the way to measure stockpile value is to measure the amount of time, money, lives and effort which would be needed to win a war if no stockpile were available at its outset. A good many dramatic examples were provided in World War II.

Very soon after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese were able to cut off our supply of rubber. Immediately, war production chiefs had to pour $1,000,000,000 of material and effort into the building of a huge synthetic industry. Additional millions, representing more human effort and materials, went to start rubber plantations.

High Cost of an Oversight

Oil refineries, badly needed to fill the bombers' gas tanks, had to be expanded to manufacture ingredients of synthetic rubber. Steel for synthetic plants sliced huge chunks out of the metal allotment for weapons. The steel shortage, in turn, compelled steel plant expansion, and this ate up more steel. All the while, desperate efforts to keep a few transoceanic marginal rubber supply lines open took ships and troops and fuel and time and dollars and man power.

A good stockpile of natural rubber, accumulated before the war, would have saved all the time and dollars and materials, and released the man power in this huge effort for direct use in prosecuting the war.

Teamwork, of a quality rarely practiced in government, is functioning under heavy pressure to avert for the future any such dangerous and costly projects as the building of a whole new industry to meet sudden war shortages. W. Stuart Symington, as chairman of the National Security Resources Board, supervises the operation. Issues which he can't settle go to the desk of President Truman. Recently, for instance, there was a difference of opinion between the Munitions Board and the Interior Department, over a stockpile matter. Round-table talks failed to settle the difference, and it went to Symington. Finally, it was resolved by the latter, after consulting the White House. Incidentally, the Munitions Board won.

Below Symington and the White House, the operation of building America's materials stockpile heads up in the Munitions Board, but is really carried out in five Cabinet-status government departments, the General Services Administration, ECA and the Budget Bureau.

The over-all stockpile job goes like this:

The Munitions Board, headed since last November by the Chicago coal executive Hubert E. Howard, determines what materials must be bought. General Timberlake and his staff do the field work, make their selections and recommend the list for approval by Howard and the other members, representing each branch of the Department of Defense. These schedules are reviewed by Symington, acting for the President.

When the policy work is completed, the materials list is transmitted to the General Services Administration and its operating mechanism, the Federal Supply Service. Orders are placed as fast as Congress hands over the money to the Supply Service. The other agencies concerned in the stockpiling job under the law help in every way they can. "There are no prima donnas here," says Howard. "For example, practically everybody in the line-up had to pitch in some months ago to get manganese. We remember it as the bogie wagon deal. Bogie wagon is lingo for gondola, or hopper car, in South Africa. There was plenty manganese in South Africa, but not enough bogie wagons to haul it to port.

"South Africa asked Canadian Car and Foundry to make the bogie wagons, but Canada was short on steel. We were short on steel, too, but Federal Supply Service persuaded the Commerce Department to give us an export license for enough steel exports to make the bogie wagons. Canada made the wagons. South Africa paid Canada in money they later got for the manganese. The wagons brought our manganese to South African ports. You see. It's teamwork."

Today, all our manganese lies in black, lumpy, thousand-foot piles behind guarded chain-link fences, in areas webbed securely into the national highway and railroad feeder systems.

The American stockpiling effort does not anticipate complete halting of ocean traffic in war. Defense planners expect to keep some sea lanes open by sheer weight of naval power. Rear Admiral C. B. Momsen, the submarine expert, believes an enemy fleet of about 1,000 big, high-speed and long-range submersibles might prove capable of blocking sea lanes to the United States altogether. He considers it possible that a potential enemy, such as Russia, could build a fleet of this size in the immediate future.

Problems That Lie Ahead

Our stockpile is expected to furnish about 30 per cent of over-all requirements from its materials list, for five years of war. On this basis, changes are constantly being made in objectives for the individual items. Sometimes substitutes are developed; occasionally new supply sources are discovered in this country. As new weapons evolve, it becomes necessary at times to raise stockpile objectives.

In its latest report, the Munitions Board gave Congress a few items of good news, along with the story of shortages that had to be told. On a pre-Korean-war basis (objectives are changing fast right now), the board reported objectives had been either "fully completed or nearly so," in the buying of 13 metals and drugs. There is a good supply of bauxite on hand; of antimony, used for hardening metal alloys; of lead, mica and sperm oil. In the medical field, we have a good deal of the sedative hyoscine, considerable iodine and quinine, among other essentials.

Some items originally placed on the stockpiling schedule have been removed entirely. Black pepper, for example, first stockpiled because of its use in World War II, has now gone off the list. Quartermaster tests proved half the people used for the testing didn't like pepper at all, and half the remainder said they could do just as well without it. Red pepper serves as well as black, and is in plentiful supply.

The life-or-death importance of our war materials stockpile is clear, in the light of simple geography. It is startling when a basic American fact is considered: This country will never be an aggressor. The United States is by deliberate choice a sucker for a sneak enemy attack. That means supply sea lanes can suddenly slam shut in our faces. The Russians know these two weaknesses: vulnerable sea lanes and nonaggression. We know that if Soviet Russia and the United States come finally to battle, the enemy will fully exploit every weak spot in our armor.

Fighting against the biggest surface navies in the world—American and British—Nazi U-boats nearly won the Battle of the Atlantic in World War II. The Russian submarine fleet today is huge, and has a range far greater than undersea craft commanded a few years ago. Moreover, the homing torpedo has come into being—a diabolical weapon loaded with hell in its nose, which leaves no visible wake in the water and contains within itself the mechanism for tracking down its target.

The lesson in all these facts is bleak, and perhaps final: In order to be ready for emergency in the world of 1950, America must have a stockpile. And it's got to be adequate. World War II persuaded the government to begin stockpiling. Perhaps Korea will impel us to finish it. THE END

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This Shows It Can Be Done

LABOR DAY, 1950, again finds American industry and its workers partially mobilized for war. But in spite of that we have done a Labor Day editorial about peace—the peaceful negotiations between General Motors and the UAW-C.I.O. which led to the signing of a five-year, no-strike contract last May.

The picture above was taken at the end of those negotiations. It is a happy illustration of good labor-management relations. It is also an illustration of the good human relations which entered into the bargaining and which concern us here more than the contract that they brought about.

The GM five-year package, you may recall, included a pension plan, an insurance program with death, sickness, accident, hospital and surgery benefits, and a 4-cents-an-hour "improvement factor" which is added to wage rates each year for the life of the agreement. It also continued the cost-of-living formula which, above a certain level, synchronizes wages with the rise and fall of consumer prices.

This American Five-Year Plan may not be the key to industrial peace. Yet there were factors underlying it which might serve as a pattern for the whole complex relationship of employer and employee at a time when uninterrupted production can once more be a matter of life or death.

One of them was good faith—not simply the willingness to "bargain in good faith," but a mutual faith in each other's honesty and decent intentions.

Another factor was confidence. Both parties showed a confidence in the future and in progress. This allowed them to base their contract on the assumption of increasingly high production.

Along with confidence was a third factor of wisdom, a rather uncommon wisdom. The union, for its part, accepted the machine as a friend and an aid to better living rather than viewing it as a monster which destroys jobs and displaces workers. This attitude, of course, is not found throughout organized labor. Ours may be the most highly industrialized country on earth, but there is still "featherbedding" in a number of trades, among them railroading and construction. Through a natural but short-sighted desire for job security, the representatives of workers in these trades have resisted the introduction of labor-saving machinery and methods. They have insisted on retaining primitive ways of doing things which stymie progress, keep costs high and do nobody any good in the long run.

General Motors, in its end of the bargain, showed a much more realistic attitude toward security. The company's executives realized that the high production which the new contract demands is impossible without high efficiency. They also realized that high efficiency is not simply a matter of mechanization. The men who run the machines are more important, even from a cold-blooded business standpoint, than the machines themselves. And the man at the machine is not operating at top efficiency if he feels discontented, worried and insecure.

The GM-UAW agreement removes, at least for five years, the fear of having to support a family on strike benefits. It removes the fear of an arbitrary three-day or no-day work week such as John L. Lewis imposed on the miners. It removes the fear that inflation would seriously dilute the buying power of an unchanging wage rate. It removes the fear of financially crippling illness and destitute old age.

Such an agreement cannot fail to make a worker happier and more efficient. And the benefit does not stop with the individual. In cities where General Motors is the big industry and the hub of economic life, the beneficial effects of this agreement can be felt throughout the whole community. It can mean a higher standard of living based on the assurance of continuing work and income.

We congratulate General Motors and the UAW on the vision which has achieved a notable agreement. And we congratulate them on achieving it without a work stoppage or public name calling or government intervention. It was a real triumph of intelligence and responsibility, and we are happy to note that several other organizations have copied its technique. We would like to see more follow suit.

Maybe we're asking for Utopia. But it doesn't seem impossible for other unions and companies to decide on a long-range program of wages and working conditions and thus avoid the annual turmoil of new demands and bitter resistance that marks so many contract negotiations. It would be nice to see a few more unions admit that progress is here to stay and co-operate a little better with management to create a higher living standard for all of us. And we'd also like to see a few more companies admit that the fairest possible treatment of the individual worker is not only their humane obligation but also a sensible route to efficiency, production and prosperity.

The blueprint is at hand in the realistic, forward-looking contract between GM and the UAW. It is worth the careful study of anyone on either side of the labor-management fence who wants to help bring about a peaceful advance in industrial relations without any pressure or crackdowns from Washington.

Soldiers of the Press

A LOT HAS BEEN WRITTEN, and rightly, about this country's "too little" preparedness for the Korean war. Now a word should be said about one group that was ready—the correspondents who have been covering that war for the American press.

Their job is as dirty and dangerous as the soldiers' and, in a way, just as important. The war came with stunning suddenness. Americans scarcely knew what it was all about. Korea was strange and remote. The situation was dismaying and constantly changing. It wasn't a fight that could be covered through briefings and communiqués.

Perhaps it isn't fair to single anyone out, for outstanding coverage has been almost routine. But we would like to mention men like Homer Bigart of the New York Herald Tribune, who was up on the line day after day when things were really toughest. We'd like to mention Collier's John Denson, who left his editorial desk and was in Korea before the war was two weeks old.

And we want to pay tribute to the two correspondents killed in action and the four who died in an airplane crash on their way to the front. They died like soldiers in the line of duty, bringing the truth to a free people, and they deserve a hero's honor.

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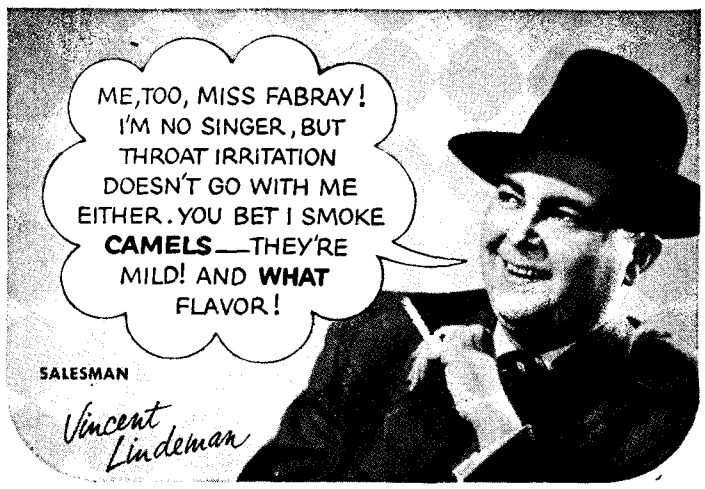
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